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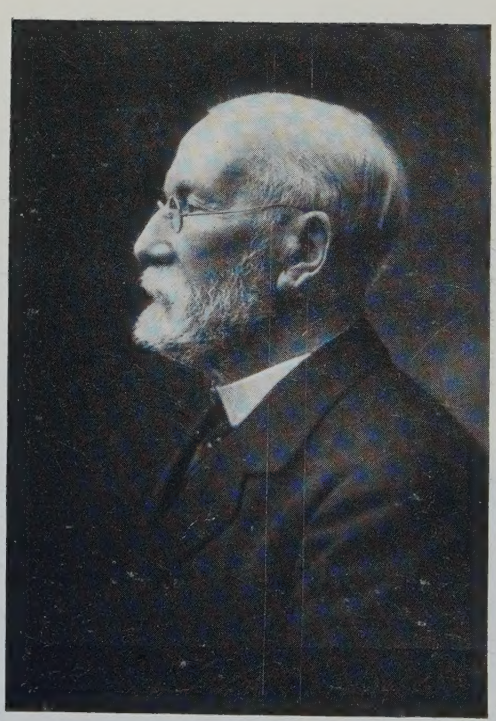
REMINISCENCES

of Men and Manners during the past seventy years



W. S. Bruce

REMINISCENCES

of Men and Manners during the past seventy years

By

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AUTHOR OF
"THE ETHICS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT," "THE FORMATION OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER,"
"OUR HERITAGE: INDIVIDUAL, SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS," "THE NOR' EAST,"
"THE WEALTH OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE," "THE PSYCHOLOGY OF
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PREFACE

THE Author is very thankful to God for a healthy and happy old age. He is in his 82nd year and at such times reminiscent moods prevail. Many friends have brightened his life and have remained friends to this day. He has also made many acquaintances and likes to record the best things of them. The book is not in any way a Biography, still less an Autobiography : but contains Reminiscences of the Men and the Manners of over seventy years.

It begins with mid-Victorian days and extends through late Victorian, Edwardian and Georgean times to the present Autumn of 1928. Many lives are recalled of those who have influenced thought, and have been leaders in the Church and in Society. It has been a great pleasure to recall them and that pleasure the Author desires to communicate to his readers.

It has been said by Dean Inge that a time comes when the spirit of delight no longer visits a man and religion stiffens with old age and loses its bright colours. The Author is glad to say he has not had that experience. The world to-day to him is as full of warmth and beauty as ever it

was. His heaven is for the most part within and is his own. He feels young though he is aged and the old stem is still putting forth green shoots.

So that he has come, in the lovely words of good Sir Thomas Overbury, "to feel old age rather by the strength of his soul than by the weakness of his body."

Almost all those whose lives are here sketchingly touched have passed into the silent world. But one and all have left behind them a fine record of unselfish work which he rejoices to record and which coming generations would do well to follow.

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REMINISCENCES

CHAPTER I.

SCHOOL TEACHERS—EAST COAST FISHERMEN—PRIZEMEN WHO ROSE IN LIFE.

I HAVE been pressed by not a few to write these Reminiscences. They are in no sense an autobiography: which I much dislike, but they tell of many whom I have met. They speak of friends who made my youth very happy and exercised much influence on my character and led me into new lines of study.

They speak much of College friends, of the happy days of Grammar School, of the Arts Course, and of the days of theological studies in Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Germany.

The Student Life in the University Quadrangle establishes intimacies of the closest kind. Every tie of friendship then formed is only tightened by the passage of years. We say it over and over "*Et ego in Arcadia vixi.*"

The best friends are old friends. There is none like them. We do make friendships after sixty, and even after seventy. I think I can truly say I have found some new friends, and got much enjoyment in their company, after passing eighty.

But the abiding friends are those of youth. On them we can rely. The attachments are unbreakable.

The bonds abide. They were constituted in boyhood's bright morning, and they have a thousand links.

We had together " run aboot the braes." We had " paidled in the burn " and fished and swam and cricketed together; and the days o' Auld Lang Syne sound ever in our ears. The very mention of them brings a lump into the throat. Our happiest evening talks when we meet go back to them. The fun is freest, the talk is frankest; the confidences surest, when we meet together and recite the stories of the starting time of youth.

Oliver Goldsmith found it so. " I love anything that's old, especially old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old pedigrees, and old wine." Dr. Johnson spoke of the pleasure of meeting the friends of youth. Coleridge in " Christabel " recalls the pain of quarrelling with one of them—" It worked like madness in the brain."

If there is one thing I thank God for it is that I seem to have had a gift of making friends, and the still better gift of keeping them. Five of us who ran together on the School playground still remain. Nearly all have passed through the seventies. Several of us have crossed the eightieth birthday. We see each other often, and to the one who is under the Southern Cross in far Australia we often write, and from him get delightfully long and chatty letters.

My whole life of 82 years has been one of wonderful mercies and of miraculous escapes. As a little boy I was carried down a stream and stuck in the sluice where it entered a deep mill-dam. That kind piece of wood saved my life. As a lad I foolishly, with another boy, undressed and leaped out of a boat in the bay at Stonehaven and soon saw it scudding away before the wind. We swam after it and, just when exhausted to the last stroke, breathlessly got hold and with the utmost difficulty climbed into it. In another

minute we had been at the bottom. We were both Bruces though not relatives, and I remember the feeling of relief and thankfulness burst out into the joke that Bruces were not going to be merely food for fishes. To a kind and protecting Providence be the praise.

Many mercies flowed into the cup of my early life, but chief of them all, and by far the first, was a praying mother. Early left a widow with three children, she sought guidance by prayer in every circumstance. I have heard her recount most striking answers to special petitions. One of her favourite texts quoted again and again to us was, "Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name. Ask, ask." My young mind was greatly impressed with the reality of prayer. She herself conducted worship daily, reading a chapter and using Principal Dewar's Book of Family Prayers.

The first of my teachers was Mr. Robert Walker. To him I owe not a little. A young man in delicate health, he came to Stonehaven from the Edinburgh Normal College. His strength lay in his young spirit and his fondness for children, shewn by his encouraging words. Correct spelling was held up to us as the very acme of learning. Stories were told of letters he received with mis-spellings in them. His tone of scorn was terrible. The writers appeared to us perfect monsters of stupidity.

One lady wrote him and spelt the preposition "of" with two ffs. That story we never forgot. I got an example of it in a letter quite recently, and from one of the male sex. He should have heard the contemptuous tones of Robert Walker. They blistered a poor girl in the class one day into a painful fit of tears. Like a gentleman, he expressed his sorrow, but carefully said the "sin of mis-spelling remained all the same." We boys all agreed. That girl had often

gained the top of the class, and the boyhood in us felt not a little pleased. " Boys will be boys."

Before he left us to go home in consumption and to die, he came round to say good-bye. Mother was in tears, and I felt very queer as he quietly presented me with a very pretty New Testament in best leather, " a gift from Robert Walker." It was my *vade mecum* through all my student days.

At this time the great " Sixty " Revival swept over Scotland. Colonel Ramsay of Banchory, and the famous Evangelist (a returned Army Reader from Sebastopol) Duncan Matheson visited Stonehaven, and through many a summer evening spoke from the steps at the Court House door. Duncan always addressed the children. We had never in our lives heard addresses to the young, and were much impressed.

I can remember so well his pointing his hand to the Bervie Braes above the old town and asking us, " Boys, here's a sum in plain arithmetic. How long would it take a little bird to carry over the Bervie Braes to Norway across the sea if it carried only one grain of sand at a time. Count it up and come back and tell me to-morrow."

We worked on our slates and tried the problem, but saw soon it ran into millions and millions of years, and told him so. Next evening he had it up again, and drove home the truth to our young hearts. " Well at the end of all these millions of years Eternity is only beginning." Such talk, with infinite stories of the Crimea fighting and of hospital work at Scutari quite won us to Duncan. Many a kind pat I got on the head as I passed out of the hall, and a " God bless you my boy." Duncan's influence long remained.

Matheson was a beautiful singer, and Hymns to us were unknown up to this time. Psalms and paraphrases satisfied us in the Presbyterian kirks. But the East Coast Mission Hymn Book came out then,

and great was our joy to get a copy for threepence. My young schoolfellows, James and George Balfour, sons of a Coastguardsman, had good voices and loved to sing them in the meeting of boys and girls. Matheson soon found us out and constituted us, with my sister and other girls, a junior choir.

We learned many of them by heart. That little threepenny hymn book I still possess; it is a precious memorial of boyhood's days, and I frequently turn to it.

One of the hymns was a very great favourite, and we never tired of singing it to its popular and sweet melody. I have not seen it, to my astonishment, in any other hymn book. It has artistic structure ; it possesses lyrical beauty of the finest quality; and was sung to a very sweet melody which helped our worship and lifted our spirits to the heights. The refrain to each verse was—

Lovely Jesus,
Give them eyes Thy charms to see.

It needs high spiritual instincts to reach that standard of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. But the fishermen at the harbour as well as Duncan Matheson found it possible to climb to it; and we boys did our best to follow.

There was an old teacher of the Free or Charity School, Mr. William Freeman, who took part in all this good work. He also in his school had a Friday Evening and Sunday Evening Prayer Meeting. That school was the centre of much good work, religious and social. My mother had a high opinion of him and helped him in tract distribution and visitation of the slummy closes in the town. His visits to our house and talks on Scripture and many religious topics much influenced me. He would stay to worship, and always prayed that " Mrs. Bruce's boy might be guided to the Ministry of God."

He assisted the Revd. Alexander Silver of Dunnottar in the Weekly Savings Bank. Mr. Silver was a real character—with very good sense, a tender heart, and a rough but kindly manner. Sometimes he put his hand in passing on my shoulder and gave me a blessing which left a very distinct impression on my boyish mind. Boys are very quick to catch such impressions though they never dare to speak of them.

A very clever young assistant, from Edinburgh University, had at that time come to Dunnottar Parish School, Mr. Thomas MacEwen. This drew many of us Fetteresso boys across the river to the South side of the town. Here we found a true friend to all boys. We were exceedingly fortunate. He played at cricket; bathed at the beach, and urged us all to learn swimming.

At the age of eight or nine every boy in the school could swim. We actually learned to dive through the big waves, get beyond them, and, with a broad board in our hand, turn and ride ashore on the curling crest. It was great fun through the long summer days.

How long these days were! They looked as if they would never end. We bathed twice a day in the holiday months, and dived and swam like fishes. In summer the Stonehaven boys were really amphibious,

> D'ye mind o' Auld Lang Syne,
> When the summer days were fine,
> And the birdies sang in the trees,
> As they've never dune sin' syne.

At that time, in 1859 and 1860, a laird near Laurencekirk, a Mr. Johnstone, offered prizes to all the schools for knowledge of geography, arithmetic, and grammar. Mr. MacEwen prepared us, and we met boys from all over the county. I gained a prize of money in geography and history. Strange to say, three of these boys afterwards met at the Bursary Competition in Aberdeen University. Two were my dear friends, and became Professor Nicol of Aberdeen and Sir

William Sinclair of Manchester. From that day, and those small beginnings, Mr. MacEwen urged us boys to keep our eyes on the University Gates. In the course of his lifetime he sent scores of schoolboys to College. In after years he became my brother-in-law.

At the age of thirteen I left school, and to please my uncle, a solicitor in Edinburgh, went into the law office of Messrs. Tindal in Stonehaven. But as a course in Law demanded Latin, I accepted a kind offer of Mr. McEwen to attend in the early mornings, before schooltime, the pupil-teachers' class. This was most fortunate, they being elder lads, and reading Livy and Virgil and working through Euclid and algebra. In the following year we all went up to compete for Mr. Johnstone's prizes, and were successful. Again our teacher strongly urged us to aim at climbing the University ladder. He was fond of mathematics, and had been a distinguished prizeman at the University in that subject.

I can still remember his words of high appreciation of these mathematical values. "Boys, believe me, George Stevenson built that splendid big Newcastle bridge by mathematics. The Menai Strait Suspension bridge, the biggest in the world, what built it? Algebra and trigonometry, the grandest sciences in the world."

It fired our imagination. We got our first glimpse of Values. We would make tracks for the University. Some day we might build a new Menai Strait bridge. Large views inspire lads. They give wide horizons, which are very encouraging. We felt there was a place for us in the world. If there was no room at the crowded foot of the ladder, we might yet find room at the top. Trigonometry would yet bring us triumph. We must get our foot on the ladder's first rung.

The law office hours were from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. with two short breaks. My studies were conducted

chiefly in the morning. Early rising gave me time and quiet. In early walks out the Slug Road I often met another student busy at Latin and Greek. This was John Durward, a lad in an office, very eager to rise in law studies and reach Edinburgh University by a bursary.

We forgathered and soon became close friends. He led me on to Latin Versions by lending me Dr. Arnold's Rugby Exercise Book. That was a new experience altogether. But better still he showed me his Greek Grammar and praised the language as "that of the great Plato." Dear John ; I think I hear him still standing at the end of the Slug turnpike where we parted and repeating Byron's words,

> The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece,
> Where burning Sapphio loved and sung,
> Where grew the arts of war and peace,
> Where Delos rose and Phoebus sprung.

It drove me to Byron, whose poems I luckily found in the Library ; and another fount of inspiration began to flow.

Much do I owe to John Durward, and also to another clerk in the same office, working in the same way at Latin and Greek and aiming at the Bursary Competition—Charles Annandale—a dear friend whom I often met at Banff in later years, and had become Doctor Annandale, editor of Blackie's English Dictionary and of Ogilvie's large "Imperial Dictionary." All three of us had to fight our way by our own efforts. It was good for us. We lent each other books; helped each other over broken stiles; and so got and gave mutual inspiration. It was chiefly in long Sunday walks that we had time for talk, and the give-and-take of happily contending minds we much enjoyed. I never cease to look back to those friends and that period of my life without very much gratitude to God.

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL STUDIES AND THE SMITHS OF KEIG.

In these days the Parish Schools were annually inspected by a Committee of the Presbytery. The Parish Minister with other two ministers and an elder examined us. They as a rule confined themselves to hearing us read from a lesson book and then asked us questions from the Shorter Catechism.

But the elder, a fine specimen of the old farmer, asked to be allowed to offer the boys a shilling each if next year they would repeat, without error, "the first two chapters of the Book of Proverbs." He strongly accented the second syllable. We boys were delighted ; and six or seven of us made the attempt. For years after, that shilling shone in my pocket, and went at last for a very second-hand copy of Geddes' Greek Grammar in the Aberdeen New Market.

The shilling was little, but the gain was much. Next year it was won again for the 15th chapter of John's Gospel and the 8th of Romans. It began us in the most excellent habit of learning Scripture by heart. Our teacher encouraged us by small book prizes to recite all the pieces of poetry in our McCulloch's Course of Reading. An excellent influence that also. Many poems of Cowper, Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth were in this way lodged in the treasure house of our young memory. I am most

grateful for the good service done in that old parish school.

Another memory of those early days is that of old Andrew Edward, the postman. He carried the mail bags thrice a day up to the distant railway station, and went to meet the London Mail at two o'clock in the morning. He also opened, each evening, the small Town Library in the Square, and there I came to know him well.

About the age of thirteen I had begun to read boys' books and stories. They were, however, somewhat stiffer than the bright and illustrated literature for the young of to-day. But Andrew's strong recommendation of the Waverlies and of *Noctes Ambrosianae* set my sister and me to the work. A few years later, he himself took to Carlyle, whose Essays and *Sartor Resartus* he had induced the Library Committee to purchase.

Loud were Andrew's recommendations of Carlyle. He ceased going to church, and spent his Sundays with the great author. We got, to our amazement, grotesque and mystical passages from the Philosophy of Clothes delivered in Andrew's most elevated tones, with strange grimaces as they took off the lions of the day and the luxuries of the rich.

" There's the style for you, laddie " he would often say after reading a page of the essay on Burns of Midas, or Shooting Niagara. The strange new mode of speech captured Andrew, and he tried hard to capture his young readers. It was over our heads—ten years too soon for us. But to dear old Andrew the prophet of Ecclefechan was Prophet and Priest and King.

The Catalogue contained a very miscellaneous store of books: and Andrew was ever ready to recommend a new one. Consequently I read as he advised. Desultory as was this course of study, it must have

widened much the sphere of our ideas. The Waverlies opened up to my sister and me a world of historical wonders. Never had we met a writer so thoroughly human, so rich in humour, and in sympathy with all sides of life, and so fertile in the production of really living characters.

These books gave us a world of friends to speak about, just like those which rise now at the name of William Shakespeare. Dugald Dalgetty became a neighbour, and we delighted to discover him in various Stonehaven citizens. Bailie Nicol Jarvie had not so many *alter egos*, but we could discern his picture in a few, even when not Bailies. Scott wrote for his own generation; but his characters are fashioned for immortality.

The " Lady of the Lake " greatly captured us both. We felt the magic of its romance and the many graces of its chivalry, and all its lovely cadences. It was there I first saw the entrancing sweetness of alliterative sound, as in the lines,

> And on a sudden lo ! the level lake,
> And the long glories of the winter morn.

We had somehow felt it without understanding it in many current sayings and Scotch proverbs: " Aim at the moon and licht in the midden," " Far awa' fowls hae fair feathers," and such like. This recurrence of the same initial letter on the accented syllable had a fine effect on the ear of the reader of Scott's best pieces. Many of them we copied into our school notebooks and committed them to memory. The discovery of this literary art we owed to Andrew.

Then he introduced us to another " find." It was a " Dictionary of Universal Knowledge " which would now be called an Encyclopædia. Though published nearly eighty years ago, it contained many excellent articles on Astronomy, Geology, Archaeology, and

especially on the geography of the world. The World of Science had opened its gates to us. The old librarian had entered them and gone through the six volumes, and himself had become encyclopaedic in a way. We plunged into it as children do into a toy-shop, and sipped its nectared sweets nightly. Only one volume at a time was on loan. But each article was so fresh and delightful that I rose early and sat up late, never able to feast on the one without going on to taste of the next that was so near it.

My sister and I began to express pity for our fellow-scholars who had not got access to this treasure trove. In volume I. we found the Alps and their glaciers immensely attractive, and longed to have, at some distant day, enough saved to take us to the Bernese Oberland. Then Astronomy captured our young minds, and nightly we studied the stars out of our attic bedroom windows. How wide was the world ! how vast the great universe ! That old library had largely extended our horizon.

Then in B came Botany and Biology, and in the little flowerets, magnified by the microscope, we found as big a world in minature, and as perfect as the telescope had given us. Was it to be wondered at ? These sciences, of which I found the first elements in that old Dictionary of Knowledge, have become precious to me ever since.

The sciences I got to know, through dear old Andrew Edward, won my love and have kept it through a lifetime.

They led me into many another field, while all the time the classics necessarily claimed attention in the daily class at school. Why should people neglect these for imaginative literature ? The mind should be much fed on facts. The finest secrets of the world are found in Nature's Web of Life, and to investigate them gives the very purest pleasure.

I began at this time, Andrew urging me to it, to watch the aspects of the four seasons, and to keep a note-book—a sort of naturalist's year book. Wonderful I found to be the Drama of the Spring and Summer and Autumn. Andrew had got a hold of " the blessed word Evolution," and also of the thing itself, and was keen to have a young pupil. I could hardly believe him; and my mother thought evolution " downright atheistic," at which Andrew quietly smiled, as was his wont.

But I did find an evolutionary flow of things through that Summer, and my discovery in boyhood's days of the Year, with its march and marked progressions, was an educative object lesson.

In this same summer of 1862, there fortunately came some new experiences which left their stamp on my student life. Singularly they were at first connected with swimming, in which, as before said, I greatly indulged.

Not infrequently a small event has large consequences. I knew of a lady's whole life being changed by a whisper. A big Glasgow merchant told us how a few words of Dr. Andrew Bonar in a Glasgow 'Bus as they were going home beside each other, influenced his whole after-life for good.

Descartes' famous line " Cogito ergo sum " sunk into a young sceptic's mind and swung him right round to faith in God. Little events, few words, the single visit of a friend, may have very large and life-long results.

It was so in my young life. The art of swimming brought this about. In the summer of '62, the family of Revd. Wm. Smith, Free Church Minister of Keig, came to Stonehaven for a month. They rented the house next to my mother's in Carron Terrace. The two eldest boys had been at the University of Aberdeen for two sessions, and had very highly dis-

tinguished themselves in Classics, English, and Mathematics.

They bathed daily at the beach, but could not swim. Their father was anxious they should acquire this useful life-saving art. He noticed us schoolboys sporting in the waves, and was astonished his boys could not do what seemed to require in us small boys no skill or effort at all.

One day George, the younger of his two sons, looking over the dividing wall saw me in the late evening walking in our garden and studying a book. He said to his father, "There's the boy that swims so well—ask him to teach us."

Next day at the beach the father very kindly spoke to me and asked this as a favour. Somewhat taken aback, I said if the boys would just, one at a time, get on my back I would teach them this in three minutes, as I had taught many others. But they were considerably older, and they were University students, and I blushed and stammered it out.

However, William the eldest got a hold of my shoulder, and putting a left arm round him I soon took him out of his depth. He had been swimming with always one foot at the bottom. Now he found himself bound to swim or to sink. The stroke he knew quite well, but never had trusted the water. I dived and left him alone, but stayed near him. To the shore he struck out, and slowly gained it, and shouted—"Father, I can swim—look here," and again went out a dozen yards and returned.

Next day George asked the same favour; and we had him swimming in a few minutes. Then the little brother, Charlie, learned the trick of trusting the water and filling his chest with air, and if I remember rightly the girls also acquired the art at the part of the beach where ladies bathed.

The father was delighted, and twice thanked me,

much to my confusion. But it did not end there. Noticing my habit of reading in our adjacent garden, George came in and asked what I was doing. Finding me working with much difficulty at translation of Virgil and Horace and at Quadratic Equations, he kindly offered his help. Evening after evening he and his elder brother, Wm. Robertson Smith, would come in and talk of these subjects in a way that stirred my mind. I began to see beauties in the Virgilian lines that never before had been made visible.

Horace I had found very difficult. To get a meaning out of the Lyrics, and especially out of the Satires, was no easy matter for a boy of thirteen. But the Smiths made the meaning "as plain as a pike-staff." Horace became a real friend. Many of the Odes I committed to memory, and can still repeat. For in these young days the mind is "wax to receive and marble to retain." The terseness and melody of the Epistles I discovered from George, who himself was, to my great astonishment, the writer of many original Latin verses. Horace, he thought, was the perfection of style. But he had also composed verses in Virgilian Hexameters and in praise of bucolic life such as he daily saw in the Vale of Alford.

I also heard from his elder and very clever brother remarks on the parallels to Horace and Virgil among English writers. Both had been prizemen in Professor Bain's class of English Literature and were very well acquainted with Pope and Gray and Addison, and urged me to the study of these. It sent me to our town library and I got my first introduction to the "Spectator" and its charming pages.

All this was done so easily and naturally that I scarcely knew I was getting a lift up to high levels of literature in these evening garden chats. They were thorough boys, full of fun and play, of the delights of fishing and swimming, like the rest of us. But

still there was a constant note of superiority in their conversation. The talk always rose in their presence—it never fell to boyish drivel or commonplace.

The swimming had made us acquaintances. But Horace and Virgil made us friends. Mathematics also came in as a help to higher talks about the grand science of Magnitude and Analytical Geometry, which were George's favourites. They were to me eye-openers. My teacher at the morning class, Mr. MacEwen, had also made us keen on these things. And very singularly Duncan Matheson, the Evangelist already spoken of, had added his quota to this line of thinking.

Duncan had told us boys in one of his talks of Dr. Chalmers being attacked as pluralist, holding both the stipend of the parish of Kilmany and the income of a teacher of mathematics in St. Andrews University. His reply in the General Assembly was "What is the Science of Mathematics? It is the Science of Magnitude. But then, alas, I had at that time forgot two magnitudes. I had forgot the littleness of Time: and I had not thought of the Magnitude of Eternity." Magnitudes and Mathematics took a great hold of my mind. The thought has remained.

That month of July ended too soon, and the Smiths departed. But the father and mother joined in most kindly inviting me, at the instance of George, to spend a fortnight's holiday with them at Keig Manse.

It was an opportunity which I very willingly bought up. My mother, too, realised the honour and the privilege, and I got much counsel as to behaviour.

CHAPTER III.

KEIG MANSE.

BEFORE reaching the Keig Manse George had urged me at once to begin Greek, of which I did not yet possess even a grammar. Fortunately another clerk as I have said before, John Durward, had an ambition also to go to the Edinburgh University, and was reading Greek as well as Latin. I met him on our early morning walks, studying busily as he walked. He kindly put me up to the Greek letters. And in passing through Aberdeen to Keig I purchased for a shilling an old copy of Professor Geddes' Greek Grammar. This was a prize to me for the money. I had got over several pages in the train before it drew up at Whitehouse station where George was kindly waiting for me.

Well do I remember to this day the very cordial and warm reception which that most courteous and cultured family gave me. The Manse was adjacent to the Church, with a lovely garden round it, and behind it a great pine forest, through which the wind whistled night and day.

I shared a large bedroom where the two sons and another boy, a boarder, slept. We rose at 6 a.m. and went out to saw wood for the kitchen fire, of which the Manse got abundance from the fir forests that covered the sides of Cairn William, a spur of Bennachie.

We had splendid morning exercise with the cross-cut saw. We fed the cow with newly mown clover, cleaned the byre, and took her out to the grass. During the afternoon we worked a little in the Glebe hoeing turnips and killing weeds. The small five acre glebe and the cow gave us ample meal and milk and greatly helped the minister, with his small Sustentation Fund income, to carry on.

From 9 a.m. to 12.30 we worked in the Study under the minister, and again from 6 to 8 p.m. He insisted in intense application during these short hours, and it was given. But I wanted to know Greek also, and George helped me in the garden seat to get up the grammar. Encouragingly he would say, "Greek is very easy: you will be over the pronouns and adjectives in a week, and then attack the verb." It did look easy with such a kind friend beside me, helping late and early.

I got to the end of the verbs before I left, and during the last few days had begun to read Zenophon's Anabasis. What can we not do with such helpers? Difficulties vanish and learning becomes a perfect pleasure.

The life at the Free Church Manse of Keig, I detailed at length, at the request of the Editor, in the first chapter of the "Life of Professor Robertson Smith," published some years after his early death at Cambridge. I never lived in a house in which vital religion co-existed with such a lofty intellectual atmosphere.

The talk was always on high levels, and yet not stilted. The newspaper was then a bi-weekly one. But everything in it was discussed; the political and the ecclesiastical sides of life were much reviewed. On these points there was no difference, and therefore there was no need to avoid them.

Certainly there was no dullness in conversation.

At table the parents encouraged everyone to talk, and the younger children were listened to. Fun there was of many kinds, but frivolous talk I don't remember. I am sure Miss Smith and William would have soon cured us of that by their healthy criticism of it.

By that time Miss Smith had began to write stories for "Chambers' Journal" on rural objects such as insects and the inhabitants of the garden that were pests or parasites, as well as other articles. These furnished the table with endless talk. The boys had attended and taken prizes in the Zoology and Geology classes, and we soon got initiated into the habits of the little inhabitants of streams and ditches, and introduced to the fossils to be found in the quarry down near the Don.

We had also an evening game occasionally of a kind that Willie and George and their sister were fond of. I never saw it used as a source of amusement in another home, though I have tried ineffectually to introduce it now and then. "I give you horse: what are the components of it?" We guessed horse-play and Horse-Guards, but found to our amazement that Willie could produce at least two dozen such compound words. "I give you cat: what are the words in the Dictionary that follow beginning with C?" Few children would play at that game. But it delighted these young people, father and mother joining gladly.

William Robertson Nicoll (who latterly became a famous literateur) would drive over across the Don with his father to tea and a long evening's talk. The stately old gentleman, not much of a talker, would join in this, and his little boy liked it. It was quite in Robertson Nicoll's line.

Also the two boys and Miss Smith, who was eldest, found fun in carrying on two Weekly Magazines. They were issued in pencil usually, seldom in ink. They were, if I remember rightly, named after

favourite flowers. The Dandelion (or some such name) came from Jeanie's clever pen, with contributions probably by Mrs. Smith. It would cover four pages and no more. It was answered next week in the other periodical (the Iris or Lily or some such word) criticising its articles mercilessly or funnily. Two copies of each, and no more, came out for sale at the cheap price of one penny; and they were always sold.

They amazed me by their fun and keen criticism and knowledge of politics and literature; also by much clever chit-chat in which George liked to indulge. But they were far beyond my powers, who up to this time had not written a sentence of an essay.

The names inserted were all fanciful, but farmers and elders and a forester who frequently came to tea and bored us with prosaic talk, came in under different cognomens for enjoyable criticism. They were wisely cautioned by their father against this; but it continued. It was their first essays in authorship and gave us glimpses of what authors and editors had to do, and what privileges belonged to literary critics.

Robertson Nicoll, many years after, told me how he, young as he was, entered once or twice very keenly into this amusement at the Keig Manse, and started something similar in their Manse at Auchindoir. Wonderful manses these were. Two neighbouring ones gave us Alexander Mackay of Uganda and Professor William Elmslie, both boys at that same time not unfrequently seen at Keig.

Mrs. Smith had herself been a head mistress in a boarding school, and Dr. Smith had been parish schoolmaster of Kincardine o' Neil; and education was their forte. Both were fond of the newest literature; and magazines and new books frequently arrived, dress and travelling expenses necessarily suffering.

The coming of Tennyson's *In Memorium* I most

distinctly remember. The postman brought it in the forenoon, and at our early dinner Dr. Smith produced it with great glee. The small book cost seven shillings and sixpence—no small sum for that household. I think I see the good old gentleman holding it up in his hand and saying, "Listen all of you, listen: Here's the finest thing I've ever met." Every ear was open. To our astonishment we got, not something about the dear friend Hallam, but about the poet's conception of a gentleman—of whom Hallam was a model.

> For who can always act but he,
> To whom a thousand memories call,
> Not being less, but more than all,
> The gentleness he seemed to be.
> And so he bore without abuse,
> The grand old name of gentleman,
> Defamed by every Charlatan,
> And spoiled by all ignoble use.

We boys were bidden get it by heart; and very soon we had it stored up in our memories.

At the next meal, and at many another, we got more of Tennyson—especially such lines as illustrated the law of Onomatopoetics where the words imitated the sounds, and sound and sense agreed.

The boys jumped at this; deemed it the perfection of poetry, and recalled scores of lines in Homer and Virgil where a similar instance occurred. We had the dashing of the waves from the Iliad and Pope's couplet where the laboured slow movement of the Greek is finely brought out in the slow laboured lines,

> "When Ajax strives some rocks vast weight to throw,
> The line too labours and the words move slow."

Dr. Smith thought the finest bit of onomatopoeia was the stanza expressing the lover's hopelessness at finding the loved one away from home.

> "And ghastly through the drizzling rain,
> On the bald street breaks the blank day."

I think it was Miss Smith or else her mother who quoted, to show the slow movements appropriate to melancholy, the lovely lines of Gray's Elegy,

> For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
> This pleasing anxious being ere resigned?
> Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing, lingering, look behind.

This talk impressed me tremendously. It was so new, so elevated above what I had ever heard, and yet so natural to that family and in keeping with all their stories that I could not forget it.

At any rate it drew me to Homer. Dr. Smith urged this as soon as I got over Zenophon's prose, and added with a very kindly pat on the head. "If you want to know the *Iliad*, William, the only way is to learn it—by heart." George encouraged me by showing how simple (to him at least) were the opening half-dozen lines. Next year I set to it at Keig and got some two hundred and fifty lines committed, and I find that to this day I can repeat most of them. It is truly the only way to know Homer.

The hours of the day in that house were all regulated. At 12.15 p.m. it was Dr. Smith's habit twice a week or oftener to ask us all to a walk up the hill. And as we went he bade us gather specimens of every wild flower and name them. We wrote down on slips of paper the names, he telling us species and genus, and next day requesting us to recall them. Also as we got to the quarry and along the slopes where we saw the Vale of Alford, he amused us by showing how this was once an inland lake. Here was the gravel that formed its shingly shore. There was the gorge thro' which—now called the Laird's Throat—the Don cut its way to the sea. Fossils, too, we picked up and pocketed from the stone quarry.

In this most pleasant way, and really without know-

ing it, we were becoming acquainted with Botany and Geology. The kindly old gentleman was a born teacher, constantly inviting us to ask questions—the more the better. He took much delight in Nature's beauties. Every beautiful view he would bid us catch, and show us all sides of it, and point out how the colours combined and shaded off.

Bennachie has three fine tops that pierce the sky, and lovely heather-covered sides. "Why does that mountain stand out from the plain? What force upraised that mass of granite? Think it out boys." So we got another lesson in Geology and in the earth's construction. Then he would quote the saying of Heraclitus "All things flow," and show how rains and frost and snows were denuding Bennachie and carrying it down bit by bit to the Don. Everything was in flux: nothing stable. Mountains getting lower: meadows getting higher: angles getting rounded: Society itself changing: nations rising and falling. His talk always took us far out to the end of things in broad generalizations. He liked much to find connections with everything we met in our walks.

We would get something of this in his sermons too. Sunday was a very sacred day. We had the morning service in Church, but there was no evening one. The afternoon hour instead was a sort of family service or Bible Class. Frequently Dr. Smith would ask what the sermon was about. Willie always answered this question, and amazed us by his recollection of the divisions of the text and the contents of each separate section.

But what was our amazement (and also our amusement) when one day he said "But you know, father, there should have been another head in your sermon." The father smiled delightedly, when we boys expected frowns. "Tell me it, Willie." It was told; and the father agreed that it really was

required to fully expound that particular passage of Scripture, and seemed much pleased at the interruption.

Often in this Bible Class we got questioned on the talks on Botany and Geology. The Biblical side of these was expounded; and Genesis I. came in for much illustration. The "days" of it were "aeons" or "eras," and our ideas of creation got much clearing up. We were getting our first introduction to Higher Criticism, and that in the kindest and most winning manner. In that home nothing was in the very least forced. All was love, and was taught in the spirit of love. We learned much, but we loved to learn.

Dr. Smith conducted a fortnightly service on a week day in a distant part of the parish. The room was really an empty barn of a farm house, and a solitary candle lit up its semi-darkness. I had been an alto singer in the Fetteresso choir, and was asked to go with the minister and raise the tune at this small meeting of rural worshippers. None of his own family would venture to undertake the duty. We got through the singing somehow, limiting it to psalms and paraphrases and three well-known tunes.

On the first occasion the minister and I were walking across the Don to it when he, in the very kindest way, asked me whether I "had ever thought about religion?" Boy as I was, and much taken aback by the question, I said truthfully that I had. When further pressed I could only say that I was very fond of hymns and of Duncan Matheson's addresses to us boys in Stonehaven. He stopped by the roadside, uncovered his head, and offered up a short prayer for me in very tender language. That evening the dingy barn was lit up to me by an exposition of the Gospel, so simple that I felt the good dear man was speaking to the one boy more than to the old farmers and crofters who were there.

That day was really a turning point in my life. It

led to daily reading of the Bible and daily prayer. And I never now pass the well-known spot near the bridge over the Don at Castle Forbes without lifting my hat and giving thanks to heaven for the words then so kindly spoken and the intercessions offered by my aged friend and counsellor. How few ministers ever speak in this way to a boy! How few have the tactful way of doing it! and fewer still have the moral courage! And how many splendid chances in a minister's life are lost through want of such tactful love for the young!

I have said Dr. Smith was a born teacher. He knew the foundation principles of Psychology, before that subject had been brought to the front in the training of teachers.

All constructive Psychology insists on the fact that the purpose of education is not to learn a subject, but to help us to love a subject. This was exactly what the Manse of Keig did. I speak the simple truth when I say that, boy as I was, I just fell in love with Homer, and with Horace, and with Tennyson. They were so presented to us lads, spoken of so admiringly and lovingly, that we drew to them with fondness as to playmates.

These authors had in reality become our friends—I might quite truly say, bosom friends. We talked of them as if they were acquaintances. There was no conceit or vanity in it. "The love we bore them was in fault," if there were any fault in our familiarity.

The influence of these walks and talks remained with me. On my return to Stonehaven I found the cliffs at Downie Point were freestone, and many illustrations of the several geological phenomena of the Vale of Alford could be found there. Then further, my old friend, Andrew Edward, our librarian, knew the subject and often spoke of it. He sent me to Hugh Miller's book on the rocks of Cromarty. That

opened my eyes still further to the testimony of rocks and the intensely interesting subject of fossils.

Besides Hugh Miller's books presented the story in a most winning style. Style began to reveal itself as an attraction of a new kind. Why did the narrative read so well? It was like a picture in the best of water colours; not the same as in the old musty book on geology I had taken out the previous week from the library. Here the living voice of a live stonemason spoke and told the story in such vivid language that we could see it. The fossils were finely engraved. The plates explained and illustrated. Geology became a most interesting subject.

Why has it ceased to-day to attract? Why are Sir Roderick Murchison's writings now found only on back shelves? Why does the theme never appear in the frontispage of a magazine? To me it is as interesting as ever. I found fifty illustrations of it last summer at the Wells of Dee and on the sides of Ben Macdhui and Ben-a-Bourd. Botany survives; so does Entomology. They have not been altogether swallowed up in the all-engrossing subject of Electricity and the Wireless and the aeroplanes. Should not Geology have also a share of our reading, and continue to give pleasure and interest to our walks?

CHAPTER IV.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND BURSARY COMPETITIONS.

On returning from Keig I got my indenture to the law office set aside, and was free now to make for the Grammar School. With the great help in Latin and Greek grammar which the Smith boys gave, I was able to enter the senior class and in it work for the approaching Bursary Competition in the beginning of October. But there a beginner like me got no place in the first fifty, and therefore no bursary; and so the winter was spent in the city preparing for the next year's competition of 1864.

Again an invitation came to go back in July to the Manse of Keig. By this time both brothers had distinguished themselves highly in Mathematics and Logic; William Robertson Smith running a race with William Minto, who, living at Alford, had also got help and inspiration from the Manse of Keig.

The talk at the table this summer got to higher levels. Professor Bain had greatly influenced the boys in the Logic class, and they had been among his highest prizemen. They were very fond at table of amusing us by putting every statement made into syllogistic form, and testing it by Aristotle's rules. One might think this would divide the table and make the conversation pedantic. But no ; in that family parents and children conversed together. There was not the

slightest restraint. Rather there was constraint to take part and to get everyone to do his best.

The father was delighted if any of his sons examined his argument by the, to us boys, strange laws of the Syllogism, and tried to show that his major premises contained less than his conclusion. The talk in this way was made very interesting; it was a game at tennis round the table, and we all used our rackets to keep the ball going.

But the matter of the most disputable character was Bain's psychological teaching. The boys approved, but the father disapproved. The talk quite transcended my powers of apprehension. But the controversy was keen, and was so often resumed that, with explanations from George, who, young as he was then, had grasped the basic principles of psychology, I caught some far off glimpses of it that made me long to know more.

It was those talks, early in life, that gave my mind a bent towards psychology, which has ever remained to old age a very favourite study. Then it was new: now it is booming. At that time Bain was regarded as a dangerous innovator; and the school of Reid and Hamilton ruled all Metaphysics—was the sole referee of disputes. Psychology was an upstart, whose bold claims were met by firm denials of the old school.

The great Bursary Competition was approaching, and for it much help and many hints were given. They at Keig knew that Dr. Bain was about to publish a higher English Grammar which would at once supersede the poor elementary one on which we had been fed. I was well admonished to get a first or early copy since the examination paper was sure to be full of questions, the answers to which would be found only there.

This advice turned out to be worth its weight in gold. George, being a high prizeman in Bain's

English class, practically knew the coming Grammar with its teaching on Anglo Saxon, French and Latin roots, and the history of the English language. These I acquired at Keig, along with some knowledge of Scotticisms and higher Syntax.

At the Grammar School classics at that time counted as everything. The English language we learned only by hearing translations from Latin idioms into what was called "good English." But the good English itself we did not learn.

One topic that kindled much talk, because father and sons all took different sides, was on Public Opinion. To some extent it anticipated the new psychology of to-day. Dr. Smith heard public opinion mostly at the Presbytery, and among his farmers, and thought that the real spirit of the nation was to be discovered among those sensible rural people. George was certain that these quiet folks did not think much. To me privately in our bedroom talks, which were many, he was a little contemptuous of the "dull, slow beef-breeding farmers of the Vale of Alford." Some of them were elders, and came occasionally with their wives to tea, always bringing welcome presents of good fowls and of lovely hens' and ducks' eggs—gifts which George foolishly resented. He maintained that it was at the University Debating Society one met the true mind of the time. There young men felt the spirit of the age and were re-thinking old creeds and coming to right conclusions. They knew the Ancients and they knew the Moderns; and therefore it was among them and not "among bucolic blockheads of farmers" that the essential spirit of the nation resided.

Willie strangely took the side of Mr. Gladstone, then leader of the Liberals, who had said the spirit and true temper of the time were to be found "among the masses and not the classes." He was sure it was not

in the decaying country villages round Keig, nor in the dwindling population of Aberdeenshire that the mind of Scotland was found. It was in the great cities and manufacturing districts into which " five-sixths of the people crowded " (this fact he got from Gladstone's speech) that the nation's voice could be heard. The artisan population and the middle classes cast the thoughtful votes which determined the Government's policy.

The arguments pro and con entertained us for days. The debate was keen at our tea table on several evenings, especially when George's strong University views were thrust forward with bold asseverations.

George despised the ploughmen " who never once thought of anything but their meat; " and the artizans, of whom he had no great opinion, and the " plutocracy " whom he held in supreme contempt. (We had one such, a city merchant, in the shooting season, who sent us a hare and rabbits). George had got hold of a phrase (likely from Professor Bain) which he often vented, that " one might see the small value Providence put upon riches by the wretched kind of people He gave them to."

The father and mother tried to get the debate, which threatened to become bitter, settled by saying that it needed all classes together to contribute their quota to the stream of national opinion and public life. And finally it settled down to that conclusion, but it gave us a good week's talk.

As George advised, I went to our common student friend, John Adam, Bookseller, New Market, and kindly got assurance from John that the first copy which he got of Bain's new English Grammar should be kept for me. William Jenkyns, my dear friend, was there too on the Monday morning, and secured another copy.

The book presented to us such a fresh and ample

view of grammar and of the origin and structure of the English language that we straightway resolved to play truant from the Grammar School. Only four weeks should pass till the big Bursary Competition arrived, on which hung all our hopes of getting to College. Jenkyns came home with me to my rooms, sent out for lunch, and stayed all day.

Together, day after day, we went over it, discussing its new points, getting its Anglo Saxon roots by heart, and acquainting ourselves with its many examples of Scotticisms and its very clear exposition of syntax and of strong and weak sentences. The work was new to us, and gave us delightful insight, such as we had got nothing of before, into the English language, and into the proper arrangement of sentences and paragraphs according to the meaning of their contents.

The Rector of the Grammar School, misunderstanding entirely our truant absences, sent us each a very angry letter, which we did not dare to answer, but left to events to explain.

The great day came. Well do I remember the trepidation with which we sat down at the long desks in Marischal College and found Professors and Assistant Professors closely watching us lest any unfair means of answering questions or composing the Latin version should be used. We had never had experience of such a test, but the one twelve months before, and it we had looked upon as merely a means of getting acquainted with the methods. On this one our whole fate and future depended. How should we meet it ?

Our first glance at the Latin version calmed our nerves. We found we knew the Latin word for every English noun and adjective. Courage at once came to us: "I have cleared the version, Jenkyns." "So have I." "Thank God," we both exclaimed, and home we went to luncheon.

Back in an hour and a half we faced Latin and Greek translations, and found them, to our astonishment, wonderfully easy. Next morning came the English paper. One moment's glance at it showed us our wisdom in spending four whole weeks on the newly issued Grammar. It was " Bain " throughout. Anglo Saxon roots were asked. Scotticisms had to be corrected. Weak sentences, with long adhesive dangling tails, had to be straightened. Awkward paragraphs, mixed up with bungling intrusions, had to be rearranged.

We never forgot the testing sentence, set down in front as a perfect one. " On whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his invention." " Show the good points in this sentence."

Luckily Bain's Grammar had put us up to this: the key word reserved to the end; the adverbial adjuncts to the predicate coming before it; our curiosity awakened by suspense till the very last word was reached: all making it a strong sentence and a model period. Then came the short essay on an easy subject which we wrote with attention as the grammar had taught us, to the What, the Why, and the How.

Out we all came to the Quadrangle and the fresh air—one hundred and fifty young lads. What questionings? How have you got thro' it? and you, and you? Many could answer but few of the questions. " Never heard of such things before: never saw a thing about strong and weak sentences : never heard of periods: only about parsing. Who knows Anglo-Saxon? We were never taught any language but Latin and Greek." Loud were the grumblings.

The six or seven who had been wise enough four weeks before to secure the new grammar held their tongues. But we whispered as we looked into knowing eyes. Our hopes rose. William Jenkyns could not contain himself. He insisted I should go home with

him and meet his father and mother. They knew that the wise counsels of the Manse of Keig had prepared us for this test. I was a little put out by the very cordial thanks of the delighted parents. The father was a humble clerk in an office. Their whole hopes centred in their boy. He had done them honour; he would yet enter the University and get his foot on the first rung of the great ladder. That was a very happy Wednesday evening.

Three days of awful suspense had to be endured until the results were declared. My friend and I took long walks up by the banks of the Dee and of the Don, and all the time discussed our answers to the questions, and our Latin version. Jenkyns discovered one or two mistakes in his Latin and a mistranslation in Greek. We found none in mine; but the English was poor in the translation of the Greek history.

We had both been told at home that unless we won a £15 bursary we could not go to the University; and we both were seventeen years of age. The Saturday forenoon came at last, and we assembled at King's College Latin Class room to hear our fate. If we were among the first six, a £15 was ours. Professor Milligan was clerk, and read out the names.

The first was "Bruce" something. I heard no more: my ears were buzzing. But again the name was called by the Principal as no one had responded. Jenkyns clapped my shoulder and said, "He is here." "Don't you know your own name?" demanded the Principal in a severe tone which brought me to my senses. "Do you accept?" came next; and I gave an affirmative in a foolishly low tone.

In that moment my heart turned itself over, and in a most strange way righted itself again. For a moment Roman candles and sky rockets flashed in front of my eyes. I can confidently say that I now know how the prisoner at the bar feels when the severe

bewigged judge suddenly smiles at him and says, "You are found not guilty, and are discharged." That smile on the Principal's face is unforgettable, he laughingly saying that the first bursar seemed ashamed of his own name.

To our delight Jenkyns got a £15 bursary; and we went off home to make our mothers glad. I travelled by rail with Thomas Nicol who also won a high bursary, and made acquaintance with one who was to become my dearest friend. He had come to the Competition from Montrose, and was at first a stranger to us. Like ourselves he had to gain a bursary or else go back to teaching.

It need not be said how the news gladdened my mother. Her many long years of prayer had been answered. "Tell me everything about it," came again and again. That night's family worship was with difficulty conducted. A psalm of thanksgiving was read by her; and a special prayer of thanks was chosen from Principal Dewar's Family Prayer Book.

Before eight o'clock I was sent up to the Manse to give the information to Revd. Mr. Watt, who had most kindly interested himself in my progress, and without my knowing it had discussed with mother the possibility of my choosing the ministry. His congratulations were very kind.

CHAPTER V.

BAJAN YEAR—PROFESSOR BAIN AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

ENTERING the University as Bajans, we learned to look up to the men ahead of us. The Smiths by this time were well-known, and were honoured by all. So was William Minto, who also belonged to the Vale of Alford, and had got much encouragement in his studies from the Free Manse of Keig.

For four years he and Robertson Smith ran a neck to neck race for prizes in Mathematics, Classics, and Logic. At the end of the curriculum, through a severe illness, the latter missed getting Honours and the M.A. Degree, and Minto walked into the Greek £70 Scholarship and others.

I met him and learned to look up to him as a Don. At the Debating Society he was one of the brilliant stars. We met at first at King's College in the Natural Philosophy Class room, and we looked forward with keenest expectation to the Friday Evening Debates.

Minto and Robertson Smith and Hunter, (who was afterwards Professor of Roman Law in London University) were fourth year students or Magistrands. The respect of us first year's men for such masters of Logic and learning was not less than that with which we now regard debates in Parliament in which Mr. Baldwin, Winston Churchill, Lloyd George, and Ramsay MacDonald take part.

The three aforementioned were the *Dei majores* of our imagination. I can still remember the honour I felt when in that society William Robertson Smith turned round and kindly asked how I was getting on.

The subject that evening was Roman Law, and the Legacy that Rome had left us. Was its influence good or otherwise? Minto took the affirmative side and spoke with the winning smile which he always carried in his face. His logical skill fairly captured us. William Jenkyns (who rose high in the Indian Government) sat next me and we gazed in admiration at the courage with which he defied his opponent to find any fallacy in his reasoning, which he took care to reduce to a syllogism with Aristotle on his side.

But our admiration lessened as Hunter, who was a Law Student of advanced years, defended the negative side, and seemed, with the greatest ease and a vast array of facts, to demolish Minto's syllogism. The major premise was far too large; there was fallacious reasoning because of an " illicit process of the minor term," which Professor Bain had often cautioned them against. He was surprised that a high prizeman in Logic should so blunder in his argument, etc., etc.

At this point Robertson Smith rose, and for the first time we listened to his fluent tongue. He defended Minto, and went strongly for Rome. His exuberant mind helped him to pour forth such a stream of favourable facts and to quote such an array of correlative references as to convince us that the affirmative side must be the correct one.

Minto had to reply after other students had spoken. He was cool and could smile while saying very stinging things of opponents who loudly hissed. He made the somewhat stale remark (it seemed to us amazingly smart) that when a cold stream of truth was poured on red-hot prejudices they always hissed.

That evening we felt we had sat at a Supper of the

Gods. Our eyes were opened. Robertson Smith had talked of Dryden and Pope and Tennyson as if they had been his first cousins, and had coolly criticised Professor Bain and Professor Blackie as if they were his equals. William Jenkyns and I came away feeling we had passed a milestone on life's journey, and had reached a higher stage of Society and had left Grammar Schooldays far in the rear. We now belonged to the University; why should not we too be Magistrands, and some day defend a cause in debate ?

Minto and Robertson-Smith we associated with no less orators than Cicero and Demosthenes. And my friend predicted that one day they would themselves occupy Chairs in Aberdeen—a prediction that came true within ten years in one case, and within four in another.

That night's fascination led my friend to indulge soon in a little lampooning in the newspaper columns, of which only confidential friends were made aware. But in truth that experience of the power of high debate was, to us two lads, a turning point in the direction of our literary tastes. These debates and others are recalled at greater length in Prefatory Remarks to my " History of the Arts Class, 1864 to 1868, University of Aberdeen."

Another speaker, Russell, much older than the rest—he afterwards became a leader in the Congregational Church of Lancashire—amused us immensely by his humour. We had never before seen an exhibition of this "Saving Gift." He chaffed the debators all round : took sides with neither; " wise men did not commit themselves;" " fools rushed in where angels feared to tread." I forget how the vote went. In these days votes were counted and not weighed. I fear they are so still.

Another debate in that first session had also an

influence upon our young minds. It was concerned with the Revolution in Scotland, with the fate of the Stuarts, and the worth of the Georges. We lads knew all about Persian invasions of Greece and Punic wars. The Grammar School made us acquainted with Aristides and Themistocles and the Caesars, but of the inner side of modern history we knew nothing.

We were amazed at the accurate knowledge of it shown by Hunter and Robertson Smith. The former expressed his disgust and his wonder that students should run after novels and love-stories, all mere creatures of the imagination when history was so full of splendid types of the finest characters, and nations were being born under our very eyes.

He had clearly been reading Carlyle, for Frederick the Great and Joan of Arc came in for much laudation, and Carlyle's was held up to us as a model writer of history. We got enthused. It was our first taste of Carlyle's realism. We hurried next day to the Library to get copies of his "Past and Present" and of "Heroes and Hero Worship." Very soon Jenkyns and Forsyth (afterwards Principal of Hackney College) began to talk of "the Philosophy of clothes" and the silliness of fashions. One debator, on another evening, actually spoke of our need of a revelation of the "Everlasting No," such as Carlyle himself got in order to teach us the right idea of life's end.

Forsyth amused and amazed us by talking eloquently in the Carlylean brogue. I had been reading Macaulay, whom Professor Bain advised us to study, and trying to get hold of his classic style and faculty of exposition. But now we learned that Macaulay was out of date and that Gibbon was quite an antiquated writer.

The Carlyle fever became infectious. The phrases of the Chelsea Seer were on many tongues. In our third year at the Debating Society Hugh McIntosh (who was already a preacher in his denomination)

denounced the Gospel of Dilletantism and all its "unveracities." Another of our class, a great talker, Ormond, upset us all by reference to Sir Jabez Windbag—and to Plugson of Undershot, and by dooming certain people (we could not make out who they were) to the Hell of Mammonism. With his good voice and confident manner, Ormond gave force to such a phrase and impressed every one of us.

I might here say that the three first spoken of, Minto, Robertson Smith, and Hunter were all prizemen and great favourites with Professor Bain. Of them he made a singular prediction that none of them would live beyond fifty years of age. Their minds were so keen and forceful that they anticipated their maturity by many years and had reached ripeness before twenty-one.

The prediction, alas, proved too true. All of them attained to eminence as Professors, and wielded wide influence. A very brilliant lot they were. They taught us to hate shams, and to love sincerity and reality and thorough culture, and that all life's failures were due to idleness and imposture. For that lesson from fellow students we can never be too thankful.

With them and with all of us Professor Bain was a helpful influence. Before entering his English Class in our first year we had heard of his Scholarship and world-wide reputation, and had got his Grammar by heart. None of us can forget his fine head, his mobile features, the keenly glancing yet kindly eyes, and the frequent gesticulations of the hands.

He took us at once into a new world, out of the realms of the classics which alone we knew. Here we met a Master of Rhetoric and Literature, who gave our minds a wonderful uplift. We were introduced to the mysteries of style, made acquainted with similies, and metaphors and epigrams, and taught the arts of Debate and Persuasion, and finally introduced

to Poetry as a Fine Art. In all these subjects Bain managed to create the keenest interest. We felt as if a new faculty had sprung up within us. We could now appreciate style. We could tell why a certain paragraph had Unity, and a certain similitude was luminous, and where perspicuity and sublimity were found. The Lecturer was very inspiring, and sent most of us to the Great Authors and the Poets.

We met Bain again in his Class of Logic and Psychology. He gave us the dry Deductive Logic in a short time, and quickly led us to the Inductive. But his custom was (unlike that of to-day) to begin with Psychology. Here he shone, and we were introduced to Psychology before it had been taught in its fulness in any other University. That has had a life-long influence on my mind.

Of all our Professors in Aberdeen, he was the most quickening and inspiring. His very lucid exposition of the principles of Psychology and of Logic made our minds open up to the correct methods of observation and experiment which lie at the basis of Science. He never ceased to urge us to believe that Science includes all systematised, verifiable, and communicable knowledge, and that its data must be reduced always to their lowest Common Demominator. From how much religious dubiety did this save us in after years !

It showed us at once that there can be no fundamental antithesis between a religious and a scientific view of nature, and of man's place in it. Science is empirical : religion deals with the transcendental. While each keeps its place, there can be no contest. The one seeks for the Lowest Denominator; the other struggles to grasp the Greatest Common Measure.

Bain was a very strict disciplinarian, and permitted no liberties. In consequence of this the studious part of the class drew to him. In oral examination he could

draw out a student's mind in a very kindly way and then show him how narrow his conceptions of truth were. One man frankly said he differed from the Professor. Bain liked this, and said that he loved to meet independent minds. To our astonishment that man stood high in the list of merit at the close of the Session.

He was one of the few Professors who knew us in the street. He walked at almost a running pace. We believed the activity of the mind gave speed to the feet; but we learned afterwards that he did so by his doctor's advice, and walked many miles daily to keep in health.

CHAPTER VI.

OTHER ABERDEEN PROFESSORS AND INFLUENCES.

Of the other Professors I cannot recall so many memories. Aberdeen was always "rooted in Latin," and Professor Maclure drew us to his subject chiefly by his beautiful translations of Cicero, Juvenal and Plautus. We rose to the occasion when, with a beaming face, he gave us—in modern English—Juvenal's jokes and puns. These poets had a living interest for the students of to-day.

We got much more from "Homer" as we named Professor Geddes. His class was the first of the day, and the opening prayer greatly impressed us by its reverence and its fine phrases from Job or the Psalms or the Gospel of St. John. They abide in my memory still. Then Hesiod and Anacreon were made to live to us by quaint and felicitous renderings.

Who can forget his praise of Homer? "Gentlemen, the keynote of the Iliad is glory; the keynote of the Odyssey is still higher, it is Home and its many blessings." That stuck to us. To this day I read my Odyssey and my Shakespeare with this in my mind.

We prizemen in his class were asked each year to a supper at the close of the Session. With a warm handshake at the close of the evening he would say, "Now be sure you complete your reading of Homer."

Dear old Geddes! we loved him while at the same

time we respected and reverenced him. The manner was dignified; the presence was stately; and he addressed us on leaving as if really he were a father to us all and would follow our career with a father's care.

When he became Principal of the University, and some thirty-one years afterwards capped me at the honorary D.D. investiture, and gave us all a dinner, he was the very same kindly and dignified Servant of the University.

His words impressed us all the more that none of us ever forgot the story of his own striving to reach College. Away back in the Forties of the last century there arrived at the gate of the University a youth who had walked on foot all the way from remote Glass, near the distant Cabrach. Round his legs were tied wisps of straw to keep out the drifting snow. On his back was the sack of oatmeal which was to be his main sustenance till he could walk home at Christmas for more.

But in the soul of young William Duguid Geddes there glowed the burning love of learning and of the fear of God; and when fifty years later he passed out of the gates of King's College Sir William Geddes, Principal of the University, he rose to the altitude of that new office with universal acclamation and regard.

There is a fine marble bust of him in the Classical Room, and engraved upon it is the famous line of the eleventh Book of the Odyssey, one he bade us be sure to get by heart.

"First the hard rowing: then the favouring breeze."

The assistant to Geddes, G. Croom Robertson, should not be forgotten. He was a moulding influence to many of us, both then and in after years. With him—three days a week—we read "The Clouds" of Aristophanes. The room was at the head of the old

Cromwell Tower, and looked out on the links and the North Sea. It recalled Dr. Walter Smith's lines to us every time we gazed out of its narrow window,

> "There's an old University town
> Betwixt the Don and the Dee,
> Looking over the grey sand dunes,
> Looking out on the cold North Sea."

The room and the long winding stone stair up to it had a musty smell which I still remember. The desk was an old pulpit placed against the wall, from which "Croom," as we called him, (and sometimes "Digamma") gave us brilliant lectures on the Sophists so besmudged in Aristophanes "Clouds."

His voice was clear, and with an imperative note in it which virtually said, "I mean you to listen to me." The fine face and best Cambridge accent drew us to him, and he became a real friend and inspiring counsellor to us all.

He worked himself and made us work. From the "Clouds" and the Greek Play we got much about Sophists and Sophistical reasoning and the horns of dilemmas and such dangers.

He was fond of the philosophical side of the play, and gave us forecasts of his future when he went to London University to become Professor of Philosophy. For a time he exercised wide influence as Editor of "Mind," which we ministers took and read closely, very much because our dear "Croom" edited it.

He led us into fresh lines of study, his original mind introducing many new subjects of highest interest to young opening minds. His early death was a great sorrow to us all. Aberdeen never gave the world of learning a worthier son.

The Professors of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy did not much impress me. But the latter, "Davie" Thompson, was a humourist, and is remembered mostly in that light. Two of our class

went to Cambridge—Adam and Burgess. They wrote me letters to the end of their days, and every letter had a reference to Davie or to Fuller, whose daughters I often met at Strathpeffer. They thought Davie took them " to the top of the Delectable Mountains " with his lectures on Dynamics, Mechanics and Optics. Both Professors were Cambridge Dons, with the dignity and remoteness of Dons about them.

Professor Martin gave us Moral Philosophy, and a great deal more. It was our fourth year and we felt the dignity of being Magistrands, i.e. about to become Masters of Arts. Martin we found to be a special study. If his philosophy was thin, his teaching of Butler's Analogy was solid food for us. It was our introduction to the best Christian Apologetics. With difficulty we overcame the bald style full of abstract terms. But Butler under Martin became to us a fine discipline as we met and wrestled with that masterly Digest and Defence of Religion.

Yet very pathetic to some of us was the perplexity of soul resulting from Martin's own religious exhortations. We rather turned from them and took to Ethics with the fondness of the Scot for the Book of Proverbs.

" You can keep no men, least of all Scotchmen, off moral and theological questions," says Robert Louis Stevenson.

Martin wore a wig, and students simply cannot overlook this in a teacher. Invariably outside the Class Room they sang every morning " Auld Lang Syne " to a new version,

> " And surely ye'll crib your exam,
> And surely I'll crib mine,
> And we'll tak' a rug o' Willie's wig,
> For Auld Lang Syne."

John Begg, the worthy Sacrist, did his best to keep us quiet. But the boisterous spirits of youth were not

to be bound. We knew that John had been sent to stop this song by the Senatus. I am afraid we had the students' delicious feeling of defying the Senatus, and verified Robert Ferguson's words,

> "Say, ye red gowns, that hae been here,
> Gin e'er thae days hae hed their peer,
> Sae blythe and daft,
> Ye'll ne'er again in life's career,
> Sit half sae saft."

The great American war was ending, and the fate of John Brown, the famous farmer who sacrificed his life for the slaves, was in all our minds. "John Brown's Body" was the most popular song of this session. It took such hold that it became to us one of those devastating epidemics of haunted memory to which youth is very liable. Day after day it was sung in the Quadrangle. It opened nearly every Debating Society meeting.

It was too good to be passed over at Professor Martin's door. The second verse usually took the shape of,

> "We'll hang Billy Martin on a sour apple tree,
> As we go marching along."

Very naturally the Professor complained to the Senatus. But I fear the members of that august body too much enjoyed the joke to meddle with the matter. At any rate it went on to the end of the session, and probably survived into the period when we Magistrands had for ever left the Quad. we so much loved.

We made acquaintance in this same Magistrand year with a Professor of a very different kind. James Nicol led us for the first time into the fields of Nature, and gave us insight into that great body of knowledge we call Science.

Botany we got nothing of; for his subject, Natural History, he understood to mean only Zoology. But

he loved to deal with animals and vegetables that had been petrified, and so his lectures took us out to the quarries and rocks in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen where fossils are to be found. In this way, to our delight, we entered into the fields of Geology and got much benefit from our teacher.

" Jeames," as we loved to call him, presented a wide contrast to the debonair neatness of Fuller, and to the smart and keen mentality of Bain. The grizzly beard, wide mouth, and old-fashioned dress gave us the impression of a good honest farmer, who had fallen by mistake into a University chair. But very soon we changed our mind, and found under the unkempt hair a head of unusual power, and a lecturer of great capacity. The accent was pure Aberdeenshire, and the old Scottish tongue he dearly loved.

The Infusoria were " wee beasties." We wished he had given us more microscopic work to do; but occasionally we did get the use of the high-powered instrument. Great was our astonishment when Jeames affirmed that a drop of water could contain not only a thousand but " even millions, aye billions, and probably quadrillions of these sma' craturs."

He liked an occasional joke, and it told all the more because it came on us as a great surprise. On one occasion he got funny over the fleas and the unkindness of these parasitic wretches to their hosts.

> " Big fleas have little fleas,
> Upon their backs to bite 'em,
> And little fleas have lesser fleas,
> And so *ad infinitum*."

The jest was that the biter was himself bitten. " That's a lesson to ilka ane o' ye fra zoology."

On all hands there was the same testimony, " An Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile." The husky voice we disliked. But we got sick at heart

when soon after we learned that it was a sure symptom of the terrible malignant growth that finally ended his career. Dear Jeames! "Green be the grass above thy Grave."

One other Professor we met in our Arts Course. We had heard him preach in the College Chapel, and were fond of his silvery-toned voice, and his eloquent and fluent speech. But now we met him in the class, optional of course, of Christian Evidences.

He introduced us to much recent thought about Religion. All the Theological world had been deeply stirred by that daring book, Renan's "Vie de Jesus." We were captured more by Dr. Milligan's thorough honesty in the treatment of the irreverant Frenchman than by the brilliant *jeu d'esprits* of the latter.

His lectures gave great confirmation to our young minds, at that time much perplexed about fundamental verities.

For Bain had made us furiously think: had in fact startled us out of our slumber and made us giddy with metaphysical arguments from Democritus down to John Stuart Mill. The miracles were moonshine. The Uniformity of Nature ruled. Calvin was not Calvinistic enough. Everything evolved from gaseous matter: the world is in flux: all is moving on to a great and good goal, and that is God.

Then came Martin. "Don't go to Science: go to your Bible. What shall it profit you though you gain the whole world? You lose your soul and everything else. Be born again. Think and feel, and will as God does. That's the beginning and end of Moral Philosophy."

Between the two teachers of our tertian and magistrand years we swithered and staggered. Was it any wonder? We seemed to be living in a realm of contradictories. Was religion a supernatural extravagance founded on ignorance of Natural Laws? That question had different effects on different minds.

Milligan came to our rescue. Christianity has its own evidences. The heart may have reasons (Pascal said it) of which the head is not fully cognisant. But religion does not bar thinking. It wants you to think more, not less. Man's mind is the organ, and man's conscience the voice of the Eternal Reason. It is along this line that the Soul of the Universe comes to speaking terms with our Consciousness. God fashioned for Himself a body and form in humanity. Christ is God Incarnate. You will never get beyond Him. Trust Him, love Him, be like Him.

It met our mental needs, and greatly helped us. Jenkyns and Nicol and MacIntosh spoke most thankfully of the " lift " they daily got. We took to the Evidences: and got our prizes. But the reward was better far than the books. We had looked into the face of Christ. Milligan had become a spiritual father to us. From that day we made tracks for the Sacred Ministry. Great is the gift to students of a clear honest thinker and of a calm reasoning mind.

We all owe much to Dr. Milligan. In after years in the Divinity Hall he grew still more upon us. But of that more, later on.

One cannot quit the University Quad without a word about the two men we daily met there. In Kings College John Begg was sacrist. He was the kindest and most patient of men. Not a few students, injured in the snowball fights or in some other tangle, were taken into John's rooms, and got all possible attention from his very kind wife. And John never " told." If the Senatus wanted evidence of a row, John took care not to see it. But he was always at hand to help. We remember still his words, " Noo lads, dinna be rash."

At Marischal College the sacrist was John Colvin. He had held some kind of office in the two Colleges for over fifty years. Always kind and courteous,

John was a favourite, and at the end of his days we gave him his portrait in oils. Dr. Bulloch wrote about him in the *Alma Mater*.

The best remembered thing about Colvin was a short speech he made one day to the surprise of everybody. Before the Professor entered, and while the class waited, John was doing something in the way of dusting the seat and desk of the rostrum. One student loudly called for a speech—"A speech from the Sacrist." It angered John, and pointing at the loud voiced student he slowly repeated the old stanza:

Ego vidi stultum,
Stultus vidit me,
Nunquam vidi stultum,
Priusquam vidi te.

It electrified the room. The Professor entered, heard the last lines, and heartily took part in the laughter.

CHAPTER VII.

FELLOW STUDENTS—SIR JAMES THOMPSON—DR. DUNCAN—PROFESSOR W. ELMSLIE.

OUR four very happy years in the Arts course came to an end in March, 1868, and we had to part. We began a bright, hilarious company of raw youths in October, 1864: we separated with sorrowing hearts after four years of intimate companionship. At first 106, we diminished to a little below 70 members at the close.

In the course of these years the old Town and King's College had grown dearer. We had breathed the *genius loci*, and to this very day we cherish the charm. Over these years oblivion can never scatter her poppy seed. They remain a joy for ever.

Now we must quit the quiet life of study, and face the big world of work. What were we to do? We looked at each profession and wondered which one awaited us.

No Professor advised us. Not one told us our aptitudes. Surely this is an omission in the controlling work of a University. I do not remember even a reference being made to the subject in any of our classes. It was just a case of "Sink or swim as you best may."

We were adolescents when we entered college. Now we had emerged from that stage of life when so many uprushes of subliminal feeling took place; and

conscious and subconscious were now meeting in our young manhood. But even yet the character was very plastic, and we felt we were on the potter's wheel. How should we shape our life? What were our talents? Did our gifts point to any particular calling?

Several at once left us for Marischal College, and took to medicine. They boasted of it as the best of professions. What could compare with the Art of Healing? Hang up your shield in the temple of Aesculapius.

One chose law: He was our great debater: and we all said he was born to be an advocate. He became a man of influence in Aberdeen.

Two went off to Commerce. Our eminent mathematician, George S. Yuill, got luckily into the Orient Line of Shipping: was soon transferred to Sydney: and there established a line of his own, and attained to great wealth. He did not forget his Alma Mater. When living at Castle Grant, which he rented for shootings, he spent a day with me, and asked how he could benefit her. I sent him to Professor Davidson, our old classfellow: and to him he handed a cheque for £4000 to establish a Scholarship for Research in Chemistry, George detested the Germans, who had sunk so many ships: and wished that Aberdeen should study gases and dyes, and other manufactures that might cope with German trade. I am told it has proved a most useful scholarship.

Three of our most scholarly men went to the Indian Civil Service, where two of them rose to Judgeships and ultimately to Knighthoods, Sir James Thomson and Sir George Forbes. India, frequently, for long service brings King's Honours. The third, William Jenkyns, my intimate friend all through his course at school and college, also entered the Indian Service. He rose rapidly in the ranks. In 1879 Sir Louis Cavagnari was appointed British President at Cabul,

and Jenkyns was sent up to be Political Agent and to assist in ruling the wild Afghan tribes. A rising took place, and both were murdered. General Roberts ultimately captured the city and held it by a British force.

My dear friend's bright career was cut short in the prime of his days, and just when he was attaining eminence among the rulers of our Empire. We at once subscribed for and erected in the corridor of the King's College Library a beautiful model of his face in marble. It is a striking profile of his finely cut features. We deplored the loss of one with such high character and lofty ideals, and I only wish I had retained his letters. He had the rare gift of friendship.

The Registrar of India Records kindly sent me an account of the massacre. Cavagnari and other officers were first killed, and a young lieutenant, Hamilton, and Jenkyns alone remained in command of the fort.

" Scarce taking breath, Hamilton made preparations for his new attempt to recapture the big guns. " Do you stand here and here, and you two there and there, and all of you shoot for all you're worth at the gunners while I and the rest again charge out." " And I go too," said Jenkyns. Then a second time these two young Englishmen at the head of the faithful twelve charged out on the guns. But for Jenkyns the glorious end had come, and sword in hand he fell some twenty yards out, a lasting honour to the great Civil Service of India."

The " Jenkyn's Prize " in classical Philology is founded in his memory at the University.

One of our most pleasant and popular men was Lawrence R. Fyfe. He came from Jamaica, and after taking his degree returned to it and rose to the high post of the Colonial Secretaryship of Grenada, and latterly was Governor of it. Laurie was chosen to be Chairman at our farewell supper in the Douglas Hotel

in March, 1868. He made the speech of the evening.

In our Logic class we had a most distinguished student who, before taking First Class Honours in Philosophy at Edinburgh, desired to sit under Dr. Bain for a session. We found him a very inspiring talker, and one who knew the trend of modern Philosophy as well as the fruitful results of modern Science.

We heard first from him of Evolution and of the Synthetic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer, which Bain told us was dawning on the world, and was to reconstruct both Philosophy and Science.

Dr. Duncan had a most distinguished course, going up from Aberdeen that same year and taking his degree in Edinburgh with First Class Honours in Philosophy, then to Berlin, and returning in the Autumn to be for three years Private Secretary to Mr. H. Spencer from 1867 to 1870.

In 1870 he became Professor of Logic and Moral Philosophy in the Presidency College of Madras ; in 1884 became Principal of it; and in 1899 became Vice Chancellor, and then retired after this distinguished career with very complimentary notice of his worth and work from his exellency the Governor-in-Council.

In 1874-78 he had compiled four volumes of Spencer's Descriptive Sociology, including African and American Races, and in 1896 he published "The Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer." Some years ago he retired to Aberdeen, and we hoped to have many talks of old times. But the end came, and he too has joined the majority.

Our two great mathematicians, Adam and Burgess, found their way to Cambridge, after Burgess had been for some time Assistant to Fuller in Mathematics, and had won the big Fullerton Scholarship. He became Wrangler and a Fellow of *Corpus Christi*. But tutoring lost its charm for him and he went to medicine, and had a distinguished career in surgery in Sheffield.

The mathematical head can turn to anything and excel.

John Adam, our all-round ablest man in Classics, in debate, in mathematics and science, found his sphere too in Cambridge, but somehow did not rise to the height of our great hopes. His mother's uncle was Lord Chancellor Cairns, and we had designated John for that eminent chair in the House of Lords. But he would not wait and do the slow climbing of the steps of the stair, and went off to India to a well-paid post in Madras. He was Principal of a large College there, and author of many Text Books and legal works for Indian students.

His Alma Mater resolved to honour him with a LL.D. degree, but he died ere the honour reached him. A son and a daughter have already had distinguished careers.

One other, who has been a life-long friend and still survives among the few, I should like to mention. He chose the quiet life of the parish schoolmaster. Already we have spoken of the many clever lads who came from Donside. Professor Minto, Robertson Smith, and Robertson Nicol. My friend, Mr. Innes, added to their number. In that most lovely parish of Strathdon, rivalling Ballater and Braemar in beauty, he worked for over forty years.

That humble school on the banks of the rushing Don became a thorough centre of the highest culture. Sons of ministers, of doctors, of bankers, from a wide neighbourhood, were attracted to it. Whenever Mr. Innes found a boy or a girl with brains, they were encouraged to make for the University. Many a time in school the scholars would hear it, " Get the love of learning; make for the University; you may all be M.A.'s yet."

The result was that a great stimulus was given to study. Nearly every year one or more went off to Aberdeen to the Normal School for teachers, or to

the University. Every boy drew another boy; every girl another girl.

The work was done by unsparing effort. Mr. Innes breakfasted early, and got to his schoolroom by 8a.m., met his picked class, gave them instruction in Greek, Latin, French, and Mathematics, helped them further in these subjects during the forenoon school-hours, and met them often again after the school closed.

To-day these pupils occupy posts of influence as Government officials in Colonies, ministers of the Church, inspectors of schools, and doctors of high standing. In the Dick Bequest Report of his time, Mr. Innes was paid the highest compliment possible, and his school "placed in the first rank."

I do not know that any one of his class-fellows has done so much real good and exercised such high and wide influence as our good friend did in remote Strathdon. What may a good and devoted soul not do? Place and position are nothing. Goodness and kindness and devotion are everything.

The last I shall mention, and not the least, was a dear and most lovable friend, William G. Elmslie. We were Grammar School boys; Adam and he and I bathed much together at the Links. He was an all-round scholar, and got at the close of his curriculum the Town Council Gold Medal as the "most distinguished student of his year."

The ministry of the Free Church drew him to it, after a year as Assistant to the Professor of Natural Philosophy. Then London got him to help Dr. Oswald Dykes: then a Church in Willesden suburb, and then he found his highest post in the Hebrew Chair of the Presbyterian College, becoming, along with Robertson Nicol, a literary adviser to Hodder and Stoughton.

He excelled in friendship. Who can forget Willie Elmslie? His laugh lightened up every company. I have picked it out in the Quad among a dozen others.

Humour and happiness overflowed. He was one of our best and brightest speakers at the Debating Society, his learning and good sense, irradiated by humour, captivating us all.

In London he became a popular preacher. Our mutual friend, Principal Forsyth, introduced him to large Annual Assemblies of the Congregationalists, and he carried them by storm. With Elmslie the "professor's birth" was not "the preacher's death."

Dr. Robertson Nicol writes of him: "From the Hebrew Chair in fact he emerged as a pulpit force of the first rank. He loved preaching, and freely accepted invitations to appear not only in churches of his denomination but in other places. His vogue steadily grew. The announcement of his name always brought together a great audience, as remarkable for quality as for quantity. At the same time he carried on with conscientious fidelity and unbroken success, his work as a professor."

"To this he added literary engagements, and his labours increased while alas! his strength did not. He was in fact one of the most prominent figures in the religious world of London: and the penalties attaching to such a position are terrible for a man in delicate health. The strain began to tell; but it was not easy to convince him of this."—("Princes of the Church," page 5.)

We seldom met; but the meetings were very happy. His winsome smile and gracious manner and bright outlook on life were all his own. How he could cheer us with his own cheerful spirit! I always felt a better man after an hour with William Elmslie. He had a good word for every Church, loved the good points in the narrow Plymouthites, found help in some sides of High Anglicanism, still more in Socialism, most of all in old-fashioned Evangelicalism.

Every day had its work. His mind was full of new

subjects, and he seemed to have a dozen volumes on hand, but with no time to expand and finish them. He would have produced more had he limited and concentrated. And he would have given us the very best. As it was he left too little in print. Death came and carried off our dear friend in the very midst of his usefulness.

Our hearts still ache at the loss. He could have done so much and been so much. But, as it is said, "They that love God never meet for the last time."

CHAPTER VIII.

FETTERESSO MANSE—PARISH MINISTERS—A STONEHAVEN SAINT OF OLDEN TYPE.

THERE was a great function at the conferring of degrees. First came the Honorary D.D.s and LL.D.s, then followed the Arts and Medicine degrees and then the M.A.s. We went home that evening feeling the University had added a cubit to our stature.

There was much handshaking with dear friends, not a few of whom we never saw again. Some went to India, others to Consular service in China, several to Government appointments. Many at first uncertain of a call gave themselves to teaching, and a few to the Ministry of the Church.

In the previous summer I had been tutor to the family of Revd. John Watt at the Manse of Fetteresso, and to the same post I returned for the summer of 1868. Owing to Mr. Watt's illness and absence at Harrogate Spa, I had for some months to take charge of the Manse, to conduct a Bible Class, and carry on a Sunday School. This was the beginning of my apprenticeship to ministerial work, and was most useful and helpful.

At Keig I had, as formerly said, benefited by the influence of a Manse. Ministers of the surrounding parishes and others, friends of Mr. Watt, from Aberdeen, came at the week-ends to Fetteresso Manse.

The talk was of the Ministry, its work, its duties, and its privileges; and slowly I was drawn to think of it as my life calling. My mother's lifelong desire had been in the same line, and her prayers for this had never ceased. That I well knew; and often was I reminded of the fact that it had been a tradition in her family (the Straton family) that one son should always go to the Ministry, and that one of her forebears, David Straton of St. Cyrus, had been a martyr at the stake in Edinburgh.

I was scarcely conscious of it, nor registered any vow. But on looking back on those days I think of Robert Louis Stevenson's words regarding himself, "Seemingly I had nothing personal to do with the matter. I came about like a well-handled ship. There stood at the wheel that unknown steersman whom we call God."

A Manse library is always a source of help and education. Here I met "Augustine's Confessions," and realised their charm. "Love God and then do as you may," greatly drew me. The nimble word play in Latin was wonderful, but also very helpful. He was conscious rather of "the Christ who is in us than of the Christ who is for us." That was an eye-opener, and I never forgot it. Some of the trenchant phrases have passed into a common stock, "The biter was bit," "the deadly bird lime of lust," "Thou the life of my life, Soul of my soul," "Restless is my heart till it rests in Thee."

But the finest thing in all the Confessions is his love for his mother, Monica, so like my own mother, who for twenty years had been praying for me. Evil had long plucked at his skirts, but he could say, "Teneo et teneor." God had hold of his heart, and he threw "it into the scale of evidence for truth" just as afterwards Pascal says in his "Thoughts" he also did. That again taught me much and helped me a

great deal. His acute psychological insight much impressed me. In fact that book ruled my thinking all that summer.

The " Letters of Samuel Rutherford " I also discovered. They also helped, being tense with natural as well as spiritual feeling. Many of them were written when an exile (by Laud's cruel policy) " in Christ's Palace in Aberdeen," which carried additional interest. They gave much insight into spiritual needs and doubts and fears. His sentences pierce like swords, and the metaphors charmed me by their originality. My mother got introduced to its pages, and devoured them. She afterwards read them through once a year, there being 365 in all.

How piquant and how Scotch are his metaphors. " Our wages and stipends run up with God, even as wounded soldiers get pay while bedfast." " How blind were my enemies who sent me to this Banquiting House in Aberdeen." " How my debt of grace runs up. Teach me to pay it and to praise." " I long to bring about a marriage between Christ and the people " of Anwoth. Like the Bride in Canticles he draws much on the language of love. " An hour's kissing of Christ is worth a world of worlds." That fairly caught mother's heart. It sent us both to the Song of Solomon, and we committed to heart Rutherford's hymn, written by Mrs. Cusins of Melrose.

The Letters are edited by Dr. Andrew Bonar; and as my mother's favourite book, read every Sunday, was Bonar's Memoirs of Robert McCheyne of Dundee, there was a double interest in the Letters.

We have changed since McCheyne's days, and do not see the world from his angle. Critics have spoken and left echoes. Yet the worth and testimony of the saintly McCheyne never die. He was one of the great souls that set a type and established a tradition, and mother felt that her experience conformed to

McCheyne's. His hymn, Jehovah Tsikkenu, was with her a great favourite, and, along with one of his sermons, we frequently had it at worship in Sunday evening. To her, these were documents of the soul and brought her into touch with the moods and the tenses of the Saints.

At the time of the Herring Fishing, July and August, Stonehaven filled up with fishermen from Footdee and Crail and Anstruther. The 1860 Revival had swept along these villages, and the fisher girls, fond of singing, at open air meetings in the old Town sang from what was called the North East Mission Hymn Book. Rutherford's Hymn was there set to a lovely tune, and became very popular. Every one seemed to learn it. We sang it in our schoolroom at the Manse of Fetteresso at the opening devotional exercise.

The boys had exellent voices, and their bedrooms rang at night with verses of that and other Hymns. Mr. Watt had introduced at this time the Church Hymnal into the service and we were all delighted with this addition to our list of praise. I had myself sung as a schoolboy of thirteen among the altos in the choir, and again did so as a baritone. In after years at the Bible Class of Professor Milligan I usually "presented."

Here I must speak of another influence on my young life, of which the reminiscence is of the most pleasant nature. The one godly and outstanding Christian layman in Stonehaven was Mr. William Freeman. A schoolmaster for the latter part of his life, he was a centre of every good influence in the parish. For many years he conducted a Sunday School four miles out in the landward parish, and another in his School, with also a prayer meeting at 8 p.m. in the same place.

He was one who simply lived in his Bible. Barnes'

Commentary was then in vogue, the work of an American Professor, and published in Bohn's Series in some 12 volumes. It had been purchased by him at (for him) a great price, and it made clear all obscure passages, and rid many difficulties out of the way. Often did we get this clearing up at the Prayer Meeting, which my mother regularly attended. It was given with such freshness and gusto, that we quite enjoyed it.

Professor Barnes knew his Old Testament and New Testament text well, and for unlearned readers the book was a Godsend. It got into many manses in the Sixties and Seventies, but was soon superseded by much more scholarly works.

A Mr. Gordon, the proprietor of the estate of Parkhill near Dyce, used to come to assist Mr. Freeman in his good work. He was one of the leaders of the Perth Conference—the Scottish Keswick of the day—and a personal friend of Dr. Andrew and Dr. Horatius Bonar: and to this conference Mr. Freeman went as his guest. Both returned to us fresh from the inspiration of this meeting on the Higher Christian Life, and we got the stimulus of the echo of it. Teaching on Holiness sounded strangely new on our ears. It seemed like the far off sound of Augustine and Samuel Rutherford and Thomas a Kempis, and beyond our reach. But commended kindly to us by two such genuine men, we accepted it among the high possibilities of the Christian Life. It shadowed forth some great truths such as we found in the Psalms and in the lofty reaches of John XV. a chapter which was my mother's favourite, and she often added that William Freeman alone of her friends seemed to know experimentally that famous chapter.

John XV. is mystical only in the sense that religion is always an interior thing, and its experiences cannot be brought to external tests, such as would satisfy a scientist.

The great Mystics justified their profession by the lives they lived. They exhibited religion in life, and in its most concentrated form; and they gave the Church of the Middle Ages an immense uplift. One might call them religious Geniuses. And such was Mr. Freeman. The religious instinct wrought in him as clearly as it wrought in Abraham or in Moses. It never obscured his common sense. It did not twist but rather clarified his judgment. It gained him the respect of all right thinking persons, and the dislike of the other kind.

Best of all it made him a centre of influence. Yet strange to say he was not known as a public character. He was one of the unknown Saints of the Church of Scotland. The Presbytery and General Assembly had not his name among their members.

Why have we not more of such saintly souls in our Churches to-day? Perhaps we have them, but do not discover them. We ought to know them.

> Such lived not in the past alone,
> But tread to-day the unheeding street,
> And stairs, to sin and famine known,
> Sing with the welcome of their feet.
> The den they enter grows a shrine,
> The grimy sash an oriel burns,
> Their cup of water warms like wine,
> Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

We paint our saints with lovely aureoles encircling their heads, such as the earliest painters made to encircle the head of Mary and of the divine Babe. But every good and saintly soul possesses its own peculiar aureole which we ought to see. If we do not recognise it, Heaven does; and, unawares, it influences and attracts. I cannot explain the attraction, but I know it well when it moves my feelings of respect and affection as it did for William Freeman.

Did not Jesus love St. John? and did not St. John

recline his head on the bosom of Jesus? and what explains it but their affinity of soul? We have still Saint Johns in our land; and they are very like to Jesus. And we shall know Jesus better through John; and we should understand John better through Jesus.

All these influences combined to lead me to the conviction that the Ministry was to be my calling. Revd. Mr. Watt urged me to think of it. Mr. Freeman and my mother had long prayed about it. And accordingly I gave my name to the Presbytery as a proposed entrant to the Divinity Hall, and was examined as such in Greek, Latin, and Biblical Knowledge.

A short visit to my uncle, who was a solicitor in Edinburgh, allowed me to see the Scottish metropolis for the first time and to feel its great attractions. They almost drew me to its University for Theology. But finally I went back to Aberdeen and entered its Divinity Hall.

There at the door of the Class-room we met and looked each other in the face. Not one of us before that day had said to the others that we meant to go to the Ministry. A certain shyness held us back. The Calling seemed so sacred and lofty that we dared not say we could attain to it. Medicine, and Commerce, and Education had claimed the rest of our class, and we easily understood the claim and admitted it. But not one of the whole number had announced their intention to enter the holy Ministry.

CHAPTER IX.

PROFESSORS TRAIL, PIRIE, MILLIGAN—THE GALLOWGATE.

In Aberdeen Divinity Hall on that November morning to our mutual delight four of us found ourselves fellow-students of Theology—Thomas Nicol, William J. Davidson, Robert Thom and myself—with several others also entrants but M.As. before us. Professor Nicol has left us for the higher service, but we three remain—all now retired; and have all reached the advanced age of eighty, and all still, by God's goodness, are in fairly good health.

Of the four Professors of Theology and of Hebrew, the latter did not much impress us. He did not really teach the language, but simply made us read and translate. The grammar we picked up for ourselves. This proved to be a severe misfortune; for soon, in the Robertson Smith Controversy, the Old Testament leaped into a place of great prominence, and the Higher Criticism could be understood only by such as thoroughly knew the Hebrew language.

That language I learned only after I had gone to Tübingen, three years later. There we spoke Hebrew for many months as well as read it, and translated it into English. And there, too, we first became acquainted with Old Testament Theology, which ought to be taught by every Hebrew Professor, and

at that very time was being excellently taught by Professor Davidson of Edinburgh.

The Professor of Theology at Aberdeen was Dr. Samuel Traill, a distinguished classical scholar. He had gained the Chair by the method, so peculiar to appointments to that Chair, and so unique, of "Contestation." Classics probably counted in values as much as Theology, and Dr. Trail was contented to give us our theology on the orthodox lines of Professor Hill's well-known book, and of Pearson on the Creed.

With Professor Pirie it was different. In Church History he occupied a very independent point of view. To some extent indeed he anticipated the modern development of History of Doctrine begun after his time by such eminent scholars as Hagenbac and Dorner. This proved very stimulating to us students.

He also practised in his class the excellent habit of examination. And most delighted was he when James Cooper (afterwards Professor Cooper of Glasgow) ventured to say that though he answered the question in the way in which Dr. Pirie had taught it, he personally differed from the Professor's conclusions.

"I'm delighted," said the Professor, "to know that I have a student who thinks for himself; and shall be most happy to hear you and have a talk with you over it in my room." They had the talk; but, as far as we heard, Cooper remained unconvinced. We knew they occupied radically different standpoints, and their conceptions of Apostolic orders and of sacraments were wide apart.

We got many excellent lessons for the present from the history of the past. One on which Dr. Pirie continually insisted was that the Church must move with the times. Galileo's famous words were often quoted: *E pur si muove* was an eternal affirmation, as much applicable to Churches which appear to be stationary as to societies which appear to be progressive. He

believed that some day London itself might become a vast tomb for all its busy people, and of its pride and splendour not one stone be left upon another.

He was sure that the whole teaching of history released us from the tyranny of the present, which sees no change possible, and bade us find restful assurance in the Ruling Idea that would shape the future though meantime it clothed itself in only temporary garments. He had really the vision of the wise prophet who sees, not so much beyond the present, as through the present into the approaching future.

He emphasised—to our astonishment, I must confess—the danger of the Church's sense of calm security. Already he could see gigantic and novel forces of social discontent demanding change. And he felt sure that unless the Church set herself to reclaiming the masses that meantime were simply indifferent, not hostile, to religion, her future would not be worthy of her past, and she might soon be on her deathbed.

It was this sincere and deeply-wrought conviction that had compelled him to move for the Abolition of Patronage in the General Assembly. At this time when we were under his tuition, he was annually making big speeches in Edinburgh, and entering into contest with the whole body of conservative feeling in the Church.

For over ten years the movement had been in progress, and Dr. Pirie's name was always associated with it. Naturally the subject occupied much of his thought. And since in lecturing he was never tied closely to his MSS., we got many asides on the folly of the Church disregarding the wishes of the people.

Often would he look up and ask, "What is the Church? What are the rights of her members? Surely they should have a voice in the call of their Minister. Why should outsiders thrust upon a parish any presentee of their own choosing?" Every one of us

became converts to the abolition of the old system. None of us, so far as I can remember, had hopes of help from any Patron. Of course young men are always confident of their success as preachers. We were sure we should win the people's votes. We had no such assurance of gaining a Patron's good-will. That system in our minds was associated with back-door influences and with acts that were humiliating and grated on our feelings of independence.

Every attack on patronage by the Professor was backed up by our applause—which he did not seek to restrain; only jocularly trusting that it came from intelligent appreciation of the solid argument which had been adduced.

Dr. Pirie's second son, Louis, had been a class-fellow and a very dear friend, with whom I had in the previous summer had a long walking tour on Deeside up to its Linn; and his mother, Mrs. Pirie, kindly asked me to evening parties when we had much dancing and other amusements. He always drew us students aside, and talked of the great movement which he had at heart. We very naturally became ardent Church reformers of his type, and in after years gave him our heartiest support in Church Courts.

Yet very singularly Nicol and I both owed our parishes to Patrons. Only they sought us; we did not seek them. There was then no other way of entering the Church. We accepted the Patron's choice; but at the same time preserved our independence. And in both cases we had the pleasure of learning that we were to the people acceptable presentees. The movement for the Abolition of Patronage proved ultimately successful in 1874. The patrons were bought out with the compensation of one year's stipend in every parish. And every congregation in the Church of Scotland now chooses its own minister.

Very soon thereafter Dr. Pirie was promoted to the

Principalship of Aberdeen University; in which position, as a Trustee, I had many opportunities of annually meeting him as well as in private.

In his own house one never meets him without getting something fresh. Within two minutes he would carry one on to some subject which had been occupying his mind the whole day and ask what one thought about it? He listened carefully to the answer, and at once asked other questions. All his life he had cultivated this habit; and one had to be careful lest he might be entrapped by yielding too much.

On one occasion of my calling at the Principal's house, he said, "I have been all forenoon revising my old copy of Plato's Republic. What do you think of it?" It was a time of keen political feeling over Home Rule; and the freshness of his views and the historical parallels which he drew between the dependent Greek States and our own land were very instructive.

He possessed in great force the historic instinct. The studies appropriate to his Chair had much cultivated it, and his conversation always led in that direction. No one could meet him for a quarter of an hour without receiving fresh ideas and catching novel points of view.

Our fourth Professor of Theology was one whom we had met before in our Magistrand Class as Lecturer on Christian Evidences. From Professor Milligan we derived much benefit. His presence was striking. Tall, handsome, bespectacled, with a most mellifluous voice and a great fluency of speech, he much impressed us.

His lectures during this first winter were on the Book of Revelations—a book which we did not understand, and of which one able divine had said, "It was like a tunnel, with light at the entrance and light at the exit, and all darkness between."

Professor Milligan took a view of his own in regard to its construction and unity. The purely Futurist view did not satisfy him. That would make the prophecies of the Book all point forward, and we should have to wait for the end of the present world before they were realised.

Nor could he accept the purely historical view that made the Book simply a diagram of events, part of which had occurred already, part was occurring at that moment, and the latter part would happen afterwards. They could not find the faintest trace of that outline in the Book itself.

Dr. Milligan's view was his own, but was more akin to what is called the Preterist Theory. The writer had the needs of his own age mainly in view when he wrote his book. With the Old Testament prophets he saw the hand of God in present events, and learned how He would shape the Future. Like all Apocalyptical writers, John saw no solution of the problem of the Church but by divine intervention. That it was by the early Church accepted as Scripture there could be no doubt.

Dr. Milligan's volume, "Lectures on The Apocalypse" soon gained a high place in Theological literature, and went through several editions. Along with lectures on one of the Gospels they sent us straight to the Greek Text of the New Testament.

This was the very best thing that could have happened to us. For years our reading in Greek had been in historians and poets whose deities were heathen gods and goddesses. Now it took us to the inspired writings of Christianity; and we no longer found our literary studies in conflict with our religious faith.

Each day light broke upon our minds. The Professor's lectures were so luminous, so full of the highest learning combined with the best Gospel teach-

ing, that to us he became a real spiritual father. We were welcomed to his study whenever we might choose to carry to him any difficulty, and we made use of this kind invitation. He urged us also "to walk the Hospital" while we were students, and with his advice we started visiting in a lane leading off the Gallowgate.

In the kitchen of an old and blind Highlander a few poor and mostly aged people were got together, and to them we read the Word of God, expounded it in simplest language, and had a short service of prayer and praise. Finally, James Leask joined Nicol and myself in this work. Henry Cowan, who had just before that been ordained to the West Church, found us out and gave encouragement. But Professor Milligan was the originator and the guide.

Every Divinity student should, like Medical students, "walk the Hospital." He cannot know the real needs of humanity until he knows them among the poorest and humblest. No others will communicate their fears, their doubts, their failings and sins like these. That old Highland fiddler with his Gaelic training in Ross-shire taught us much. He was intensely orthodox, knew his Bible well in Gaelic, put great value on the Psalms of David, and "none whatever in human hymns;" "himes" he called them. Many a talk had Leask and I with him and his wife. He was a typical Celt; full of old superstitions of ghosts, and a thorough believer in "veesions."

Blind as he was, his face lighted up wonderfully at any simple exposition of a Gospel narrative. One time Leask (afterwards Dr. Leask of Broughty Ferry) was expounding to them the chapter on the Calvary sufferings, Lachlan's face became a study to me in its lights and shades. He saw it all with strange Celtic visionary power, as plainly as if Perugino's picture of the Crucifixion or Angelico's Outer Court of Heaven had hung before him.

When afterwards in Edinburgh I came to know Ian Maclaren (Dr. Watson) and heard his stories about old Highlanders like Donald Menzies in Drumtochty, my thoughts at once reverted to the Gallowgate, and dear old Lachlan and his wife.

To please them and suit the blindness that could not read, we always opened the Cottage Meeting with the 23rd Psalm and closed with the 2nd Paraphrase; but even the latter was sometimes a venture and the 121st Psalm would be substituted. This last, to the tune French, was Lachlan's conception of a perfect conclusion. After the service he would produce his beloved fiddle and play it over and over again with much tender feeling.

Sometimes he was very despondent, and talked much of death. Like all Celts, he was given to "wrestling with the Devil." To Lachlan this was a very real contest, and it took him down for a time into the very lowest zone of his Purgatories. When there, he had no speech: firm silence was maintained on such nights. Lachlan had entered the Valley of the Shadow. Then some text would come to him, and he would cry, "Get thee behind me Satan," and out of his dull despair he would leap up to a Seventh Heaven of delight and peace, take down his fiddle and play the 23rd Psalm, and lilt it in his baritone voice.

"My soul He doth restore again:"

or else,

"Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me,"

and then before I knew I was with David in the house of Abinadab.

We learned much good Theology from that old Highlander. There was reality behind all his visions and experiences. Lachlan had been "in the horrible pit and the miry clay," and he could describe them well. But he had also got his feet "set on the rock

and his goings established." We got both sides described, and profited by it. It was well worth while to walk the Hospital of the Gallowgate lane in order to get insight into this Scriptural Surgery.

In our second Session Professor Milligan took us to the Epistles of Timothy and the three Epistles of St. John. The first gave us insight into the work of a preacher and pastor; and we learned how Presbyter and Bishop, though different words, are yet the same. The Professor urged us to remember that every Parish Minister is an Episcopus, and that there was much in Episcopacy which it would do our Church good to embody in our services and constitution. He himself became the founder and first Chairman of the Church Service Society. That Society has done very much to improve the worship of the Church of Scotland by introducing introits and responses, by encouraging the Congregational use of the Lord's Prayer, and the use of Amens after all Psalms and Hymns.

He had a strong imagination which added greatly to the interest of his lectures. Though confined to the exposition of the Greek of the New Testament, which might be prosy enough, they were always illumined by fine thinking.

The " Elect lady " to whom the Second Epistle of John is written, he imagined must have been a very active and hospitable lady. A large part was played by women in the life of the primitive Church; especially in Asia Minor. It is not a Church (Kuria) but a lady Kurea who is addressed; and there is good reason for supposing Kyria is the name she went by. The name was common in Asia Minor. Now, Kyria is just the Greek form of Martha, which means mistress (domina). Why might not this elect lady be Martha of Bethany, the sister of Mary and Lazarus? After the week of the Passover, the Bethany friends, so closely joined to Jesus in sympathy and devotion,

disappear. They would be sure to incur the fury of the Pharisees, and would probably, like so many more, have to flee out of Syria in the persecution which Saul and others conducted, and what more probably than that with other refugees they fled to Ephesus or near it ?

And now Martha is married, has a family, and her house is a centre of influence and hospitality. The Church meets in her house. She is a widow, an " elect " one and beloved by all. Was it not likely she would be very much esteemed by the Apostle John, and held in honour by the whole Church ? Imagination could well play round the picture and make much of it. More cannot be said : but it is very pleasing fancy.

At any rate it delighted us, as it delighted Dr. Milligan. I have found that Epistle a great favourite with many. And it has become doubly dear when they found the possibility of associating it with Martha of Bethany. Martha never quite gets her due from some preachers, who forget that Jesus loved both sisters. The active practical housekeeper is invaluable in a house, and most valuable of all to the dreamy and pious Mary, who often forgets the dinner and spoils the soup.

Under Dr. Milligan we fell in love with the Epistles of St. John. Ancient tradition, with practical unanimity and emphasis, ascribes the Fourth Gospel to St. John. And it hardly admits of reasonable doubt that the Epistles and the Gospel proceed from the same pen. They thoroughly agree in their mode of thought, in their language and style. They have many common expressions, and abound in the same parallelisms. How any one to-day, in hypercriticism and fondness for saying something new or clever, can challenge this identity of authorship, passes one's comprehension.

How could a writer of the second century, who had never seen nor heard the Lord Jesus Christ, pen such perfect words? And how could a forger calling himself "John the presbyter" (the well-known name of the Apostle) with a forger's or mere copyist's mind and feeling, present such lofty truth, and invent from his own untruthful mind such high and holy discourse as is contained in the Gospel and Epistles? It would be a psychological miracle. All other miracles would pale before it. The mentality of such a writer is inconceivable.

To say that it was the custom of the age to write under other names is nothing to the point. If it were merely historical narrative, that is possible. But it is different with doctrinal teaching.

The only man who could write the Fifteenth Chapter of John's Gospel was one who took it down from the lips of Jesus. A forger of the second century could not write it nor even conceive it. All Psychology condemns the idea of the possibility of a writer of that time, unkown to the Church, or known only as one of its common elders, composing such books. As we have said, it would be a psychological miracle of the most monstrous kind, and a totally intellectual impossibility. It never occurred: it never could occur. The whole evidence, both external and internal, is against it, and in favour of the Johannine authenticity of the Gospel and Epistles.

To Dr. Milligan we owed much, more than we can ever tell. To many of us he was a Spiritual Father. That is what every Christian teacher and preacher should be, or at any rate should aim at being. What higher reward can be won by the holder of a university chair? In my own experience I have known three such, and my debt to them is unbounded: Dr. Milligan, Dr. Charteris, and Dr. Flint.

CHAPTER X.

ROBERTSON SMITH—LINDSAY—IAN MACLAREN, ETC.

On coming up to Edinburgh I had brought from a friend in Aberdeen a letter of introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Barbour of Bonskied. They lived in George Square, then purely residential, though now filled with Institutions and Schools. At that time Principals and Professors and leading Surgeons were fond of its quiet and its beautiful large garden and green shrubbery.

The Barbours were very generous people, and the house was a home where every kind of hospitality was practised. Students of Divinity were especially welcomed, and Saturday suppers were provided to induce them to come to conversations and to family worship.

Mrs. Barbour was a very genial and attractive lady, of fine personal presence, and a most winning manner. Her religion was very real, hedged in by no limits of school or church, though herself a devoted member of the Free Church. She said she loved those who were "Christ-like in all the churches, and wanted to know them."

At these Saturday evening suppers we met her own sons and daughters, then quite young, though the eldest daughter had already been engaged to Sir James Simpson's nephew; and also their tutor, whom we

knew afterwards as Dr. Stalker, one of the best students of his time in arts, and now entering Divinity. He has been ever since a most sincere friend, whom I could consult on all occasions as to literary work, especially regarding the subject on which I first published, Old Testament Ethics. Even then he was fond of ethical studies, and his talk lay much in that direction on these Saturday evenings.

Besides him, we sometimes, though not very often, met W. Robertson Smith. He had been already three years at the New College, and had excelled in all the classes. Having taken a year at home, in Keig Manse to recruit from a severe illness, and to work for the Fullarton Scholarship, which he won, he had given himself to the study of German and of Hebrew, and came up to the Hall well equipped to secure high academic success. Besides, he had been assistant to Professor Tait in the University Class of Natural Philosophy, and had written articles on that subject that made us think he would probably leave Theology and develop into a physicist or eminent Scientist, such as Tait or Sir William Thomson, both his intimate friends.

He was far and away the best talker at our Saturday suppers. I had known him in Aberdeen, and heard him at our Debating Society. But at a supper table the flow of his speech was interminable. It was also luminous, and his knowledge of facts and of the sciences was very exact.

One gentleman who met him at a large dinner party, with several gourmands present, told me that a discussion arose on French and German wines, and that Robertson Smith astonished them all by his unequalled knowledge of the history and origin of all of these from remote times. He himself was most abstemious, though not teetotal, and he talked on constantly that he tasted of little on the table.

On the whole he did not relish much the atmosphere of the Barbour's home. It was too warmly evangelical, and he was too intellectual. He always took them back to St. Augustine and to the Greek of the New Testament. He was very insistent on the truth that the Church of Christ was composed of " those that were being saved." (Acts ii. 47), which Mr. Barbour held meant " those that were saved." Smith soon ceased to join us after several discussions in which his learning overpowered without at all convincing his hosts.

In the Theological Society at the New College, which drew many of us, and to which men of both Halls were welcome, he was supreme. It was then he first shewed in Edinburgh the debating skill which was so manifest five years after in the famous Heresy case.

The only one who could compete with him was Lindsay, afterwards Professor of Theology in Glasgow. He did really keep Smith in order, being a logician of skill and a scholar of great learning and ability. Their frequent contests were to us younger men as the battle of giants.

The biggest fight was on Herbert Spenser's new theory of Evolution, Lindsay for it, and Smith against it. The latter argued that the theory involved a huge *petitio principii.* Lindsay made much use of the Correlation of all physical and social forces working so wonderfully together and in one line that it was clear all things tended to a higher good, and this was the divine plan evolving itself. I forget the vote, but Lindsay's plea gained many of us to his side; and we afterwards wondered when we thought of Smith's devotion to Evolution Theory in Scripture which was ultimately so generally accepted. For from Genesis to Revelation there is clearly a great Divine Purpose of Progress at work; a purpose which has to evolve

through legislators, poets, and prophets in the Ascent to Christ and on to

> "That far off divine event,
> To which the whole Creation moves."

Even then Lindsay was ahead of Smith, and asserted that the Scriptures arose and grew by accretion as a providentially directed Record of the evolutionary process of Revelation.

That debate first opened our eyes to coming events. We soon saw that the object of the Bible was not to supply correct information about the numbers slain in fighting with Philistines, or as to the place of Arauna's threshing floor. The value of the Book lay, said Lindsay, not in the details of history, but in its spiritual and ethical teaching. God did not give the patriarchs a full "Body of Divinity" which their half-formed minds would not have understood any more than "the Code Napoleon" could be understood by Zulus or Bechuana tribes. Divine revelation slowly developed just because it had to be adapted to the mental and moral stage of the race that received it. The debate gave us enormous help. I quite fell in love with Lindsay, and wished he had oftener joined us at the George Square suppers.

His style of speaking was what one can best call "large," with very wide horizons and continual contact with all correlated questions. He gave us such wonderful visions of the width of things that we were charmed. He must have been a very attractive Professor in the Free Church College of Glasgow. His great good sense and well-balanced judgment were stern provisos against Watson's funny light talk. In that respect Smith and he were alike.

Indeed Lindsay was a most spiritually minded man, and not afraid to take the side of deep religious feelings. In all his clever talks we found him in downright

earnest, and in possession of a religion of genuine reality. He detested Spiritualists (we had some friends fond of table-rapping experiences) and came down very heavily on " the hocus-pocus of trances and clairvoyant humbugs."

The Davenport Brothers had been exhibiting their strange though not miraculous powers which puzzled us all. And an American, Thomas Harris, had published a poem, " A Lyric of the Golden Age," dedicated to him from the other side in ninety-four hours. William Howitt, then an authorty, had spoken of it as worthy of John Milton, and as a new " Paradise Regained." All this gave us much food for talk at the George Square suppers and Theological Societies.

Lindsay and Smith thought it all sheer worldliness, and a sign of the terrible weakness " of good people." Both of them could pour scorn and administer rebuke with abundant sarcasm. Certainly neither was a flatterer. The pill was never gilded. Lindsay's preaching in after days in Glasgow was always powerful. Even in Park Circus and in College Terraces there were sinners; and the Clyde had not, with all its deep dredging, got the filth drawn out of it. He was too much in love with truth to tone down his teaching to low levels or to popular tastes. And he had a hearty hatred of cant and make-believe.

In this, Robertson Smith was quite his equal. It burst out sometimes at the Barbour's house, more frequently in talk in our long walks in the suburbs of Edinburgh. Not seldom he would speak of the need of reshaping Theology, especially of the kind they got from Professor Duns of the class of Natural Science, then one of the Chairs in the New College. That gentleman and Smith had fallen out badly when the latter was answering a question from the chair on the distinctive marks between animals and vegetables. The development theory came in here. Though Smith

had not adopted Darwin's Theory, ne held by Darwin's facts so strongly that he brought Duns and Darwin into sharp collision. The Professor got frightened at the student's skill in manipulating the arguments. He did not himself answer, but called up his assistant, who sat near, and got him to give the answer exactly as he desired. We all thought the victory was with the vanquished. The class took sides strongly with their fellow-student. The collision sent him off to a study of Herbert Spencer's books and of Darwin. And his views of Development grew more concise and firm, and his talks began to shape much in that direction in our walks.

The best of him as a talker was that he never exhibited the stiff form of an Encyclopaedia of learning, but gave us always a stream of glowing speech. I have seen four or five walking side by side, and he the one sole talker all the time, on the broad roadway or the wide Princes Street pavement. There was in his talk none of the dry-as-dust learning, but the liquid wine of rich thought, and captivating stories of all kinds.

Genius runs into many moulds. His was of its own kind, and shaped his talk into ways that used to startle us. The marks of it were manifest. One could not be five minutes beside him without noticing it. He carried with him into every company what one might call a conveniently portable knowledge of his vast learning, on which he could draw cheques at any moment.

His accent was not at all of Aberdeenshire, but was good English. But the speech was with such clarity and rapidity that it carried us all before it and made us choose rather to listen than to take part. In truth he simply silenced us fellow-students. We felt we dare not interrupt the clear current of that limpid stream. It would only perturb the smooth flow and

perhaps soon provoke a gentle rejoinder struck off from the angle of the advancing argument.

He was never pedantically learned in his talk, but used clear good Saxon. He in fact loved colloquialisms and avoided technical terms, being too anxious to make his meaning clear, and to convince us of the truth of what he stated.

Always he was persuading his friends with a strong urge to come to his mode of thinking. "Think it all round; don't hurry to conclusions; get hold of the right end of the stick," were among the phrases most frequently used.

I do not ever remember any badinage of his, such as we got from our friend Watson (Ian Maclaren). Smith did not appreciate Watson, nor did Watson appreciate Smith. They were men of totally different moulds and tastes. The more was the pity, for both contributed greatly to the *tout ensemble* of our Saturday evening parties. But the one never tired of telling us his deep convictions, and the other never tired of narrating his thrilling stories.

The former was full of Idealisms, and loved to give them the loose rein. They filled his mind, and he could not bear the introduction of the light sprays and rainbows of Watson's badinage. He seemed to forget or underestimate the help they gave to our happy meetings.

We got from our friend Watson endless amusement of the best kind. Humour played round his words and lit up every sentence, as the sheet lightning of a summer eve lights up Mount Pilatus or the Jungfrau. We got from him many of the stories that were afterwards transferred to the "Days of Auld Lang Syne" and "Beside the Bonnie Briarbush." His later volume, called "Kate Carnegie," is, I believe, just an idealised picture of the love affair of one of our fellow-students of whom Watson was fond, and was

continually chaffing him on being in love with young ladies of our time.

The life of a Divinity Hall is not always one of breadth. It certainly ought to have the effect of widening out the students' horizons as they contemplate the large areas of history through which the Church of Christ has held her course. There is an endless wealth of wide culture in such a study, which should deliver the young student from the crude ideas of commercialism, or the off-hand opinions of leader-writers in the press, or the blatant interests of politicians clothing themselves in high sounding phrases.

Theology should promote high thinking, else it misses its meaning and forgets its end. But alas! it does not always do this. Some Divinity Halls are simply nests of narrowness where their one Church is the place of perfection, and over walls of partition all other churches are kept out of sight and in the dark. The history taught is that of only a part of the Church; particularism is its hall-mark, and denominationalism is its doom. The nemesis of narrowness always attends such teaching.

"Mark Rutherford" had painful experience of this deteriorating influence. In the Divinity School which he attended "the society among the students was very poor. Not a single friendship formed there remains with me. They were mostly men of no education, taken from the counter, and their spiritual life was not deep. . . Their whole attention was absorbed upon their chances of getting wealthy congregations, and of making desirable matches. . . . Nor did our talk ever turn upon our religion, so far as it was a thing affecting the soul, but only upon it as something subsidiary to chapels, 'causes,' deacons and the like." (*Autobiography*, p. 21).

This was a most unwholesome atmosphere in which to get one's training for the ministry. *Qualis ecclesia*,

talis Theologia. A narrow ecclesiastical dogmatism is as far away as can be from the scientific character and conception of vital truth involved in a living and preached religion. It is an arbitrary and atomistic religiousness. Whereas the goal of Systematic Theology is to embrace all the width and depth and height of divine teaching regarding God and man, and to reconcile all partialisms and antagonisms in the higher unity of the Christian Revelation. If this is not done in the Divinity Schools then Theology becomes a mere intellectual study, and the Church a denominational cause. The one harmonizing completion of theology is in the doctrine, not of hate and narrowness, but of breadth and love—love to God and to our neighbour is the cure for all narrowness, and is the spirit of the divine essence. "Fall in love with Jesus Christ" was the teaching of Samuel Rutherford and of all the saints, who are our best Theologians.

Religion is a practical thing; and this we were seldom told at our Hall—it was Professor Charteris in Edinburgh who first compelled me to face this truth. What is highest in man is not knowledge but action. Our reason is merely an instrumental faculty; and our chief end is to be found not in thinking but in doing. As Bishop Butler shewed, human nature is a constitution framed for virtuous action under the government of conscience. And all its powers should be ever at work, as Kant so well taught, under the primacy of the moral reason. This very practical and ethical side of Theology was not then lectured upon in our Theological Halls.

CHAPTER XI.

EDINBURGH PROFESSORS AND OTHERS.

In Edinburgh we found the Professors of Theology and of Biblical Criticism very stimulating lecturers. Dr. Crawford was thoroughly abreast of recent Theology, and we heard for the first time of the influence of the Modern Evolution theories, and the attacks on doctrine of the Tübingen School.

We not only heard of them, but got full and satisfactory answers to Baur, Rothe, and Wellhausen. Professor Crawford's strength lay in apologetics more than in Theology proper. He had published in the previous year, 1869, his lectures on the Atonement. The book gave a fresh presentation of the Doctrine ; but the theory was on the old lines, and the volume did much to influence readers. Principal Tulloch's writings were in better style, and on the lines that more appealed to modern thought. Indeed, by this time Tulloch was becoming the leading Theologian of Scotland; and for the next dozen years held his place on to his death, when the new School of Theology came into vague.

But it was a pleasure for us to listen to one who, with much logical acumen, could meet the modern Germans on their own chosen ground. Renan was floored with ease: the romantic Frenchman's " Life

of Jesus " was too much of a novel to catch on with Scotsmen, and he was soon left without a foot to stand on.

The German Theologians were heavier metal and demanded closer investigation. Wellhausen's " History of Israel " Professor Crawford disposed of in a few lines. We thought that he did not see how the effort to bring the history of the people and the prophets into line with the history of the other peoples of the ancient world was only to make its development organic and normal, and not in the least to undermine supernatural guidance. But that view, now known to all and accepted as the correct reconstruction of Israel's history, was at first startling. It was ten years after that Professor Robertson Smith developed this theory and gained for it general acceptance.

On the doctrine of the Atonement Dr. Crawford gave us most helpful lectures. We were fully instructed in the theories of McLeod Campbell of Row and of Maurice, and warned against their too subjective presentation of the doctrine.

Strange it was that, with Dr. Crawford's strong recommendation, I went two years afterwards to the Barony to find Dr. McLeod Campbell, ostracised by his Presbytery, sitting there, and Dr. Norman Macleod preaching with great fulness and zeal that very theory of the Atonement which the Professor had opposed. Norman's gospel was Fatherhood: no father can ever cease to love even a prodigal son or be unwilling to receive him back to his table and give him a seat above the servants. And the one assurance of that fact lay in the life and death of Jesus Christ the only Begotten of the Father. The difference is very much one of emphasis.

To-day, looking back on these lectures one feels that the main deficiency was in the lack of a psychological point of view. The Professor, Dr. Flint, also

followed Dr. Crawford, quickly supplied this want and gave every year three lectures on the psychological nature of Religion. It was men like Kant and Pfleiderer who first opened the eyes of theologians to this necessity, although Sir William Hamilton and Professor Bain from their Logic Chairs had strongly insisted on it; they maintained that intellect, emotion, and will were all concerned and deeply concerned in an religious life.

Up to this time feeling had not got any recognised place in Theology in Scotland. Religion was spoken of as knowledge of the Word of God and a decent attendance in Church ordinances. It is to Schbrermacher we owe the first innovation of the value of emotions. Reason has a sure place in religion. But the spur to action is in the love of God; and love is an emotion and not therefore to be despised. Indeed there is no better way of preaching the Gospel than the old and simple one used in the Sabbath School of Dr. Chalmers—" My young friends just give your hearts to Jesus Christ."

Feeling is closely bound up with faith. How can any one love God and trust Him and surrender his life to the Divine Will and Commandments, who has not come to love all that is god-like and find his enjoyment (i.e. pleasurable feeling) in making God the one object of his study and affection. Faith involves love, confidence, desire for communion and preparedness to act upon what it believes, as Professor Flint in his theises says, " Faith ought to rest on the assent of the intellect to evidence, although what is characteristic of it is to be found, not in the intellect, but in the emotions and will."—p.358.

There can be no vital religion, no living Christianity in a man unless his heart be kindled and all his emotions run over to the side of Christ. It is therefore of the highest importance that Psychology should be

understood and the relations of emotion to both will and intellect be explicitly stated.

There is a cry for novelty in preaching, for grace and skill in the pulpit, and the art of weaving and winding and keeping the heart of the congregation enthralled. The age wants a thousand things, but above all a variety in the way of a true prophet. It will best be taken captive by a wise and winning psychology. It was that by which Henry Drummond within a few years captured all of us students, and indeed all Scotland, by his new style and artistic presentation of truth. Every artist (says R. Louis Stevenson) falls in love with a star. That was eminently true of Drummond; and the star of Psychology was a guiding light that led him to new ways of preaching and teaching.

Professor Charteris' class was the one in which I took most interest. New Testament Theology was then on the ascendant. The old systematic Theology insisted generally on a Doctrine of God as Creator, Preserver, and Saviour. Biblical Theology on the other hand is purely historic, and inquires only into what is taught as truth by each Old and New Testament writer. Dr. Charteris' subject was the teaching in Greek of the Gospels and Epistles. In it faith and life, theology and ethics, are combined. It demands a good exegete and a good historian as teacher, and in him we had both.

Biblical Theology had at this time just come into vogue. It was new and attractive. We were at first astonished to hear the Professor speak of the Johannine, the Petrine and the Pauline Theology.

Were they as different as St. John was from St. Peter or St. Peter from St. Paul? I remember how it startled us, and drew us keenly to the study of the psychological basis of this new science, and made us ask—Are these distinctions and colourings of theology con-

sistent with the reference we owe to Holy Scripture? We soon found they were consistent, and only gave deeper insight into the truth of revelation.

The Spirit of Christ had entered into each of the four Evangelists: and the Professor first of all gave us the view which the three Synoptics took of Christ. Then we had the Gospel of St. John, written many years later, as he saw Jesus and knew Him in a long life-experience. There came next the division of the Apostles' doctrine in Epistles and in the Book of Revelation with their successive testimony including the short Epistles of Jude and of James. While the Epistle to the Hebrews demanded separate treatment.

All this was a thoroughly new presentation to us of Theology, and proved very attractive. Dr. Charteris made the most of it; and strongly advised its study in the recent German theologians, and especially in the excellent volume of the Dutch writer, Van Costerzee. The class was crowded, and though we did not need to do so, almost all students took a third year in Biblical Theology.

As a preacher, Dr. Charteris had been a great success. Quickly he had risen from parish to parish in Ayrshire and Dumfries-shire till he reached the church quitted by that prince of preachers, Dr. John Caird. He had filled the church of Dr. Caird: would he equally well fill the Chair of Dr. Lee ?

In the most ingenious manner he admitted his inferiority to his learned predecessor, and his comparative unpreparedness for the work of the Chair of Greek Exegises. Yet in a wonderfully short time he mastered the varied matter. He soon made himself, by visits to Germany, master of the language and of the most recent German Hermeneutics. And a Book of Kirchoffer's, " Quellen-Sammlung " of the New Testament writings, was given us for class study.

Dr. Charteris had a singular power, which we all

felt, of bringing the critical questions then emerging to practical spiritual tests. Did the denial of the Authorship and Authenticity of the Fourth Gospel, erected on rather weak foundations, help us? Could any one say that it bettered his spiritual life, or strengthened his faith, or helped the cause of Christianity? No! It gave some young German Professors a name for notoriety, but nothing more. It made their books sell; and Germany liked novel views, for they drew students to its Universities.

We soon for ourselves in Germany discerned how true this was, and how boastful some professors we met the next year were of their power "of drawing Scotchmen" to their classes.

Dr. Charteris settled the question of the Authenticity of John by the most simple test of all. John's Gospel is by far the most spiritual in its teaching, the most elevated in its thought, the most sublime in its conceptions of divinity. Now, if a Jew, of whom we have no direct knowledge, of the second century about 120 or 130 A. D., composed this high toned Gospel, and pretended that his compositions were those of the Apostle John, and claimed to have closely communed and companied with the divine Lord on earth, he was a deceiver, an inventor and a hypocrite. That was undeniable. Now here is a psychological question; and psychology is the best of all tests, and one with common sense on its side. Could one, with the mind of an inventor and a pretender (however common that thing was) produce the most lofty, most spiritual, and most mystically-minded Gospel? Could he have even conceived it? Here he followed Professor Milligan's teaching, already spoken of.

It would be the biggest psychological miracle the world ever had seen. It was psychologically a clear impossibility. To our minds as students this settled the authenticity of St. John. We loved it; and the

more we lived in the spirit of John xv. and xvi., the nearer we felt that we get to our Lord. The man who wrote these chapters was none else than the disciple whom his Master so loved.

Constantly Dr. Charteris declared that the modern overdoing of analysis regarding Gospels and Epistles was a blunder. The Old and New Testaments are not discredited fabrications. None can long find a resting-place in that position. We students agreed. I thank God we got such teaching at our Divinity Hall. Two years afterwards we needed it all to help us to preach a real Gospel.

Professor Stephenson gave us insight into the Church's History. He could make his subject very captivating; and despite a slight defect in speech he was perhaps the most popular lecturer at the Hall.

Like Professor Pirie at Aberdeen, he revelled in Reformation history. But he did more; he showed us how all historical studies should be scientific in method and should pursue practical ends. We should not merely gratify curiosity: we should from the past read the meaning of the present, and so learn to forecast the future. This opened our eyes, and at once we took to divining Scotland's destiny from Scotland's tendencies in the past, and to casting our eyes over Europe.

Sweden and Spain have, so to speak, finished their career. Once great, the causes of their greatness have passed away, and there is nothing progressive in them. They seem to be resigned to their situation and to rest on their oars. But Britain's Sixteenth Century developed largely into her Seventeenth, her Seventeenth swelled out into her Eighteenth, and that had evolved into (when he spoke) her magnificent Nineteenth British Empire.

Our Professor was fond of Wordsworth, and could not imagine—

> " That this most famous stream in bogs and sands,
> Shall perish, and to evil and to good
> Be lost for ever."

He was certain the grand idea of development pervaded our history, and that our Great Britain would soon be Greater Britain, and would lead the van of civilization and progress. He deemed lists of battles and kings and dynasties of little importance. If they led to no great social effects, or had no scientific or literary bearings, then the record of them was merely an amusing story. To what good end did it tend? What practical lesson did it teach?

These practical ends he gave us. We found it very interesting. History became very popular. Several of our best students gave themselves wholly to this subject, and we became enthused with it.

At our Theological Society on Friday evenings, the programme contained a great many topics connected with the Church's History and progress. We had in Balsillie, in Bisset and Murray, and George Wilson, four clever debators, far beyond any we had met in Aberdeen. They were all men of mature thought, and much ahead of us in years, who had been in other lines of study since taking their M.A. degree, and had come to the Divinity Hall prepared to think and speak for themselves.

They were mostly advanced Liberals, and went beyond Dr. Stevenson in their love of the newest style of history writing. The first Debate brought Balsillie to the front. Was there one unchanging type of the Christian life or were there many types? I had never heard the subject discussed before. We imagined there was but one—the good old type in Scotland of Gospel hearer who knew his Bible and loved it.

This idea was scorned and repudiated to our dismay. The speaker believed religion ran into many moulds. It and its creeds were shaped by individuality, tempera-

ment, and taste. Justification by faith had once a primary place in the Church of the seventeenth century: quite a secondary place in the Church of the nineteenth. I remember to this day how that startled me.

We got much about the value of "the personal equation," and how it determined the scale of a man's values, both of morality and religion and also the range of his desires. If only we got hold of this elusive element, and made it yield up its secrets, we should be better preachers and understand the different types of persons in our congregations. Men were not built like steamships in watertight compartments. In every Church and Creed we must allow for large eccentricity. They must, if anchored to Christ, be allowed to swing around the centre with a very long cable—and who could limit the length of it ?

It woke up our minds to think. All the more that in the vote, opposed by some orthodox men, it carried. Here was the most modern of modern thought, and the Professor of Church History had given the clue to the speaker to some extent. In reality Balsillie had got it from Dr. Robert Wallace of Greyfriars, then in the zenith of his fame, and whose ministrations many of the students attended.

What still more confused me was that my new friend George Wilson, to whom in the classes I had been drawn by a strong affinity, supported in the best speech of the evening, the motion. But he qualified it much and gave us a lead in the right direction.

He took us at once to the great Saints. Could Santa Teresa, the grand Saint of Spain, let her life and mind run in the moulds that fitted Jacob Boehme, the fine Saint of Germany, whose writings he had found helpful to his own spiritual life? No! Never! The one belonged to the great moving and active type of Christianity; the other to the thoughtful and emotional type. Teresa was all action and energy: Jacob all

quietness and deep thought. The first, intensely aggressive, built schools and nunneries, and moved Spain to its centre. The second remained a quiet shoemaker (" souter " we called him, Scottice) at Gorlitz, and got visions of God that made him thinker, philosopher, and saint. Action characterized the one type: meditation marked the other. Probably they could never have signed the same Creed. Most likely both would have refused (like Mr. Balsillie) to subscribe the Confession of Faith or the Thirty-nine Articles, yet they were eminent Christians, and lived very near to Christ. He bade us study the lives of the Saints and agree to the motion.

That speech captivated us and won our votes. Nicol and I wondered when we went home, and thought what we had done. " What a change," we said, " from Aberdeen." There we never heard of such a thing as types of Theology. Only one was true : the rest were rigidly banned.

Another debate I recall with pleasure, in which my dear friend George Wilson encouraged me to take a small part, and I made my debut as a debater. " Did the sermon on the Mount encourage only Passive Virtues, and did it suit the Church of to-day?"

Mr. Bisset was a very thoughtful and accomplished student (afterwards minister of Ratho) and supported the affirmative. The virtues there commended, meekness, mercy, purity, and endurance of persecution, were all excellent in their way. We needed them in many times of trial. But life was not all suffering and sorrow. The Church to-day must fight for the first place for Christ and His Kingdom. Luther and John Knox were not, and could not be called, specimens of meekness or of mercy. They were specimens rather of manhood, of courage, of boldness, and aggressive action.

He put it to us: " Are not the virtues of the Sermon

on the Mount felt to be very feminine? Did it not want masculinity? Was there not too much virginity in it? too much of St. John; too little of St. Peter and St. Paul? too much of Mary; too little of Martha?

That was very fresh and novel to us; and all but captured our votes at first. Wilson urged me, and with much fear and a feeling of faintness I got my lips opened, and moved in favour of the Mountain Sermon. Christ made no mistakes. He knew both sides, all that was best in man, and all that was purest in woman. Meakness and modesty seemed to me very lovely graces. They could easily co-exist with courage and manliness. Without them character might be pugilistic and aggressive and soon become unchrist-like. After all, the Church had conquered the world more by these passive graces than by asserting her rights in the State. Besides they entered very deeply into and lay at the basis of Christian character, and therefore rendered service to the cause of Christ of the highest kind. Even Shakespeare had said that Mercy was a lovel virtue,

> "It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven,
> Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed,
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes,
> 'Tis mightiest in the mighty."

Its absence had been a very distinct loss to many brave men and leaders. Best of all these active and passive virtues met perfectly in the one perfect example. In Him meekness did not hinder manliness. The feminine side was filled out with masculine virtues.

The debate was very keen. I forget the vote; but it roused us to much thought. Bisset became a very dear friend. We all met at Wilson's rooms and had many profitable talks there on the deepest things. It was there I found my true Theology.

Carlyle of course came up, but they had got beyond the Aberdeen point of uncritical admiration. They

criticised severely "The Philosophy of Clothes." Bisset thought it grotesque; Wilson called it mystical and too ejaculatory though admitting its powerful delineations of character.

They struck also a new note. It was the new movements in Science and in Criticism which troubled them, and there Carlyle gave us help. They had already turned to Matthew Arnold and Browning and Tennyson and Maurice. Wilson loved the melodious treatment of Art-subjects in Tennyson, and his clever Analysis of the fine emotions of love and of sorrow. Bisset favoured Browning and his impressionist poems, such as "Sordello" and "Pippa Passes," and his thorough knowledge of the upper range of thought.

Mr. Leslie, a much older man than most of us, joined us also. He stood up strongly for Tennyson, and would often go back to Wordsworth, whose works he knew intimately. When we all got together, and the conversation grew animated, ideas flew thick as arrows in the air, and our minds kindled.

I can hardly convey the feeling of illumination, of lightness and buoyancy which these evenings at George Wilson's rooms gave. We entered into one of the great joys of youth, that of the sense of perfect freedom. Every man uttered aloud his honest mind, and was respected for so doing. Ideas kindled ideas, as flints do when struck by steel. They were among the most educative moments of our student life.

The marvellous thing about good conversation is that it brings to birth so many dimly realised thoughts of one's own, besides sowing the seeds of innumerable other thought-plants. A hundred things we talked of in those evenings that had often been dimly in our minds and risen near to the point of discovery, and yet had vanished again and not come to birth in articulate thoughts.

But here they took form, got stated, were combated

and criticised and closely looked at, as we do with new-born babies. There was fun and laughter and joking too, which did us good, and made our talks more enjoyable and memorable.

We had the most orthodox views of Theology and literature from Leslie ; the newest and most radical from Balsillie ; the evangelical and sensible from Bisset. And then our wisest and most far-seeing friend, who could give the best expression to his views, George Wilson, would state the case in all its breadth and bearing on life, so wisely and so well that we generally all assented to his presentation, and left in thorough agreement. Nothing brings men more together than having a good talk in common, open and unrestrained and yet sincere.

Browning, so highly spoken of by them all, was new to me, and I got a copy. I did try to grasp the sense of Sordello. But the Italy of the 13th century was far away from Scotland, and the wars of Guelfs and Ghibellines seemed very remote. The language was also obscured by parenthesis within parenthesis and by thoughts only half-shaped.

I found the same in Paracelsus, rich opulence and great plenitude of fancies, but so much interwoven with far away hints that I conceived a distaste for Browning which it took many years to remove.

George Wilson drew us to Tennyson by some readings and short addresses. There we found beauty of expression and loftiness of thought. Our only regret was to find him looking askance at the Celt, and speaking of Edinburgh as always being in,

> "A gloom which saddens Heaven and Earth,
> The bitter East, the misty Summer,
> And gray metropolis of the North."

But we were glad to find him afterwards atoning for it by a Celtic tale with a true Celtic hero. He was

wholly an Englishman, and never could dispossess Walter Scott from our young hearts.

These student evenings, with engaging literary talks, quickened our minds and created friendships which have remained unbroken. These friends have, every one of them, now crossed the bar, and enjoy the larger vision of the higher world. What a joy it will be to meet again !

CHAPTER XII.

EDINBURGH PREACHERS—CAIRD, MATHESON, MACGREGOR, AND OTHERS.

ABERDEEN had then no preachers of high merit. The one man that drew us by freshness of thought there was Revd. Mr. Beatt, of the U.P. Church, who still lives—the aged Dr. Beatt, beloved of all. But Edinburgh could boast of many. Dr. Caird (afterwards Principal Caird) had filled Lady Yesters. Dr. MacGregor was a power in the Tron before he went to St. Cuthberts. Dr. Maxwell Nicolson held enthralled a huge congregation in St. Stephens. Dr. Candlish and his young colleague, Dr. Whyte, drew crowds to Free St. George's; and Marshall Lang was a rising force in Morningside. We went and heard them all, and got much higher conceptions of the power of the pulpit and far better types of sacred oratory.

Besides, Spurgeon came down to Edinburgh on a week evening every winter, and we heard one that had in his youth moved London. His bell-toned voice, his beautifully simple yet full presentation of the Gospel, and his famous sermon (afterwards printed and circulated in millions) "There go the ships", opened our eyes to a style of preaching we had not met before. An address he gave in the forenoon on some Missionary question bubbled over with delightful humour. So much so that it gave offence to a Baptist

lady who took the liberty, we were told, at the luncheon which followed, and where the humour and the puns were still more in evidence, to say, " Mr. Spurgeon, I greatly enjoyed and benefited by your sermon, but this luncheon has spoiled it all. You make me think of my mother's cow that was an excellent milker, but very often at the end of it, kicked over the pail and spilt all our milk. Could you not keep down those puns?" " My good lady," was the reply, "if only you knew how many I do keep down."

Another preacher who then came almost annually to London and Edinburgh was Henry Ward Beecher, who stirred and thrilled us more than any one. Nobody who has not heard Beecher can quite realise his wonderful power in the pulpit.

His handsome person, his splendid head and hair, his beautiful ruddy complexion, and excellent voice gave him a most attractive appearance. I think I can with truth say his was the most winning and lovable personality that Edinburgh then saw. Every lady was in love with him. His style was, though American, for too good to be merely American. He was a genius among preachers, and a preacher among geniuses. The aptness of his illustrations from common life, and the happy and poetic language which came so readily to his lips, made his audience literally hang upon his utterances.

At that time his sermons and lectures were published in every one of our religious magazines. He had a tremendous vogue; and the press carried his words over the wide world.

They were a wonderfully finely endowed family that came from that old Manse back among the hills. His sister, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, wrote a story that every one of us and our mothers had read, " Uncle Tom's Cabin." That book quickly brought on the great war for the liberation of the slaves. It kindled

such universal detestation of the cruel slaveowner and his lash, and such admiration for the Uncle Tom type, and the slave mother that swam the Mississippi and made with her child for the North land of liberty, that nothing but war could still the movement, which ended in every negro gaining his freeborn birthright. Everybody knew by name Uncle Tom and Topsy.

One of Beecher's most striking sayings I never forgot; and it represented the very core of his preaching : " Some complain they can't understand God. Now I assure you He will explain Himself fully to all those who follow Him faithfully through life." How true it is! Science does not fully reveal Him ; philosophy hides Him ; criticism only half shows His character. He escapes the dry atmosphere of the classroom. But every life that is ruled by Him gets a wonderul revelation of His love, and a quick understanding of His purpose. That is a better way of becoming acquainted with God than by climbing the steep and rocky paths of research and of science.

What a power of genius lay in that Beecher family! How unexpectedly it appeared! How quickly it triumphed! When was it ever more loyally dedicated to the highest ends? Heaven send us more Beechers in these dull days of mediocrity: with a gift of speech and a personality like Henry Ward's, and a pen with the point of Mrs. Stowe's.

Dr. Caird had left Edinburgh just when we arrived; but he frequently came back from the quiet parish of Errol in the Carse of Gowrie and gave us tokens of his eloquence. It is difficult to describe it. It was Demosthenean, but with a distinct difference; reasoned out from beginning to end; luminous with thought, pervaded by the Caird personality, very lofty in conception; and then in the pulpit delivered *ex memoria* with such grace of action, such a rush of fiery eloquence, such a kindling eye and magisterial

voice, as to carry the vast crowds with it in one accordant mass.

He very soon left the pulpit for the professorial chair, where he was very successful and influential. But the pulpit was his throne. He was once in the Barony when I was assistant there, and Dr. Norman Macleod listened. But the preaching was much over the heads of the majority of the congregation; and soon he ceased altogether to go to a pulpit, and confined himself to the College Chapel, where the audience was Academic and the style corresponded.

He and his brother Edward, who filled the Moral Philosophy Chair, exercised enormous influence on the young minds of Glasgow. Something approaching to Neo-Hegelianism got into vogue. But there can be no doubt that John and Edward Caird, and more especially the latter, who at last became Master of Balliol, stimulated hundreds of awakening minds that influenced the whole literature and thought of the two last decades of the Nineteenth Century.

Several of Edward's students in Philosophy actually went to John's classes in Theology, who yet never meant to go to the sacred ministry. Theology and Philosophy are twin studies; and their admiration of the one brother drew them to the other, being assured they would get benefit from both.

And they did. The brightest pupils of these brothers now fill chairs of Philosophy and of Ethics in England, in Wales, in the Colonies and United States. The Caird influence has been very persuasive.

Probably Dr. John's most distinguished pupil was one latterly known as Dr. George Matheson of St. Bernard's Church, Edinburgh. Dr. Matheson was gifted with a mind of great power and poetic fancy. And in a book, " Aids to German Theology," written in the earliest years of his ministry at Inellan on the Clyde, he reproduced the teaching of Hegel, and

supplied a key to much of the teaching of Principal Caird.

It was the well-known Hegelian rule : "If you find two truths in apparent opposition, always ascend to the higher truth above them in which they are embraced as two sides of the same shield." Matheson had a wonderful knack of showing how this could be done. The book helped much in the study of Hegel, so difficult otherwise to understand.

Matheson was a genius. One day at Inellan Manse, situated high up on the slope of the hill overlooking the lovely shores and tides of the Clyde, there "came to him" in one hour, the stanzas of a Hymn that has now a place in every Hymn Book in the world. The first two stanzas are :

"O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul on Thee,
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller, be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee,
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer, be."

When that other genius, Dr. Pearce, the organist of Glasgow Cathedral, read the verses in a magazine, he was so struck by their beauty that he sat down and within another hour he composed the sweet and appropriate music which gives it such a popular setting. And he did this also sitting on the shores of the Clyde opposite Rothesay. In each case genius got the same environment. Who shall not say that the environment evoked the genius as much as the genius provoked the call of the environment ?

The closing stanza is to my mind one of the finest.

Yet it was at first severely criticised by some prosaic minds, who nearly got the hymn excluded from our Scottish Hymnary. One of these, a D.D. from the Highlands, pronounced it sheer mysticism and meaningless rhyme. The front of its offending lay in the last three lines,

> "I lay in dust life's glory dead,
> And from the ground there blossoms red,
> Life that shall endless be."

I was present when the hard criticism was made, and the hymn called "nonsensical." "How could life blossom red from the ground? Dr. Matheson could not get any other word to rhyme with 'dead' and so fell back on this meaningless stupid adjective 'red'."

Shortly before that time I had been for some days in Jerusalem, and of course had spent one full day at the Holy Sepulchre and outside the Damascus Gate visiting the New Calvary. It is the little hill which, seen from Mount Scopus, is exactly the shape of a skull, and it I found covered with red anemones in the first week of February. One of these I put into my Bible and treasured it for many years there.

Dr. Matheson knew this fact by reading the best books on the Holy Land and General Gordon's papers (Gordon of Khartoum fame) on the New Calvary. Hence he wrote the words, so connected with the line,

> "O Cross that liftest up my head."

From "the ground" of Calvary every February life does actually "blossom red" in the lovely spring anemone.

The whole room was much amused at this D.D.'s mistake, not less at the ignorance which caused it than at the prosaic mind which could not see, what every one else saw, the lofty poetic sentiment which enriched the language of the hymn.

Highlanders mostly hate what they call "human

himes ". The Free Presbyterians will not permit them to be sung in their churches. The Free Church (or Wee Frees) act similarly. The Celt, who is by nature full of music and loves his bagpipes, is thus deprived by his religious leaders of the finest modern music in his service of praise. Dr. Matheson's fine hymn has not yet penetrated into the churches of Ross-shire. The next generation, by the force of education in the schools, will be better prepared to appreciate our modern Hymnology and hymn writers.

Dr. Matheson, being blind, never read a sermon. His short sermonettes, given on the lesson for the day, were perfect gems, and are published in " Moments on the Mount ". I have seen his church filled with professors and literateurs who were very seldom seen in any other church. In many ways I have never met his equal.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAWN MARKET—PROFESSOR CHARTERIS—DR. PHIN AND OTHERS.

DR. MILLIGAN at Aberdeen had urged all his students to get some practice in parish work and " to walk the Hospital ". My friend, James Leask, and I had done it in a small way, by a Bible-reading in a kitchen in Spring Garden, close to the Gallowgate.

Dr. Charteris now, in our third year, began to give the same counsel. His lectures on the Timothy Epistles afforded ample opening for this advice. And he found in the very practical Epistle of St. James a definition of religion that enforced it. " Pure religion is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

He had discovered by personal visitation that many such orphans and widows lived in the Lawnmarket, across which street he and most of us walked every day and looked down into its dingy and populous closes. It is part of the famous " Royal Mile " from the Castle to Holyrood. It belonged to St. Cuthbert's parish; and Dr. Paul and others had long asked for Home Mission help in the working of it.

Further, Dr. Charteris' watchful eye had noticed that our grand General Assembly Hall, with its lofty and lovely steeple, stood in the centre of this dull but populous place. Only for ten days in May, and on

other two days of the Commission, did the Assembly need it. There it stood, fit to hold a thousand people, yet empty; in the very heart of a dense population, yet offering them no welcome to its wealth of rooms.

To his keen mind and warm heart this made a quick appeal. But how should he proceed? One Church leader had been consulted, but declined to advise. Edinburgh ministers of other denominations, who did a little Home Mission work in two of the large closes, wished no help, and quickly opposed. What was to be done?

Dr. Charteris, without speaking of the project to his Class, asked four of us down to supper at his house in Inverleith Row. They were George Wilson, Thomas Nicol, James Leask, and myself. He had heard from Nicol of how we two had worked a mission in Aberdeen; and George Wilson was the skilled head of the John Hope Temperance Mission work in Edinburgh.

We were very much astonished to find ourselves consulted like friends and fellow-workers by our clever professor. He told us his mind, explained the project, and asked our ideas of it, and our aid. Wilson took the lead, and with his glowing mind and fine Christian spirit, pictured it so that we at once fell into the plan.

Dr. Charteris promised he would preach every Sunday evening in the big church. We should each undertake to visit one of the big closes on the North side of the Lawnmarket, most of them with houses of six stories, and twelve or more families in each house, probably sixty families in such large closes as Milne's and Lady Stair's. Visiting these, or part of these, every Saturday, we should tell of the Tolbooth, invite to its services and ask them to come to a weekly Mothers' Meeting for women.

In this humble way the Tolbooth, now a powerful congregation, began. By Christmas we had got Dr. Phin, an eminent leader and head of the Church's

Home Missions, interested in it. Mrs. Phin mothered the meeting of women, and threw immense enthusiasm into the work. Mrs. Charteris guided the workers secretarially, and talked them all together into the most cordial relations.

In three months the whole plan was perfected, and the work organised. Offers of help came from all sides. Some of the wealthiest members of St. George's and St. Stephen's joined us. The aim was to get a lady to work with each Divinity student. Mrs. T. G. Murray (mother of the present Lord Dunedin) joined George Wilson ; Mrs. Allan joined Nicol ; and these two saintly ladies, very liberal with gifts, under Mrs. Phin, made the mothers' meeting a great success.

The Sunday evening services, conducted by Dr. Charteris, all but filled the church, and we reserved the whole large area for the genuine Lawnmarketers. A family in my close, very musical, and all of them engaged in bookbinding, made a choir, and a young lady volunteer, Miss Nora Campbell, was organist and precentor and soloist all in one.

She was of the Argyle family, and daughter of a laird in Islay. Her mother and her aunt, Mrs. Aiken, worked with me, and we had a stair meeting once a week. Mrs. Aiken gained several Arts students to the work, who meant to go to the Divinity Hall.

She had the art of winning workers in a most wonderful way. From all churches, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and others she brought helpers, and she made them enthusiasts. She and her niece, Nora, were the inspirers of the lady workers; and a clever and splendid couple they were. They were downright "Out and Outers," a name they got among all of us students.

Dr. Charteris offered, at a fortnightly evening meeting in the Church Hall, to give us all advice on Mission Work. We reported on the happenings in the

various closes, and brought to him all our difficulties and our disappointments.

These were not a few, and often most amusing. Some of the families in the stairs barred the door when they heard the visitor approaching. One family made all possible din by dancing right above one stair meeting. An Irishman, full of wit, came to it and made everyone laugh.

We sent Mrs. Aiken and Miss Campbell. They soon conquered. The aunt's kindness won them all. Nora's lovely solos charmed Pat and he became her strongest supporter, and threatened with "the wecht av his fust" any one who interrupted her. The Celtic blood in her warmed the Irish blood in him. She really won all of us men to her side, and Dr. Charteris was her devoted slave. Spiritually, and, to some extent, socially, the lady workers at that time were the élite of Edinburgh. I do not think that I have ever since met so many of the sweetest-natured, wisest, and altogether best conditioned and most devoted people of all Churches in that city.

No wonder they soon moved the minds and hearts of the Lawnmarket. It was Home Mission work that reached every home. Drunkards were made sober. Unmarried couples we got married. Mrs. T. G. Murray bought a house on the north side and turned it into a coffee-house, a reading-room with papers and magazines, and a room for all kinds of musical entertainments, run largely by Miss Campbell and assistants. The open windows let the full sound of music reach the Lawnmarket, and drew them within it in crowds. By this transaction a whisky bar was closed and a temperance centre was opened. It has proved ever since a God-send to the district.

The result was the erection, two years after, of the Tolbooth into a *quoad sacra* parish, fully endowed with a stipend, and soon filled with an excellent congregation. Such it has remained ever since.

My friend, George Wilson, became its first minister, at the time of the arrival in Scotland of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. He took an active part in the movement. The spill of the huge congregations that came to the Evangelists in the Free Church Assembly Hall across the way, crossed over to the Tolbooth, and Wilson conducted the service until Moody arrived. Within two years of his ordination 1000 members had joined the Tolbooth. It was a very magnetic centre for all good work. This was Dr. Charteris' best reward.

CHAPTER XIV.

TUBINGEN—PROFESSOR OEHLER—BECK, AND FELLOW-STUDENTS—LICENSING.

THE session of the Divinity Hall ended, and I was urgently advised by Professors Crawford and Charteris to take before licensing, a session at Tübingen University. Finally Nicol, McClymont, Leask, and I went, though the latter in the end chose Leipzig instead.

We landed at Rotterdam from the Leith steamboat, and for the first time realised the novelty and strangeness of a new land and a new language.

We sailed up the Rhine, gazed on the Lorelei, had a night in lovely Heidelberg, and ascended the Neckar Valley to Tübingen. Here we found a kind hostess in the house of the widow of a former professor of mathematics, who mothered us with all the homely ways of a German old lady. I shall never forget her kindness and unwearied attention to me during a short sickness.

We had come to Tübingen because, here, in the very University where Ferdinand Baur had published his famous theories of Biblical Criticism attacking the Gospels and many Pauline Epistles, were found equally learned professors answering all the objections raised.

Professor Beck taught us Theology, and in Dogmatics was a very eloquent and scholarly exponent of Lutheranism, and a keen opponent of the dogmas of

Baur. Professor Oehler, however, less hostile and more moderate in his views, opened our minds in a wonderfully interesting way to the teaching and ethics of the Old Testament. He was a tower of strength, and his lectures led us into many treasure stores.

The Old Testament under him became really a New Book. I had always been a student of Ethics, but here we found Old Testament Ethics a new and entrancing study. Never before had we heard the words, "Wisdom Literature". Now we found Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Song of Solomon considered as containing The Philosophy of the Old Testament on its ethical side. For the Song of Songs has certainly in it the ethics of love and of courtship.

Professor Oehler was very fond of this Wisdom Literature, and I confess I fell at once in love with it. Ever since it has been a favourite study, and many an article have I written on parts of it for the Press.

Proverbs became a living book. Job, with its problem of the meaning of pain, got quite a fresh significance. We had not before thought of it as a drama with interlocutors, just like Shakespeare's Richard III. or Julius Caesar.

Most of all did Oehler captivate us by the young Sceptic who wrote Ecclesiastes, and by the Canticles. In the former we discovered there are ten chapters of Scepticism, which we used to wonder at and asked ourselves if these were part of God's Revelation. Then we realised a Sceptic was telling us his doubts, and in the next chapters we learned how all his doubts vanished and his difficulties were solved, and he reached the sane conclusion—"Fear God and keep His Commandments: this is the whole duty of man."

In the Song of Solomon Professor Oehler shewed us to our amazement a real love letter. Why should there not be a love story in the Bible? We all go through this experience of falling in love. Why be

ashamed of it? Why not have a true and a model love Song in the Word of God?

Probably Solomon never wrote it, though it be called by his name. Its proper name is simply Canticles. But it is clearly meant to give us the history of the pure affection of a sweet Jewish maiden for her shepherd lover upon the hills of Hebron.

I have seen congregations stare and then break into broad smiles when I told them this for the first time. A wrathful Highlander in the Black Isle of Ross-shire thought it "irreverent to say so in public." But I was able to convince him afterwards of its truth and its right place in the Canon of Scripture.

The allusions to places and times are to us untraceable, but it is a lyrical drama, and most probably written ten centuries before Christ. It is a pastoral love story, very primitive, very real and true, partly monologue, partly dialogue, and it is difficult to make out its details. To Western minds too ingenuous; to Eastern minds plain truth and delicate enough.

We Scots deem the language too warm and sensuous, and more ornate than our cold climate permits, and think its lusciousness at times cloys.

Yet it is sincere. It is pure as the driven snow. Let those read it only whose hearts are clean enough to appreciate it. It denounces the harem and Solomon's ladies. She will not go near them. She clings to her shepherd, and is content with her home on the hills. Beautiful is the story and the denoument.

It should be more preached upon and expounded; and a true love encouraged and upheld in these days. Its main lesson is for all times, and much needed in the 20th century.

> "Many waters cannot quench love,
> Neither can floods drown it."

Poets of all ages have repeated its lesson, and sages have taught it,

"For indeed I know
Of no more subtle master under Heaven
Than in this maiden passion for a maid
Not only to keep down the base in man
But teach high thought and amicable moods
And courtliness and the desire of fame
And love of truth and all that makes a man."

That is the excellent lesson of the Song of Songs. I cannot thank Professor Oehler enough for teaching us it. We may be sure his large class of German students cheered it to the very echo. I do wish it were plainly taught, and its high ethics enforced in the pulpits of Scotland. Life's duties do not end with the peal of the marriage bells, but continue in force after the passing of the first romantic passion.

I should also add that Dr. Oehler briefly introduced us to the Prophets of the Old Testament. They were not made much of in our time, but were thought mystical and dreamy. We found, on the other hand, that they were great religious leaders—the Luthers and Knoxes of their time. We got Habakkuk set before us as a model, and fell in love with him. The man stands out plain from the manuscript, a man with a keen mind, wrestling with social and religious problems, who strikes a new note, quite his own, and bids the people take notice that God's wind is blowing, and from a new quarter. He is the first of the path-finders through those tangled times.

We shall be safeguarded from many an evil habit of easy unbelief if we hold fast by Habakkuk's teaching. I must acknowledge my debt to Dr. Oehler. We were so thankful that at the beginning of our ministry we learned the powerful principles that moved the old Prophets. It helped us to face the Social Problems of to-day ; it taught us that every minister should have something heroic in him, and be the soul of moral courage. He should dare to burn

his boats and venture everything on loyalty to truth. That alone will make him a prophet to his time.

When we returned from Tübingen, we set our minds to the work of sermons, meaning to get licensed. But we also continued the studies which we had there begun. Strange to say, when many years after we all got into print and blossomed as authors, our first volumes were all the outcome of the teaching we enjoyed at Tübingen.

To-day Germany is in the back wave of reaction, and few students go near her universities. But in our days they flocked to them. The teaching was much ahead of anything to be got in Edinburgh or Cambridge. We were really fifteen or twenty years behind them. The astonishment of the Churches at the teaching of Professor Robertson Smith seven years later than this was proof of it. It took twenty years more till the Churches in Scotland arrived, and arrived all but unanimously, at that position.

In the Autumn of this year, 1871, we all got licensed. We had been three sessions at Theology in Scotland, and one in Germany, after four in Arts. Seven years is a long apprenticeship; but it began earlier than now; and it was none too long for the important work of preaching.

Just immediately before license in November, I had for two months been engaged by Professor Charteris to take charge of the whole Tolbooth work, while he simply preached on the Sundays. Though not yet licensed, I was expected to preach to as many as cared to come in the Presbytery Hall under the church in the forenoons; and to secure voluntary visitors for all the closes on the south side of the Lawnmarket, which had not yet been looked at.

The students were at this time thronging up to their October classes. By approaching them coming out of the Divinity Hall I got one for every close, and also

elsewhere a lady visitor to work alongside among the women. In this way we undertook both sides of the wide street, holding probably seven to eight hundred families. Many were Church-goers; but many never entered a church. These latter we sought out; and they formed the nucleus of the congregation.

Professor Charteris and Dr. Phin continued giving us their counsels at fortnightly meetings for workers. They were the best lectures on Pastoral theology I ever heard, and were given long before Pastoral Theology Lectures were instituted. Indeed it was through Dr. Phin's speaking of their utility in the General Assembly that many years after those lectures were set on foot.

Licence to preach soon followed. My friend, Thomas Nicol, and I together attended the Presbytery of Fordoun, and got its imprimatur as preachers. The Revd. John Watt, my mother's minister at Stonehaven, gave us most excellent counsel, and we were introduced to our first Presbytery dinner. The wit of the Presbytery, a scholar and great Shakespearean student, Mr. Spence of Arbuthnot, proposed our health. Many a phrase of Shakespeare's got into the long speech, and not a few lines of the Odes of Horace, for in those days Horace was largely quoted. All this speech of probably fifteen minutes (they loved speechifying at those Presbytery dinners, and toasts as well) was made in the most kindly tone, and with rare refinement. Mr. Spence was not given to cheap anecdotes or to rickety illustrations; but classical allusions abounded. We two humble individuals never imagined that our College careers had been so closely watched by our Presbytery fathers. He made a prediction which was verified, that Nicol one day, being a double first Honours man, would occupy a chair in his University. Within a few years that same University sent Mr.

Spence a D.D. degree, and so introduced him very deservedly to the Guild of Theological Literature.

The minister of St. Cyrus claimed me as one of his parishioners, having known both my father and grandfather there. It much affected me; for I had seen neither, having been born a fortnight after my father's death.

We had also some very kind congratulations from Revd. Alex. Silver of Dunnottar. His use of the Scottish vernacular in his speech struck us immensely. It gave point and birr to his language. He often passed our gate in Stonehaven; and to him I was "Mistress Bruce's laddie." He thought both of us "micht mak' a bit splutter in the warld yet." Lovers of shrewd Scottish sayings could find much to relish in Mr. Silver's discourses. All idealism was banished from Dunnottar pulpit, and the plain Gospel most clearly stated. His emotions often overcame him in preaching, and tears would copiously flow down his cheeks. We loved him all the more.

I was licensed on Wednesday, and was compelled to preach my first sermon in the big Barony. Much did I wish I had been allowed to go to some of the quiet Fordoun parishes which, by long-standing custom, claimed a licentiate's first sermon.

But Professor Charteris had strongly recommended my name in answer to a letter from Dr. Norman Macleod. The Barony had already heard several licentiates, and they would not wait another day. So there my first and earliest effort was made.

CHAPTER XV.

GLASGOW—THE BARONY—DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

LIFE in Glasgow was new to me. The West is not the East; and being commercial, Glasgow is not like Edinburgh—"West Endy," as John MacNeil once named it.

The great city sits on the Clyde, and the river is its centre. When I got there the thud of the steam hammers at the Broomielaw woke me at six o'clock. It was some time until the ear got accustomed to that peculiar noise. I visited the yards where they forged the large anchors, and hammered them into shape. There I saw the necessity for the ten-ton stroke; and thereafter the sound conveyed a sense of pleasure by the law of association of ideas. The solid anchor meant security for the straining vessel: and that meant safety for human lives.

That first Saturday night I called and saw Dr. Norman Macleod. I had heard much of him, and was not at all disappointed. Faces often tell falsehoods; but there never was a more open, honest, and ingenuous face than his. It beamed with geniality and with kindness. Short as our first talk was, and mainly on the next day's work, humour ran through it all, and the big Barony parish was pictured in a way I never forgot.

The face was not different from what I had fancied,

But the huge and manly figure astonished me. In more ways than one he was the biggest man I had ever met. He simply overpowered the young licentiate whom he had sent for. I was in the presence of one of the giants of the Church. I learned my duties on the morrow, and found he would not be present when I preached—a great relief to my anxious mind. The Kirk Session would decide which of the three candidates was to be preferred, and he would fall in with their choice. On the Monday the choice fell upon the writer, and that same week I was installed as Congregational Assistant, another being the Parish Assistant.

It was my first sermon after being licensed, and was a very trying experience. But what was my joy to notice in front of the pulpit the face of a dear Aberdeen class-fellow, Louis Pirie, son of Professor, afterwards Principal, Pirie. At first there was a beaming smile, followed by a kindly wink, which gave great encouragement. It meant, " I'm here, and you have a friend in the congregation: don't be afraid." Dear, kind Louis; he was my best friend in Glasgow. For the first week we chummed together until I got rooms more convenient for the parish work.

Very soon we got him to become a Sunday School teacher. And before I left the Barony, Dr. Marshall Lang promoted him to be Superintendent of the huge Sunday School in Parliamentary Road. His good humour and his firmness made him an ideal Superintendent.

Soon thereafter he went out to a high post in engineering works in South Africa, and took a wife with him, a daughter of the Manse. But sunstroke brought an end to that promising career. He was one of the most lovable of men.

The other friend whom I met on the first day of my Assistantship, was one whose wisdom and guidance

proved to be of the most helpful kind. James A. Campbell was then head of the large firm of Campbell & Co. in Ingram Street, and in after years became M.P. for Glasgow and Aberdeen Universities.

He was the most modest of men. Slow and careful of speech: every word weighed before it was uttered, he was in this the antithesis of Dr. Macleod. His father had been Lord Provost, and was knighted. But he declined to enter the Town Council, and though offered a knighthood afterwards, he refused the honour and preferred to be Right Honourable, and a member of the Privy Council of His Majesty the King.

In after years I was twice at Stracathro, the beautiful Forfarshire estate left to him by his father, where we met his wife's father, Sir Morton Peto, a former Lord Mayor of London, and a most warm-hearted Christian Englishman. In all good work in the Barony, Mrs. Campbell was his right hand. Very soon he was made Convener of our Endowment Committee—at that time the most important of the Church's active Committees, everywhere throughout the land erecting chapels into *quoad sacra* parishes. And Mr. Campbell's annual report and speech in the General Assembly constituted a great event.

The congregation of the Barony numbered some 1900 members; and I have often on a Sunday afternoon seen that number present. The old Barony was not a building of beauty. The heritors built it in the very plainest style. Of architecture there was none. A square solid bit of masonry, with no hall, and only a small vestry behind the front door that held just half-a-dozen people, it yet gave accommodation to one of the most liberal and intelligent congregations in Glasgow. Dr. Macleod's personality was the one attraction. Glasgow's merchant princes drove to it in their carriages from far outside the city. Many like

Mr. James A. Campbell drove or walked from the West end. The parish embraced the half of Glasgow, and went out far into landward parts. We had farmers from Cadder and Campsie, from Shettleston and Cathcart, six miles round.

Dr. Macleod had got three different churches erected in his large and populous parish. They were then called Home Mission charges. But he was aiming at raising Endowment Funds to erect them into Parish Churches. Mr. Young (later Dr. Young of Ellon) had charge of one. My duty was once a Sunday to preach at Bluvale, and to take the first part of the service in the afternoon at the Barony. In those days the 2.15 afternoon congregation was much the larger of the two.

It seems scarcely credible to-day, but it is a fact that in those days the Assistant had no gown; and one gown served both Dr. Macleod and myself. Consequently he sat in the vestry while the Assistant, robed in the minister's gown, conducted the service and read the lessons, retired to the vestry during a hymn, gave Dr. Macleod his gown, who entered the pulpit, and, after a short prayer, gave out his text.

I sat in the Manse pew, and watched the heavy preacher laboriously climb the steps of the pulpit, and scan his congregation of 1800 or more with his large glowing eyes.

In imagination I can still see him standing there. The poise of the big head, with its curly iron grey hair, on the rounded shoulders, supported by the broad chest beneath, which adds a touch of manliness to his six feet of height.

Yet so well proportioned is he that he does not strike one as tall. The massive head at once proclaims a powerul mind. The face, by its benign aspect, tells you that a kind soul inhabits that big body.

The voice is resonant, with good reverberation,

heard in every part of that square building. The accent is excellent, but with a tang of the sea and the hills of Morven in it, and a sough of the Gaelic somewhere about it.

You felt that here is one who has lived through ten generations, has preached to Queen and to Commoner, mixed with the highest and the very lowest, served Crown and country well, and is not tired of either, and looks with undimmed eyes on the known present and the unknown future, and has a grasp in that large intellect of all the problems that perplex the men of the day.

A famous sculptor once said, " Give me for my art the head of an old man who has had a good life all through. There is nothing so fine to mould." He would have found a splendid model in the head of the minister of the Barony. Those well-formed lips indicate eloquence in speaking, and firmness in utterance. The face and brow tell of intellect that will not flinch before any problem. The straight and full eyes assure you there is no pretence, that there will be truth and also tenderness in speaking to either sinner or saint.

Around Dr. Macleod we always felt there was an atmosphere of love and of reality. His was a nature, strong and true, and tender, and his religion a fearless yet delicate realism. The preaching was of the best evangelical type: " broad as the charity of God, and yet narrow as His righteousness," was his own definition if it.

" Get into living touch with Christ ; come away from all your doubts and fears and get rest and peace in Him," was the keynote to all his preaching.

In his sermons there was no lack of enforcement. The Quid and the Quare were there; but his strength was given to the Quomodo ; and the sermon or platform address always ended on the lofty note. Stories

there were and humour in plenty, but we were always carried up at the conclusion to the highest levels.

He was once challenged with depreciating the value of the Lord's Day, which gave him intense pain. The Jewish Sabbath, with its many narrowing restrictions, he held, had gone; but the Lord's Day remained as strong an obligation as ever. He affirmed that the Christian Church began at Pentecost, and did not take over the ritual or the Sabbath of the Ancient Church of the Hebrews. Christ however " destroyed " nothing: He only " fulfilled ", that is, filled full of true meaning Old Testament rites and ceremonies, days and seasons.

Pentecost was much preached. The gift of the Spirit was much prayed-for; the first Epistle of John was his great favourite, and often was the fine text quoted, " God is Love: we have known and believed the love God hath to us." " Many believe it, or think they do: but have you known it?" That went home. He asked for experience, not opinion. " Don't rest till you can say, " I know in whom I have believed."

During all the two years I was in the Barony there was what I might call a constant awakening going on. Inquirers in the vestry were frequent. Young men and old, young ladies and old ladies I have seen them all there. Very foolishly, the Barony built him no private receiving-room, such as I found Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Parker had. It was much against his ministry's usefulness. Not a few asked me to take them in at the close of the afternoon service and introduce them that they might ask the deepest questions of him.

Dr. Macleod would stay for hours with such. Some ladies he would hand over to Mrs. Macleod or Mrs. Thomas Hill, the latter being very tactful in this most delicate work, and the one outstanding " saint " in the Barony. I never met her but I thought of St. Catherine of Sienna, or Madame Guyon of France,

It is something to have met a saint, and to have felt the aroma and fragrance of sainthood. Many a time she would call on him or he on her, and have prayer and intercessions for blessing on his work.

Very kindly the Assistant was frequently asked on Sunday evening to supper at 8 p.m., and to the family worship which followed. There we met Norman at his best. Talk followed supper and preceded worship. Memories of boyhood's days at the grandfather's Manse in Morven, and stories of Rory were frequent, of beggars who were bedded in the barn after suppering in the Manse kitchen; of the long walks or journeys from Morven to Glasgow; and of University days in the city in olden times, when porridge formed the main diet, and a session's expenses, including books, never exceeded £20. All was told with much humour, and sometimes with tears in the voice, and many hints to Nommie and John and Willie and the girls to take good heed.

One evening Dean Stanley of Westminster, who had preached in the Church, was present. He wanted to hear family worship " just as usual ", and there was no change. The same Paraphrase sung, Mrs. Macleod at the piano; the chapter for the day read with some little explanations and words for the children; and the simple petitions for a blessing on the day, on the preacher from London, and on the children.

It is spoken of in the Dean's Life. He much enjoyed its naturalness and reality, and thought it just model family worship. There was the very utmost simplicity, and yet occasional gleams like those that come only from the surface of a very full lake, and the warm Gospel note through it all. There were lofty thoughts and music and persuasion at one and the same time.

On these occasions Dr. Macleod was on the holy Mount. He sought them, and told me he valued these opportunities of Sunday evenings for his seven boys

and girls. He seemed to me at times to have climbed the Mount, for certainly we could say, " Master, it is good for us to be here."

These were very happy and profitable hours. They live in my memory. The magic lay in the reality and the wonderful homeliness of it all. He was so much one of ourselves. But his heart dwelt in a large place. It was only after he had gone, and it all ended, that we realised the privilege we had enjoyed. The wonders of redemptive grace absorbed his soul, and always gave tone to his speech. The shadows of earth and of time were as though they were not. He felt he was nearing the end, and the near horizons were more and more in view.

The annual dinner to the elders given at the house in Bath Street took place in the Spring. On such occasions Dr. Macleod, as a host, was at his best. He joked, and at the request of an elder, he sang his famous Curling Song. It is well-known, and gives mirth at many a Curlers' Supper. He spoke very tenderly of the affection of elders and deacons—for he always favoured a Deacon's Court, which was a graduation school for the eldership, and most helpful in raising the huge sums required for the erection and endowment of the three churches which the Barony had built. Mrs. Macleod proved a very kind and dignified hostess. She had made a splendid wife and mother of his children. Handsome and of fine presence, she graced every meal at his table, and presided with rare tact.

She protected him too against the intrusion of many Colonials who, when they came to Glasgow, always wanted to call and see Norman. She met them and talked to them,and said he was so engaged with work he could not possibly see them, but would meet them at 1.30 at lunch, if they would come.

The luncheon table was in consequence a serious

matter. On some occasions I have known it number sixteen with the children included. All this very much added to his expenses. And with a stipend under £800 net, Mrs. Macleod had to practice strict economy.

His famous journey to India, as Convener of Foreign Missions, was of course paid by the Committee; and on a previous occasion he was sent with his uncle, John of Morven, to Canada to explain the position of the Church of Scotland after 1843. He met many leading Canadians and Anglo-Indians. And the attraction of his personality drew them on Sundays to the Barony and the vestry, and usually ended in an invitation to lunch on Monday.

He was without doubt the biggest man in Glasgow, and no public function felt its platform complete till it had secured him. Queen Victoria was very fond of him as a preacher and as a personal friend. Every year he preached at Balmoral, and several times was up at Windsor.

He was very careful never in any particular to reveal what the Queen said to him in private conversation. Once, when wearied with a long afternoon of visitation, a parishioner said, "Now, Dr. Macleod, what wad Queen Victoria say to you if ye were callin' on her?" The witty answer at once came, "She would be sure to say, 'Norman, will you take a dram?'" The hint was not lost, and the needed refreshment was put on the table. Glasgow was never deficient in its hospitalities, but sometimes it could be very inquisitive. And in those days, before her "Life" was written, everyone wanted to know what the Queen talked of, and what the Palace thought.

CHAPTER XVI.

DR. MACLEOD—MANSE OF MORVEN—OLD JANET.

THE Barony people were exceedingly hospitable. Glasgow dines late in its West End and suburbs, and sumptuousness was the order of the day. All my youth I had been not a pledged but a practical abstainer, and had found it very helpful in student days. Two of our cleverest fellow-students at Aberdeen lost their life-chance through foolish outbreaks; the most brilliant man of all getting " sent down " from Cambridge in disgrace, because of drinking habits.

It was the only thing in which Dr. Macleod and I were not in full agreement. But he gave me full liberty to preach " as strongly as I liked " against all drunkenness and every kind of excess. Of this I took advantage at the next Christmas when I spoke of the awful drunken orgies I had seen in the Trongate and High Street. Yet even such a good man as James A. Campbell did not relish this from the pulpit, his liberal table being always laden with the finest wines. And yet a more abstemious man never lived.

The explanation was simple. At that time Temperance had little hold of the Christian Church. It was not spoken of as a Christian virtue which the Church should especially enforce. I do not think there was even a " Committee on Intemperance " Report at the General Assembly. And when it was first instituted,

it certainly got that ugly name. It was twenty years afterwards when it changed its title to " The Committee on Temperance ", emphasising the duty of sobriety on all as against the vileness of the vice in some.

When first I went to Banff, this same principle came into collision with social customs there. In my first day's visiting of the landward part of the parish, not one cup of tea was offered, but only wine and spirits. On arriving at the thirteenth farm, the good and hospitable man insisted on my having a dram. He could not understand my declining it; saying it seemed " if I tasted nothing " that he had been deficient in hospitality to the new minister.

" Where should I have been now, Mr. P. if I had accepted all the twelve glasses of wine and of whisky which I have already to-day been offered?" " Oh you wud be in the ditch, nae doot," he replied. And yet he did not like my " refusin' a tastin'."

In the Barony, however, there were two splendid deacons who worked the Temperance principle excellently in the Sunday School and large Bible Classes. And though without official recognition, this work was efficiently carried on.

One story Dr. Macleod told us, which much impressed us, regarding the assurance of the answer to prayer. And he never told it without showing deep feeling. It belonged to Morven in the days of his boyhood there. A very heavy storm came on. Roads were all blocked with drifted snow. On Sunday just seven persons met the minister in church. He had a very short service; and said the sermon was done away with because he proposed they should all go with him up to the top of the parish and try to rescue old Janet, whose house he could see was entirely buried out of sight in the snow, and for whom he had offered special prayer.

They started for the hill with shovels, and as they, with great difficulty, waded up the steep path, the minister's keen eye noticed smoke from the roof. "She's alive," he cried, and hurried on. The snow was some feet above the roof, but he shouted down the open straw-built chimney, "Are you there, Janet?" "Oh ay, I'm here a' safe." At that moment a fox sprang up into his face, and he started back and let it escape. "Have ye fire and food?" "Oh ay, plenty: an' be kind tae that beast for he's brocht me a blue hare ilka day: dinna hurt him."

Norman got the story from his grandfather's lips. Strange tho' it may seem, and improbable, I heard of an exactly similar case in the parish of Glenrinnes, where my cousin, Revd. Charles Bruce was long minister. In a very heavy storm of snow a fox sought admission to an old woman's byre, and brought every day one or two blue hares on which she lived for three weeks, he getting his share, and she her's. They lived on the best of terms till the snow melted and the fox found the way to his own den.

At the General Assembly of this year (1872) Dr. Macleod resigned his Convenership of the Foreign Mission Committee. For years he had implored the Church to increase its offerings, and had gone to Scottish Churches in Liverpool and London on the same errand. But the strain of the enormous work of this Convenership, added to his heavy work in Glasgow, and his editorial work of the magazine *Good Words*, began to tell. In a speech of great power, and of over an hour's length, he gave us his last Report, and begged another might be appointed in his place. That speech was spoken of for many a day.

The monthly editing of *Good Words* lay heavy upon him. Since he undertook it, the magazine had risen to a high level, and he had received contributions from

men of the highest literary and scientific standing, and of all Churches. He himself as a rule supplied a story of some kind; and by the fifth day of each month the MSS. of it had to be posted, and this proved a very busy time for the Editor.

On the 5th day of the month he required, and he got, the help of the pen of Mrs. Macleod and of Miss Macleod. There were, in his time, no typists and typewriters. After I had been his Assistant for a few months, he one day asked whether I could help him at this work He had just returned from addressing large meetings in Liverpool and to-morrow was the sixth day of the month.

It was a pleasure to assist him, and the promise was at once given. " Ah; but can you rise at five o'clock?" I thought I could, and would secure Louis Pirie's alarm clock. He would be awaiting me, and with a smile, " We shall see each other at five, then."

We arrived almost at the same moment, just as he was putting a match to the fire which had been laid in the study at the back of the Courtyard. The June sun was rising as the clock on the steeple near at hand struck five. At once he began dictating his narrative about Aden, the Red Sea, and their steamer running on a sand bank, and getting off again unharmed. I asked his permission to use shorthand, and to rewrite it afterwards in a clearer hand. He consented, and was very pleased to find how this allowed him more speedily to dictate. By 7.30 a.m. the MSS. was finished, and by 11 a.m. I had rewritten it in a large and clear hand, and took it up to him.

He was kind enough to thank me, and admire the large clear text, and was " pleased to have an Assistant that could get up at five o'clock." Adding that many a day he rose even at four when there was a rush of work. With much fear and deference I ventured to say that with my quicker writing and his quicker

dictation some of the sentences seemed loose and would be better by transposing the modifying and adverbial clauses to the beginning. He asked them to be pointed out, and at once agreed that the sentences were strengthened by keeping the main thought and verb to the end. In a few minutes this was adjusted.

Sometime afterwards he referred to this, saying he had never at College been taught English Composition or style, and inquired where I had got such knowledge. He was much interested on hearing of Professor Bain's new Grammar, and his book on Rhetoric and Composition, and wished to see them. He very quickly looked them over, and again spoke of the enormous benefit it must be to get instruction at the University in such classes.

Next time that we met at 5 a.m. and on other occasions of using me as amanuensis, he most kindly and generously said he would entrust his MSS. to my care in rewriting it and " strengthening and improving the sentences according to your Professor Bain." It was a vote of confidence that I much valued; and was only one of many such great kindnesses.

By Mrs. Macleod's request I went with him to many of the large City Hall meetings, took cabs, paid tickets, and saw him home as early as we could get him away from the hot atmosphere of such places. On such occasions she was most anxious (for by this time gout and neuralgia had begun to give much trouble) that he should speak shortly and get home soon.

The largest of such social gatherings at which I ever was present with him, was the Annual Gathering of all the Meat and Cattle Merchants of Glasgow. One of our best elders was president and chairman; and Mr. Brechen (despite Mrs. Macleod's opposition) secured him for this gathering. Some 3000 drovers and cattle dealers with their sweethearts and friends were there. Norman drank the tea, heard some songs,

then the report of their insurance and thrift society. By this time the audience had become restless and very noisy, and a Gaelic song stirred every feeling furiously.

At this moment, when I deemed it impossible for any minister to get a hearing, he rose, uttered a sentence of welcome in Argyllshire Gaelic, and secured instant attention. His speech began by telling how he was once a drover himself. Starting from Morven Manse for Glasgow with his carpet bag strapped to his back, he walked all the way to the University, and his companions for three days were drovers and shepherds.

He found those companions cheerful, and liked their homely ways; and while he slept at Manses, they slept beside their flocks in any sheiling they could find, or behind a hay rick or stack of straw. Then came praise of hard work, warnings against dishonest "couping"—a word they all knew, and a glorification of life in the Highlands with Gaelic proverbs and verses of the Gaelic Psalms interspersed.

They were captured at the very beginning. He kept them in rapture all the time. I made some feeble efforts to warn him that his twenty minutes had long gone. It must have been nearly an hour when he ended, and still they wanted more

Often they burst out in laughter, still oftener in smiles, twice into tears: a reference to dear Fiunary and Morven in Gaelic filled their eyes. The cheers were very loud; but I noticed, even in that audience, many were too full of feeling to cheer. A short prayer which he offered, calmed their emotions, and we got him away and safely home.

"Farewell to Fiunary" was one of the songs, and he hummed it much that evening. It was the composition of his grandfather; and when he was out in Canada he had it always sung at the Gaelic meetings. In Nova Scotia, he told us, he administered Communion

to some 2000 in a tent. They sang old Psalms in Gaelic; and next day two elders came with him all the long way to the steamer; talked of Mull and Morven and Fiunary, and then at parting, to his great surprise, these old Highlanders put their arms round his neck and kissed him. I confess to feeling often I should have liked to do the same.

Norman's power was inseparable from his immediate presence. We never knew the tremendous grip he got of us by his sympathy and tenderness till we left his presence and tried in vain to recall his words. As I write this narrative I feel the utter inadequacy of any verbal description.

I have heard great political speakers, premiers and orators of the first rank; preachers too, of the highest eloquence, like Dr. Caird, Dr. MacGregor, Canon Liddon, Spurgeon, and Parker, but I never felt the moving power of a masterly speech so deeply as at that cattle drovers' meeting in the City Hall; where those 3000 men and women were melted by the pathos, and won to loftiest views of life by the genuine eloquence of Norman Macleod. What a lift Godwards that night gave them!

There was nothing mystical about it, as with Caird; nothing transcendental as with Liddon. The starting point and the return were all in the region of the drovers' daily needs, and sins, and sorrows, coloured by divine love, and touched keenly by the speaker's sympathetic soul.

By the sheer attraction of his gifted nature Norman drew that huge mixed mass of people up to his own levels of thought and feeling, and up to the height of his own faith. The effort was tremendous; but it was equal to the occasion.

Psychologists criticise mass movements, and place almost no value on them. That depends wholly on who they are that compose the mass, and what are the

influences used in their excitement. Perhaps never was the influence of the crowd so manifest as in the Crusades. The pent-up emotions of the laity and clergy of Europe found vent in responding to the summons to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracen and created the deep satisfaction of the gregarious instinct in processions out to Palestine. Yet the effort was a failure, and not worth the lives lost in it.

In revivals and in all crowded church meetings the suggestibility of the mass is a powerful factor. The politician himself makes use of it. Why not the preacher? If it be rightly used, and not wrongly abused, one may surely employ it to move the weak will, and deepen and multiply emotions without in the least inhibiting the working of the intellect.

Dr. Macleod more than most could kindle the intellect and rouse the feelings. But there was no hypnotism in it. Face and voice and brain worked together, and the Celt in him always got at the Celtic blood in his audience.

That night the great mass of people was melted, moved to their depths, and fused into a unity. The chairman said he " Had never seen the droves so well driven." Grace wrought through genius, and genius wrought along with grace.

If the speaker's voice could not reach them all, they felt that his big heart could hold them all. It was this which they so sensibly realised, and to which they responded. Lettered and unlettered alike felt the charm.

One address on Foreign Missions and on India I well recall. Its effort on the Glasgow audience was wonderful. Purses were opened, pound notes and gold jewelry were sent up in plates to the platform. Best of all we saw Missions in a new light, and India in a new setting. The whole mass in St. Andrews Hall were thoroughly moved. This speech, famous

for many years afterwards, was *two hours in length.* It was a masterpiece of eloquent pleading, and it was his last. He came home exhausted, yet determined to preach on Sunday, though I was cautioned by Mrs. Macleod to be ready to take his place.

On the Saturday there was the usual Sunday School picnic in a large field out at Lenzie. I got the 500 scholars out by train, and a sister of the famous James Baird of Cambusdoon entertained us after our picnic lunch to various dainties, including curds and rich cream for the teachers.

At that moment Dr. Macleod unexpectedly arrived in the carriage of a friend, Mrs. Macleod accompanying him. Curds and cream he could not resist, though his wife urged him not to indulge in the dish. After one plate he jocularly turned to me and said, " Bruce, have you a sermon ready for to-morrow in case I should fail?" I said that I had. " Well then, one plate more, and a little of the lovely cream."

However he was quite able to preach next afternoon, but with difficulty, and I took all the service except the sermon. It was a very appropriate text, almost prophetic of the end. " We have left all and followed Thee." Several sentences at the close thrilled us by their pathos, as he spoke of the cost of following Christ, and of the rich rewards of a fully consecrated Christian life. At the close he spoke of his deep pleasure in being permitted again to preach the Gospel to his beloved people after a fortnight's absence.

During the week I saw little of him; he was tired, and talked chiefly of having entered his sixty-first year, and of the many mercies which had in those sixty years flowed into his cup. Next Sunday he was so unwell that I took the whole forenoon service, while he kept his room. The three girls and one boy were in church, but just as I finished the sermon, Lawson the beadle called them out. The beloved Doctor had

entered into rest. Mrs. Macleod went into the drawing-room, found the head bowed on the breast, and life extinct—so peacefully had he passed away. We announced it to the congregation, and adjourned the afternoon service. Next morning the newspapers gave it out, and all the world soon had it.

The city was moved as I never saw it moved before. No man was so much mourned, since the death of Dr. Chalmers. The very poorest expressed their deep affection. The Queen was the first to write a letter of sympathy, frankly saying, " Words were all too weak to say what she felt." She afterwards inserted two stained glass windows in Crathie Church in his memory.

The evening of the day of his death I spent with Mr. James A. Campbell of Stracathro. An eminent man of business in the city, he had been Dr. Macleod's right hand in the Kirk Session for many years. He showed us some very touching letters from Norman in Germany and in India. It was evident that to Mr. Campbell he could pour out his inmost confidences in all matters of religion and of Church life.

The funeral evoked an immense concourse, which in thousands lined the streets. We buried him away out in Campsie, by his own desire, beside his beloved brother James, and his father, once minister of that parish.

The puddlers from the Townhead foundries turned out to a man. They had constituted a large part of the congregations which came to " the Evening Services for folks in working clothes " which Dr. Macleod had held on winter evenings for a number of years. There was no escape from the conditions of dress. The Duchess of Argyll came one evening, and was refused admission, but finally got in by going to Mrs. Macleod's room for old clothes, and redressing.

Several women in the crowd I heard saying," Dear

Norman, dae ye min' hoo he spak to us in oor ilka-day claes?'' The demonstrations of respect were wholly spontaneous, and came from many thousands of the poor, no less than from representatives of Royalty, of the University and Town Council, and from all the Churches.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BARONY AND ITS MINISTER.

I CANNOT say whether any of Dr. Macleod's writing will survive long. His "Memories of a Highland Parish" is in all the libraries. So is "The Starling." His literary life was one of incessant activity; and he had the true touch of genius.

He was never old in spirit, and always up to date in his allusions to events happening. I never heard him in the least degree militant, like Charles Kingsley, a born soldier and brave fighter. But he knew he had charge of his own mind and gifts, and was determined to be himself and nobody else.

He was not in the least sacerdotal, and the prayers had none of the English collects in them. But they were well arranged, often beautiful in expression, and went up to the throne with the petitions of every one of the many worshippers in them.

Up to the end the congregations never lessened. Many had joined from other denominations, Norman being the one bond that attracted and united. Ministers were ministers then; true shepherds whose flocks followed them and never left them. They were men of "wecht", rabbis who had everyone's respect, and doctors whose word was never doubted. There were giants in those days, but to-day we know few such.

The average of scholarship has risen in the ministry.

It is as in the Grampian range—everywhere a high mountainous range and but a few lofty peaks. But we miss in the Church the Ben Mores and Ben Wyvises: the Tullochs and Storys and Macleods, and many others of former times.

No man to-day in the U.F. Church approaches Principal Rainy in the masterly skill of leading an Assembly, in his effortless tact to feel the pulse, to discern the opportunity arising, to take the one needed forward step, and make the swift sure decision. He, too, came late in a long succession of really great leaders like Dr. Chalmers.

So did Macleod; only we never thought of him so much as a leader, but rather as a man, the biggest and gravest of his time. Glasgow simply adored him. She looked for "Norman" at every function; called him by his Christian name; loved him and longed for his presence.

He preached in all her churches; spoke at all her large meetings; met her Provosts and Principals on platforms, and towered above them; and all the while was simply "Norman of the Barony."

In the modern sense of the word he was not a Church leader. He did not seek to convene Committees, nor did he care to attend them. There was nothing of the meticulous "committee man" about him. The Foreign Missions of the Church and of all the Churches absorbed his mind, as well as Colonial Missions. He loved the Empire before there was a British Empire. India and Canada he knew well, and they knew him.

His tour through India was more like that of a King than anything else; for princes and rulers all came to meet him. He was nominally only Convener of the Church of Scotland's Foreign Missions Committee, but his name had gone before him: "Norman of the Barony, the favourite preacher to the Great Queen, editor of *Good Words*, and Scotland's first citizen."

The rajahs and maharajahs all came and paid him deference. India ever after possessed a most romantic interest for him. We got its story over and over again in the Sunday School and Church, and at public meetings. India's countless millions lay like a heavy burden on his heart.

The visit was made at the unanimous request of the General Assembly. How strange it seemed ! What a sudden revulsion from the time, two years before, when his fight for elbowroom regarding the Sabbath had made him " an offscouring to so many " (his own words).

Perhaps the most touching incident at the time of his leaving India and the 1,478 who communicated with him that day in church was when two engine-drivers came round to the vestry and begged him—it was their one request—to meet and address their friends, the engine-drivers of India. Willingly he promised, shook hands, and they kissed each other. Eyes filled on both sides.

He did all the work which the Church asked him to do. But after India, he was never the same man. It drew too many drafts on his physical strength. He was prostrated by a severe illness in Calcutta, and health demanded his quick return. A great reception awaited him at the Assembly, at which I was present. His two hours magnificent speech thrilled every one. But his medical advisor instantly ordered complete rest—and as usual he went off to Glencoe to breathe its air and get its inspirations. And soon after, as we have said, the end came.

It is a great pleasure to me still to meet two of his daughters in Edinburgh. One of the cleverest of them married Sir James Wilson, son of the minister of Dunning, who rose to a high position in India. She died some years ago, and was well-known by many articles she wrote about Indian life and missions in

various magazines. Sir James retired to Crieff, and died last year. He is mentioned afterwards in connection with Scottish vernacular work. In that connection I frequently met him and found him a perfect enthusiast in Ayrshire and Perthshire dialects.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BARONY ELDERS—DR. MARSHALL LANG—DR. WALTER SMITH.

THE Barony was in the patronage of the Crown, which generally gave the congregation power to nominate. Five of the first ministers in the Church were approached, but all declined. They felt, no doubt, they could never fill Norman's place.

At last, and only after much pleading, Dr. Marshall Lang of Morningside Parish, Edinburgh, consented to become minister, and was duly inducted. More than ten months had passed, during which the parish assistant and the lay missionary went off to other situations. The work fell mainly on my shoulders, the Kirk Session having re-engaged me at a higher salary, and I was greatly helped by the continual counsel of Mr. James A. Campbell. Soon Mr. Campbell left us to become M.P. for the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen; but at first Dr. Lang had his valuable aid.

Mr. Campbell was a tower of strength to the Barony. He had the respect of the whole commercial circles, and the regard of all good Christian people. Very soon he was promoted by the General Assembly to the Convenership of the great Endowment Committee, which at that time had undertaken the erection and

endowment of no less than a hundred new parishes. This was the most courageous forward step which the Church had ever in all her history taken. Formerly she had erected three parishes every year; then she aimed at four quoad sacra new parishes yearly. But with a fresh zeal and confidence in the Convener she took the bold step of saying she would erect a hundred new parishes, and if possible do it in the next ten years.

That was found to be beyond her powers; but though a larger term of years was required, that grand heroic scheme was accomplished. Mr. Campbell did not live to see the day, but like Abraham he looked forward to it, and was glad.

Dr. Macleod had set his hand to the same work for many years, and after enormous efforts in raising money, he had got his churches built within the Barony's populous parish, and endowed with stipends. He aimed at three, but his death cut that link short. "Like Minister, Like Elder."

Both were large-hearted men; both enthusiasts in all good works. Inwardly the same; outwardly as different as could be. Dr. Macleod, huge in body, fluent of tongue, full of Celtic fire, and overflowing with humour. Mr. Campbell rather small in stature, slow of speech, calm and quiet in manner, and without a grain of humour. Yet one in all good work they loved each other like brothers.

Before his death, Mr. Campbell was offered a knighthood by the King, but declined the honour which his father, as Provost of Glasgow, had accepted. But he was made a member of the King's Privy Council, and after this honour was the Right Honourable Jas. A. Campbell of Stracathro.

As M.P. he had the entire confidence of his learned constituency. Strange to say he, a merchant all his life in the city, though with early university culture, was felt to be the one man to command the solid votes

of all ministers, doctors, solicitors, and teachers of Aberdeen and Glasgow Universities. It was a wonderful testimony to a good man's character.

On all sides one heard of a virtue, not often mentioned—his probity. Mr. Campbell "was a man of his word." If he took the chair at a Glasgow meeting, intrigue and jobbery had to flee. "Straight forward is the best runner," was the comment. I often heard it said in the Endowment Committee "He would make a splendid Chancellor of the Exchequer." He could be so firm, so careful of the money, yet so polite and so diplomatic. You never saw it; for truth lay behind everything, and the diplomacy of truth carries all before it. A silent and most unselfish man, who never seemed to make any mistakes. In business the first essential is confidence, and James A. Campbell commanded that quality in rare measure. His memory lives in deeds, not words. No one of his time in Glasgow said so little and did so much.

There were six elders in the Kirk Session, who, along with Mr. Campbell, helped me immensely in the long ten months vacancy after Dr. Macleod's death. I must mention them by name—Peter Galbraith, Thomas Lamb, John Tenant, John Ingram, Allan Buchanan, and Walter Rutherford.

Peter Galbraith managed the great St. Rollux Chemical Works, the huge stalk of whose chimney dominates north Glasgow and carries off offensive vapours. Over 1000 men were paid their wages by him every Saturday; and his messenger from the Bank that day had to be guarded. He was the soul of honour and of frankness, and many a happy evening I had in his company amid that happy family of his.

Thomas Lamb was one of Glasgow's large house builders. Being such, he was employed by the best Insurance Companies to value their losses by fire;

and this not infrequently led to disputes, and to his presence as a witness in the Court of Session.

A huge fire occurred in one of the large railway stations. The damage went up to many thousands, and the railway claimed it of the Insurance Company. The whole station buildings had been insured for some £50,000. What was the value of the portions burned down? Mr. Lamb's estimate was somewhere near £28,000 ; the Railway, through their valuator and solicitor, claimed twice that sum. A bitter law suit threatened, but the Chairman of the Directors saw a way out of it.

The whole Board met, and they requested Mr. Lamb's presence. "Now, Mr. Lamb, you're an honest man, aren't you?" "I hope so." "And we are honest men, and why go to law? But of course your estimate is too low, and in the interest of your clients." "It is an honest and fair estimate, gentlemen." "Then I take you at your word. You heard him, gentlemen. We offer you the job at your own figure. Do you accept it?" "I do." "Done," said the Chairman with a shout of delight. "My estimates are all conscientious and fair, and I am very pleased you have given me it," said my friend.

The Directors could scarcely believe their ears. They thought they had caught him in his own trap. They crowded round and shook hands and saw in that honest face the sign-marks of probity. It gave him a twelve months' job, and quite a good profit. In relating the story in the presence of his sweet lady-like wife, he said to me, "I wish the railway Directors would give me such a job again. But I gained their good-will and confidence; and that is my best pay. They thought they had caught me: really it was the other way. But best of all it pleased them, and my Insurance Company were very pleased to be kept out of Court."

Mr. Walter Rutherford was also a man of business, tact and energy, and a very warm friend of Dr. Macleod, and admirer of his theology and of Campbell of Row. He commanded in a large degree the confidence of his clients, and he had no enemies. It was part of his work to visit many parts of the country, and after coming to Banff I had the great pleasure of seeing him here every six months, and keeping up friendship. The utmost modesty in him joined with the utmost suavity. He suddenly died the very night after calling on me, and a very intimate fellowship ended. He was singularly happy in his marriage, and his home was a scene of the most attractive domesticities, and in that respect was very like Dr. Macleod's.

My other dear friend, Allan Buchanan, was a favourite with all. He left always the clear impression of a man of high Christian culture and most liberal mind. Nothing banal, nothing "put on," but a politeness that was the same to all, and a liberality that was unbounded. I was sorry that his elder's district was in the West End. He was one who would have been adored in the slums of the Saltmarket, and his wife would have loved to help every poor and burdened mother. She preferred knitting to big parties; and he liked a good book better than backgammon; but most of all an evening of good talk on the highest things, followed by family worship. His holidays were always spent at Fairlie; and many a happy day did I enjoy in yachting round Bute and Arran with Allan himself at the helm. "Down the water" with the Buchanans was a delightful experience. Most of the very few holidays I ever got in the Barony were so spent.

John Ingram outlived them all; and up till quite lately I had the great pleasure of meeting him yearly at the General Assembly in Edinburgh.

All these friends and helpers of Dr. Norman re-

mained in the Barony when Dr. Marshall Lang came. Many who were simply "Macleodites" left and went elsewhere; especially those who had to walk or drive many miles to church. Several came from parishes eight miles to the north, and not a few drove carriages from six miles to the south and south-east. These naturally ceased to attend, but the great bulk of the congregation remained.

It was well that the new minister was of a totally different type of preaching, for then no comparisons could be made. He had his own excellent gifts; and if some members were lost, others were soon gained. He frankly said on the first day that he was not a Macleod, and could not be, and would be content to be just himself. It was the very best thing he could have said. He at once set about the most needful work of visiting every member.

It could not be denied that the Barony was "just a barn." Norman had joked about it and often said so. Dean Stanley frankly wondered that the finest preacher in Britain was willing to be housed in the worst and ugliest building he ever preached in, and with such an old-fashioned service.

Dr. Lang gave himself to convincing the people that the church required to be rebuilt. They knew that Dr. Macleod felt this need, but he was too busy at other things which he deemed of higher importance.

Mr. James A. Campbell, and all the leading elders, heartily co-operated, and the handsome and stately Gothic pile of the new Barony was built right across the Square in which the old church stood. It is filled to-day with a huge congregation of over 3000 members, and is led and officered by one of the very ablest and most eloquent preachers in the Church of Scotland, Dr. John White.

The lofty nave, with its fine clerestory lights, and lovely eastern window, is singularly impressive.

Dr. Lang took care that every necessary equipment of rooms, ante-rooms, and hall should be attached to it. And he soon introduced the entering procession of clergy and choir, all properly robed, and with the Communion table in the centre, and the pulpit at the right side. It is now one of the finest churches, next to the Cathedral in Glasgow. The two stand facing each other, and are both filled with crowded congregations. The minister of the Cathedral was twenty years ago my near neighbour at Turriff. And even then, in his first charge, Lachlan Maclean Watt gave proof of the Celtic fervour and bright wit that have distinguished his successful career.

In Glasgow, Dr. Marshall Lang soon became a force to be reckoned on. In the church he was a very powerful preacher of the Gospel in its widest meaning, and its deepest elements. Always he aimed at the upbuilding of the spiritual life. He had no love for mediævalism or sacradotal claims. But he earnestly desired to see the service of worship improved, and that too on lines in harmony with the Church's past history and best traditions. The people were led to take an intelligent interest in this readjustment of the standards of worship, and the whole service was greatly improved. And all the time there were no merely imitative movements in the direction of Anglican forms and usages. It was, to use the old language of the Solemn League, "in accordance with the word of God, and the example of the best Reformed Churches." It thoroughly pleased the people, shewing a right sense of the growing reverence belonging to all true worship. Dr. Lang was swift to see the trend of the times, and to give it wise direction.

In a few years came a religious movement, which stirred Glasgow very much. It was known as the Moody and Sankey Revival. At first despised, it

soon grew and took hold of the mass of the people. Dr. Macleod would have been delighted to see any such stirring of dry bones, for under his ministry many souls were awakened. Dr. Marshall Lang showed his good sense in helping to forward it. My dear friend, Louis Pirie, was in the heart of it, and brought scores of engineers from Napier's yards to the Barony services. I could trust him to give me the true account of the work. He assured me it was deep and real and rich in the best results. And no one could estimate these more correctly than Louis. He lived among the men in Govan; spoke to them daily; watched their lives and was often a welcome visitor to their homes. Among them he started family worship, and got many to give up scepticism and dissipation and join the Christian Church.

I shall never forget one of Louis's humorous sayings at that time, "If you want to appear clever and original among Govan engineers, be boldly ungodly, and you are 'Straight out.' Be loose in morals, and tell it, and you are an honest fellow. If you sometimes get drunk and fight, say it out in all its hideous ugliness, and the more blasphemous you are the better." It was in such society Louis worked for his Master, and won many to His cause. He was Dr. Lang's best helper in that Revival time. Had there been others more like my two friends at the head of the movement it would have been more abiding in its inspiration, and more uplifting in its ethical results.

Dr. Lang was the son of a country manse up Clydesdale, and, though a city minister, intimately knew rural conditions. These at this time weighed on his mind, and in the General Assembly he moved for a Committee, or Commission rather, to investigate them, and report. He was made Chairman, and his duties as such led him, along with other eminent leaders, to

visit many parts of Scotland, and report upon religious and social conditions in rural districts.

He made for two years very eloquent and moving speeches on giving in his Report to the General Assembly. So stirring and high toned were they, that they gave him a front place among debaters, and very soon afterwards, in May of 1903, he was elevated to what is the highest honour the Church can confer, the Moderatorship of the General Assembly.

For the year of office it is also the highest position in Scotland, the Moderator taking precedence of Earls and Dukes. Dr. Lang occupied it with rare dignity and suavity; and the speech with which he closed the Assembly is still remembered for the felicity of its language, and its high-toned eloquence. Lord Balfour of Burleigh heard it, then Secretary for Scotland. Very probably it may have made him see in the Moderator the future Principal of Aberdeen University.

One good friend of the Barony, who helped me much in the vacancy by taking occasional services for us, was Dr. Walter C. Smith of the Free Church. We were all familiar with his "Olrig Grange" and his "North Country Folk," and we loved him all the more for the happy lines so often quoted about Old Aberdeen,

> "There's an old University town,
> Betwixt the Don and the Dee,
> Looking out on the gray sand dunes,
> Looking out on the cold North Sea."

In Glasgow he was regarded as the Apostle of Culture, giving the Church a claim to have kindred with Art and with Literature. Some prominent ministers of his Church disliked him much for that very reason; and he seldom or never went to their Presbytery. He was on intimate terms with the Macleods, and with Dr. Marshall Lang.

I confess he surprised me when I called to find him so unconventional in language, and so unclerical in attire. But he was the very soul of kindness, and offered me every assistance during the ten months in which I had sole charge of the Barony.

Soon thereafter he went to a prominent church in Edinburgh, the High Church on the Mound. There he exercised a most useful ministry, and drew to his church the versatile Professor Blackie, the very Apostle of Culture and romance. The Free Church had the good sense and wisdom to elect him to its Moderatorial Chair, which he adorned with his many gifts.

CHAPTER XIX.

BANFF—LORD AND LADY SEAFIELD AND LORD REIDHAVEN.

DR. MARSHALL LANG had scarcely arrived in the Barony when I was presented by the Earl of Seafield to the living and parish of Banff. Patrons in those days had many difficulties to contend with in doing their duty. They had to find a man who could show scholarship, and at the same time one who could gain the ready ear of the people.

Both qualities were not always combined in the same person. And the veto, legally possessed by the members, gave them the power, if good reasons were assigned, of resisting the appointment of the presentee to the vacant parish.

Lord Seafield sent his factor south to make inquiries of Professors and others, and among the rest, Professor Charteris, who kindly mentioned my name, and that of another. Full inquiries were instituted, and his Lordship informed the Banff congregation that these were the best men he could find, and he should wish them to choose which one they liked best. Only he made two conditions: they must be unanimous in their vote, and it must all be finished in six weeks.

The two nominees were asked on the next two Sundays to preach; and by a majority which was afterwards made a unanimous vote, the writer was chosen, and was presented by Lord Seafield accord-

ingly. It was a very happy settlement. Had patrons always acted in the same conscientious spirit, and in the same thoughtful and kindly manner to the people, Patronage would have probably still remained in the Church.

But instances of a very different kind had been frequent. These had been appealed again and again to the Assembly; and the Church at that very time had, by large majorities, asked Parliament to abolish Patronage. Within eighteen months Disraeli laid a Bill before Parliament; and the Conservative Party had the honour of granting the people's universal crave. I believe I am now, since Mr. Bonallo of Auldearn's death, the last living presentee of the old Patronage system.

In some respects it was not the worse plan of the two. The leets of to-day are not to edification: and unless they are carefully guarded, men of fine feelings and of high aim refuse to run the risk of being rejected by a vote taken in public. It is painful to read in the newspapers the names (I read such the other day) of three parish ministers, all ordained men, along with one unordained licentiate, with the dates on which each should preach as a candidate. No doctor or lawyer would submit to it. Such treatment by rural parishes is only a proof that the Committee have yet to learn what politeness and good feeling mean.

The Earl of Seafield soon died, leaving an only son; who grew up to be a very fine Christian young man. But he too rather suddenly died, and the aged Countess Dowager was left alone. I have paid an annual visit to the family as my patrons, and in her old age she asked me twice to go to Castle Grant. There I found her and her sister, Lady Buchanan, in anxiety of an unusual kind. She confided the cause of it, and asked my advice, after having prayer together.

She put this question straight. "Can I get God's guidance? If so, how? And may we still cast the lot as the Apostles are said in the Acts of the Apostles to have done when they chose one to fill the place of Judas?"

It seemed that a very pious farmer on her Duthil estate had one day said to her that he must leave and go to America. She begged him to think twice about it, and ask divine guidance, and tell her his decision.

He came some months afterwards to Castle Grant and informed her he had been directly "led" of God, and now resolved to stay at home. An elder from Ross had met him, and counselled him to ask guidance in the following manner.

"Put your big family Bible on the table, Donald. Then turn your back upon it and take out your knife and open it. Ask God to guide your knife to a text; put it between the leaves of your Bible, and you will find it sticking in the text that will give you guidance."

"Well, what did you get in that way?" asked the Countess.

"I did as I was told, and sure enough, your Ladyship, my knife stuck in that verse which says. 'Jacob loved Rachel more than Leah.'"

"But how did that give any guidance?"

"Don't you see, Lady Seafield, it just told me, as I loved home more than Canada, I should stay at home with Rachel."

"But how do you know Rachel meant Scotland, and Leah meant Canada?" He was quite puzzled, and only wondered her Ladyship did not see what he so clearly wished for himself to see, that he was bidden stay at Duthil. "Surely, surely, Lady Seafield, Rachel must be Duthil, for I like it, and Leah must be Canada.

But his confidence puzzled her, and she asked what I thought of this, and of the casting of the lot or

drawing of the knife. I had no difficulty in answering.

The Apostles, I frankly stated, acted on the principle that rightly guided Joshua in Old Testament times. Israel was then at the Infant School stage of training, and Infant School guidance had to be given.

But Jesus Christ had now come, and the Church was reaching her maturity. That old childish system should have been abolished; and they should have waited patiently on God in prayer, and asked Him to direct their minds to make a right choice. Olshausen and Dean Alford both support this view.

Further, God had His own man in waiting, if only they had had patience. They appointed by lot Matthias, of whom one hears nothing more, and who was of no use. They made clearly a mistake. In the ninth chapter of Acts, God's man appears in St. Paul, gets the divine Call on the road to Damascus, and becomes the great Apostle to the Gentiles.

The explanation gave Lady Seafield complete satisfaction. She asked me each evening to offer special prayer for her guidance, as at that moment she wished to make the final disposition of her property.

A few weeks afterwards we met again, and she said that she could not yet speak of any direct guidance she had got. I ventured to assure her it would come in one of two ways: either by some verse of Scripture standing out so prominently to her as an answer to much prayer, or it might be, as some of the Saints had confidently asserted, that a voice would say to her, "This is the way, walk ye in it." But meantime I thought she had got an answer.

With a startled look she asked how? Where? "No answer from God is His way of answering. It just means Wait: Be still and do nothing meantime. The door is closed, and a closed door, Lady Seafield, is guidance."

She acted accordingly. Strange to say, within a

not long period, the death of a dear relative, who might have got part of the property, cleared away all difficulties. The door was opened. Her way was now clear. Conscience and reason both pointed in the same direction. She made a will which, by its wise provisions, has directed the administration of the estates by Trustees up to the present moment, and has made that administration most efficient, and for the benefit of all. Her prayers for guidance were richly answered. She lived for the good of the Grant Clan: loved every farmer and cottar of the name, and was the typical clanswoman of her time. Her name is still remembered, and her memory revered on Speyside.

Having only one son, and the estates being heavily burdened by debts accumulated by generations of forebears who would not live within their means, she resolved at her son's birth that she would plant several millions of young firs every year, and so lay up some real estate for him. She started a large nursery of trees near Castle Grant, and out of it planted those huge forests that a few years ago covered the whole valley from Rothiemurchus for many miles down to Advie.

These forests were found to be of enormous advantage to the Government when war broke out in 1914, and timber was in great demand for huts at Ripon and other barracks, and still more for huts in France, and for pit-props in the colliery districts. Most patriotically the Seafield Trustees cut down every one of their ripe forests and sold them at moderate prices to the War Office.

Other proprietors on Speyside and in the Black Isle did the same; and in many cases Finns and Germans, made prisoners in the war, were sent down to assist in the work. Of one of these a singular story is told. I got it on the authority partly of a station master and partly of a minister who lived in that Highland

neighbourhood, and both of whom had frequently met the Germans and the foreman at the head of them.

Several hundred of Germans were offered to assist, at a shilling per man per day, in cutting down a large forest which skirted the Highland Railway. They were provided with tools and with tents, and plain food, and it was an understanding that they should cut on an average fourteen firs a day. They proved to be quiet, sober men—so unlike the wild and drunken Finns in another Ross-shire parish—and every fortnight came to the village Post Office and remitted, by special Government orders prepared for them, their savings to their wives or parents in Germany.

Very shortly after commencing work, the foreman—himself a trained forester in Germany—said to the land stewart who paid them their wages. "If you would give us a leetle more money we would cut more trees." "Would you? Well how much do you want?" "Well, if you would just geeve us one other shilling we would cut twice fourteen trees." "Done," said the land stewart. "Two shillings a day to every man and twenty-eight for every cross-cut saw." It seems incredible, but I was told those diligent soldiers did it, and sent the money home.

A few weeks after, he made another wise observation. The owner of the wood had contracted with carters to carry the trees to the nearest station, which was two miles distant, and up the hill. "If you were in Germany you would never cart up the hill." "Indeed; what would you do?" "You would cart down the hill, and instead of five trees your horse could take ten down to the next station, and it is only one mile farther away." That advice was instantly taken also, and twice as many trees got on to each cart, and several hundreds of pounds were saved yearly.

Again shortly came a third suggestion. "If you

were in Germany you would never cart the trees." "What would you do in your Germany?" "We would make a tramway." "But you couldn't make a tramway here. You could not find levels, and you could not get rails, nor make waggons." "Oh yes; we could do all that for sure." "Well you're a clever chap, but too fond of bragging of what Germans can do. No! No!"

However he spoke of it to the factor who had heard of tramways being laid by other Germans near Newtonmore, and he thought it over, and said he would consult a civil engineer in Inverness and get him to look at the lie of the land. This gentleman came out with several of his men, bringing chains and taking levels over all the wood from the high ground at the top down to the station some five miles away.

"It would cost you a large sum." He thought it might run up to over £8000, and would involve bridging six or seven streams, and cutting through high embankments to get a level railway for the waggons. The sum was too much; and it would be a six months' work, and the war might end any day, and no more trees be wanted.

The steward and engineer met the German foreman. "You're too clever; it could not be done. You could never find levels, nor get rails, nor make the right waggons." The calm reply came, "Oh, I have got the levels, and we would soon make the waggons."

They were dumbfounded. The steward bade his friend never heed the braggart; but the latter said, "He seems a sensible chap: let's ask him." So he said, "Show us your plan of levels."

He asked them to go with him some two miles up the hill; and very tardily they went, through bog and long heather, and across running burns. Getting them to the top he said, "Do you see this stream?" "Yes; what of that?" "Well if you will follow it, as I

have done, you will find it winds down for five miles through this wood, and goes out just at the station where we load our trees on the railway." They stared as he added, "Gentlemen the water has found the levels."

"What fools we are," said the engineer. "That fellow has twice our brains."

He took them down to the station and showed them a mass of old rusty rails, and of wheels and axles lying there. They purchased them for less than £15. He got trees from them, and made strong flat waggons, easily loaded and able to carry 25 to 30 trees, and run to the railway by the natural gradient.

When visiting at the Manse I saw one cross the road by its own impetus, a German sitting and guiding it, and run up to the very platform where the goods-train engine was coupling trucks of wood for Hull.

Were we not in the war up against a clever nation? a hard-working, thrifty and most intelligent race? The wonder is that we ever won the war. Germany cares for forestry; trains many men to it; plants forests on every mountain and hill-side; and has classes for teaching scientific Afforestation such as we now at last have got in order to send out our students to this work on the vast and valuable Himalayas.

The Canadian forests are rapidly getting done. Norway and Sweden are nearly bare. The world will soon be sending to Siberia for its firs; and the Bolshevist will make his bargain stiffer. Yet in Scotland we have thousands of square miles waiting for afforestation, and no one is planting. Ross-shire and Banffshire are rapidly getting denuded of their lovely dark firs, and green tasselled larches. When shall we learn the lesson? and be wise enough to give employment by afforestation all over the Grampian range and the Ochils?

There are thousands of miles on Speyside, Deeside,

and Donside now bare, and full only of stumps, which I can remember fifty years ago were dark with woods, and rich in all the firs. The lairds are groaning under over-taxation of land and have to sell. Planting is very expensive, and gives no return for fifty years, and your grandson gets the profit, and who can tell what he may be? If the Government helps houses to be built, they must also help trees to be planted. Houses cannot be built if wood is not to be found nearer than Siberia or the Andes.

CHAPTER XX.

BANFF AND ITS HISTORY.

ONE'S first parish is always one's first love. For me the first love has never waned, and still remains. It is, as I write, fifty-five years and six months since I crossed the Bridge of Banff and became Minister of the parish by ordination.

Not one of the kind brethren who took part in my ordination is now alive. They were a most brotherly Presbytery, and never once did any quarrel, during those fifty-two years I was among them, disturb their peace.

My dear friend James Buchanan (afterwards of Langholm) soon entered it as Minister of Rathven. And we two did move certain motions in regard to the conduct of the business, which simply brought the Presbytery into line with the Standing Orders of the General Assembly. We further insisted that all answers to queries by the Assembly be read out in our hearing since the Presbytery on that occasion "was rightly discharging its Episcopal function." The phrase was ancient and in strict accordance with law and tradition; but the older men did not like it; and we were for a time spoken of by our cynical and humorous clerk as "young Scotland." It was but natural. We bore it with no grudge, and the dear

old clerk, Revd. James Wilson of Enzie, remained our very best friend.

He had a most hearty hatred of "innovations." We proposed that the students of Divinity should no longer be examined on the old and antiquated book known as "Hill's Theology," but that Dr. Hodge's new volumes instead be set for examination. It was carried with difficulty, and I promised to send our old friend the volumes that he might peruse them. He assented, and six months after asked me to assist him at his Communion, and then told me of the delight he had got from the study of Hodge. He had never dreamed that such able and up-to-date teaching could come from America.

We had quoted, in defence of our motion, the high commendation by Professor Flint of Hodge's volumes to his students. But then, who was Dr. Flint? The clerk held by Professor Hill's theology. "It had stood for fifty years, and it would stand, he believed, for fifty more." It was very brave of him to defend his old friend Dr. Hill. But the perusal of Hodge quite softened his asperity. And to-day Hodge himself is quite antiquated.

His dislike for innovations had for him a tragic result. The Revd. James Cooper (latterly Professor Cooper) had some difficulties with his elders in the East Church of Aberdeen over the dispensation of the Sacraments. The elders appealed the matter to the Synod, and in discussing it among ourselves "Young Scotland," as we were called in fun, took Mr. Cooper's side.

To the Synod Mr. Wilson insisted on going in order to vote against these "horrible innovations." His wife pleaded with him not to risk the excitement in his old age and delicate state of health. But go he would. Knowing his excited state of mind, I placed myself beside him in the West Church of Aberdeen.

The prolonged debate went on from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. I begged him to go out with me to get food; but he declined in the fear that the vote would come on in his absence. It came at last. He stood up to vote in favour of the appeal and against Mr. Cooper, and as the Clerk of Court was counting the votes he suddenly dropped down in a fit of paralysis.

We got him carried to his hotel, and a doctor summoned, and in a few days he was driven home. But the end soon came, and our good clerk, much beloved by us all, left us. He was a fine specimen of the old type of parish minister. The personal equation bulked largely in his life, and accounted for his influence. To-day he would be out-of-date. But every age has its own type, and the religious life runs into many different moulds. Every type is good if it be true to temperament and to character. And it always determines the value of a man for the times he lives in.

Banff is a parish with a Royal Burgh, and a considerable landward portion attached. The burgh has a long and historic past, dating from 1057, and Malcolm Canmore had a residence in its royal castle. So had David I.; and Edward I. paid it several visits. In that old castle the ruined walls of which still stand, was born in later times James Sharpe, better known as the Archbishop of Scotland. He had been minister of Crail and Professor of Theology in St. Andrews while Presbytery was the lawful form of Church Government; but he had gone up to London, and won favour at the Court of Charles the Second, and came back Archbishop under the newly established Episcopal Order. His father was Sheriff of Banff, and the family tombstone, now well restored by a descendant, stands in the old churchyard.

Near this churchyard, in which a south transept of the pre-Reformation church still stands forming the burying place of Lord Banff, stood once a monastery

of the order of Carmelite Friars. King Robert the Bruce had granted the grounds in 1324 "to the Blessed Virgin and the Brothers of Mount Carmel for planting a church there." The monastery was, at the Reformation, burned down; the White Friars ceased to worship; and the land came into the hands of Lord Banff, a title now extinct. But we hope it may yet be revived for the legal descendants.

We can still show our friends the old Plough Inn where Boswell and Dr. Johnson spent a night in 1773; and which Burns also visited in 1787. His song, "Macpherson's Farewell," about a noted freebooter executed in Banff, was the outcome of the visit of the Ayrshire poet. We are very pleased to remember that the Lord Fife of his day had Burns down to breakfast and that the latter went away with kindly thoughts of the place and people.

Not only so; but some ten years thereafter, young Lord Byron made the Manse of Banff his residence. The old Manse still stands, and is occupied by several tenants. In one of its rooms is shown the recess in which the bed stood where Byron slept. The wife of the then minister was a relative of the Gordons of Gight; and Byron's mother was Catherine Gordon, heiress of Gight, while the poet's own name was George Gordon Byron.

The poet at that time was a pupil in the Grammar School of Aberdeen. I still remember the intense interest with which, when I entered the highest class there, I sat at first at a long desk on which G. G. B.'s initials were deeply cut with his penknife. That desk is still preserved in the new Grammar School, built in 1863, and to which we boys had then to migrate.

It was during the summer holidays that Byron's mother brought him to the Manse of Banff, so that probably for four or five weeks the poet may have worshipped in the parish church, and played with

children in the burgh streets. Rumour has it that an old Jargonelle pear tree in the Manse garden, which was destroyed in a wild gale shortly after I came to own the Manse, was one which Byron delighted to climb up and rest among its branches enjoying its luscious fruit.

The history of the Burgh and of the church was written in two large volumes by my old friend and classfellow, Dr. William Cramond of Cullen. They appeared in the handsome binding of the New Spalding Club, patronised liberally by Queen Victoria. Volume I. is concerned wholly with the history of the Burgh.

Dr. Cramond, a distinguished classical scholar at Aberdeen, became schoolmaster at Cullen. But he was a born antiquarian, and everything old or ancient had a perfect fascination for him. He first began with our Presbytery Records, and with their aid published separately the church history of every one of our twelve parishes. They sold separately, bound in paper covers, and scarcely paid him the printers' costs.

Then came " The Annals of Banff " in two large quarto volumes of over 500 pages each, with dozens of expensive plates. The New Spalding Club secured the sale to its members of these at a guinea each. They sold well, and repaid his expenses at least, but gave little for the enormous labour of seven or eight years involved. But to him the work was its own reward.

Being tied up seven hours a day at school work, he came to Banff every Saturday, spending much time on the first volume in the Town Council Chambers and in Duff House Monument Room, to which the Earl of Fife gave free access for his research work.

When at the second volume on the Schools and Church and Churchyard, many a Saturday did I spend with him getting a correct transcript (mainly by rubbings) of all the inscriptions on the old gravestones. We began with the Lord Banff transept, and found

Walter Ogilvie of Dunlugas, obiit anno 1557, and his spouce, Alison Hume, lie there. The Lord Seafields and the Abercrombys of Forglen are his descendants or relations by marriage.

In the course of the year or year and a half, with some help of chisels and of rubbings, Dr. Cramond got 568 stones copied at length into the volume, of which they fill 77 pages of very close print. It was a monumental labour of love. I often wondered at his enthusiastic perseverance in it, wet day and dry day alike. His splendid memory never lost grip of one of those 568 family names and histories.

If ever I met a specialist, Dr. Cramond was one. Whatever subject opened the talk, when we met, in two minutes he had us on to the history of Banff, or of some one who had to do with Banff.

In his delightful book the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" pourtrays one member who sat at it silently, and dubs him "the Scarabee." But one day they mentioned beetles, and to their astonishment the silent Scarabee woke up, keenly plunged into the conversation, and could not be stopped for an hour.

In that quaint figure Wendell Holmes gave us the microscopic portrait of the specialist. Specialism, however, is now coming, with the enormous widening of Science, to be a necessity. More especially is it so in History. One century is now enough for any one man to pretend to know. In a certain degree, in Theology, in Psychology, in Politics and History, we are all victims of this mental myopia. It is the price my friend Dr. Cramond paid for this division of labour. But he cut his splendid life short by his overwork in local historical studies. His Spalding Club volumes remain his best monument. We had been friends from boyhood in Kincardineshire, and I missed very much his frequent inspiring visits and uplifting talk.

Only once did we differ keenly; and it arose over a casual remark of mine—" Your interest, Cramond, is in the past: mine is much more in the future." It touched some quick chord within him, and he affirmed I could not really know what it was to be patriotic.

I quoted Ruskin against him—" Patriotism is a prejudice founded on our extended selfishness," and also Herbert Spencer's definition—" a reflex egoism," saying at the same time that I thought both definitions were exaggerated.

He was surprised and even pained. They ran so contrary to his own fine patriotic feelings. " No; quite untrue. Aren't you a Bruce; don't you think often of Bannockburn. I just dwell on it, and all the time ever since. I wish I had lived then, and not in the present degenerate dull times." That feeling was inborn. Everything of the old times was so dear to him.

When I ventured to add that as the minister of the parish of Banff I had my Bannockburn to fight every day against the devil of drunkenness and of immorality, he said he could never have been a minister, but that as a schoolmaster, he had daily a delightful hour in teaching his history classes. Into that work he poured his whole soul. And after school hours he would sit, surrounded by histories and old manuscripts, and seldom would go to rest until one o'clock in the morning. Seven hours in school, and seven hours at history. Such was his daily darg.

He confessed to me that on Sunday, when sitting in the fine old historic church of Cullen, the history of which was his first venture in print, he could not attend much to the sermon as his eyes caught the many fine monuments to Seafields and others that adorn its walls. " Once I get a sight of the Seafields, the sermon goes; and I can't help it: the Lord forgive me. I am so constituted, I can't do otherwise."

I urged him to travel and see the Continent, and said it had opened my eyes so much to have had a session at a German University. The only answer was, " No ! No. I haven't yet seen the one half of Scotland."

When he went to Edinburgh (I think it was as an elder to the General Assembly) he never left the famous " royal mile " between Holyrood Palace and the old Castle. He lived all day in the old stairs and closes, which Walter Scott loved so much, and in John Knox's house, sitting much in its rooms. These he found far more interesting than Assembly debates.

He did visit the " Scotsman " buildings. But at that time they were within the royal mile, and occupied a large part of a famous close. And he was not there over five minutes when he offered them articles on historical themes; many of which appeared in large type, with nothing but " C " at the end. Few, but the editor and myself, knew that they came from the Schoolhouse of Cullen.

Not a few articles at the end of his life were on the lessening Birth Rate, with far back investigations on the question. These helped much to initiate and give added interest to the new Science of Eugenics. Cramond foresaw its value to the Biological sciences ; and that gave fresh zeal to his search among old Kirk Session Records where alone births and baptisms were then registered. Dean Inge saw these investigations, and himself started on the same eugenic line; but his eye is wholly on the future, not on the past.

In his *Outspoken Essays*, the learned Dean affirms we greatly need " the creation of a new Social Conscience. I had almost said we imperatively require a new Social Ethics, if civilisation is to escape utter disaster. The conversion or enlightenment of public opinion would be a great help to the science of genetics." The low birth-rate of to-day—a three

children average as against eight of olden times—he is convinced will soon end in a deterioration of the race, and the destruction of its vigour, in fact it is a proof of these already existing; the low birth-rate is rather the effect than the cause. Russia and Germany with high birth-rates will go to the front. France and Sweden and Britain must go to the rear. That question drove my friend Cramond to dive deep into Kirk Session Records. He was living in them and writing on this subject up to the beginning of his fatal illness.

CHAPTER XXI.

BANFF SCHOOLMASTERS—DR. RAMSAY—HENRY DRUMMOND—MOODY AND SANKEY.

WHEN I arrived in Banff, the Scottish Education Act of Lord Advocate Young was about to come into operation. But for some time the old parochial schools were carried on, and I found them very efficient. The iron hand of the Department had not pressed upon them ; and each teacher's personality had room to show itself.

Banffshire, with handsome endowments of the Dick Bequest to augment salaries, had always secured Masters of Arts for its parish schools. The result was that nearly every one sent its quota of students to Aberdeen University, and a high standard of education was maintained. It was Sir Henry Craik who said that Scotland was the best educated country in the world, and that Banffshire and Aberdeenshire were the best educated counties in Scotland.

I had the great privilege of knowing some of the best of these fine old parochial teachers. One of the foremost was Mr. James Grant (afterwards Dr. Grant). Banff had an Academy with an excellent Rector, Mr. Hunter, very literary and a co-worker with Dr. Annandale on Blackie's Dictionary, then being greatly enlarged.

But the parish school, four miles out in the landward

part, was still subject to the examination of the Presbytery, and I had, in their name, to be acquainted with its progress. Mr. Grant was a born teacher, like Dr. Smith of Keig, already referred to. He simply loved every pupil, and saw in him a future Hampden, or Cromwell, or Wallace.

Students from every parish near flocked to him; and that tiny school and schoolhouse became a centre of light and learning. Out of eighty pupils he would have twelve to fifteen preparing for the University, and its great Bursary Competition. The grand schools and schoolhouses of to-day were then unknown. That little Hilton school had only one small sideroom in which Dr. Grant taught his advanced students. An hour before school met and an hour after it closed he devoted to advanced classes in Mathematics and English. He spared no toil, for the love of teaching was with him supreme. There was no corporal punishment in that school: love drew all together; and if any boy or girl did not care to learn, he would ask their parents to put them to work, and keep them at home.

Where he could discern talent or even the love of learning, every encouragement was given; and books were lent or bestowed as a reward for diligence. He grudged no money out of his poor salary and small fees, if only they would rise to the higher subjects. If he scolded at times, it sprung out of his deep disappointment at seeing laziness or lack of appreciation of the high subjects. His purse was ever open to help the poor persevering lad and the clever girl,

> "And if severe in aught,
> The love he had to learning was in fault."

To-day I know of many ministers, professors, lawyers, doctors, and eminent literateurs and M.P.'s. who got their inspiration from James Grant. Afterwards he

went from Banff to Keith, and there his University crowned his noble career with the well-earned degree of LL.D. He lived and died a poor man.

In Banff he became an elder with us. Though four miles from church, I never knew him, when in health, to be absent from the service. He visited the members of the Church in the part of the landward parish assigned to him; and often with them, and at the bedside of the sick, read the Bible and offered prayer.

Another of the grand old parochials whom I came to know was Mr. John Minto of Clatt. For a few shillings per quarter his pupils got instruction in the highest Classics, French and Mathematics. I spent a day with him once, and found him and his sister full of sympathy with all the highest aims and ideals, and well read in modern literature. His nephew, trained by him, became the well-known Professor Minto, successor in the Chair of Logic to Professor Bain.

After some changes in our Banff Academy, we got one of these same splendid old parochials as our Rector—Dr. John Wilson. At Lumsden he had been Sir William Robertson Nicoll's teacher, who never forgot, when he came to visit me in Banff, to call and thank Dr. Wilson for his inspiring help to himself when a boy.

For many years he laboured in Banff, and sent scores to the University. My own boys went up to its gates straight from Banff Academy. Among his pupils were ministers, doctors, generals, and governors of colonies; who, to his death, kept up correspondence with him. His portrait has been given to us with a very loving hand in the famous " Dominie " of Ian Maclaren of Drumtochty.

One of the best moral and social influences in Banff, both then and to-day, was the *Banffshire Journal*. It has always occupied a high place among provincial newspapers. It had then for Editor one who had much

furthered my interests with the patron, Lord Seafield, in filling the vacant charge, and who on to his death was in the Kirk Session guide, philosopher and friend —Alexander Ramsay, LL.D.

I am certain that Dr. Ramsay did more than any other single person in Banffshire to promote good friendship in the community and to abolish political partisanship. He and ex-Provost Duncan wrought together for this end in the Town Council, in the Kirk Session, and in all Church matters. The bitter spirit engendered in 1843 soon died out and a fine spirit of brotherhood took its place.

This was helped by the visit to Banff in 1874 of the famous American evangelists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey. With this movement these two Provosts heartily sympathised, and it was so conducted that while the services for the eight days were carried on in the Parish Church, every other minister took part. For months before there had been great interest in religion. The churches were every Sunday filled ; Bible classes overflowed, and many young people visited the Manse of an evening, and desired talk on spiritual matters. The arrival of the Evangelists brought this to a head. We had a most wonderful week in Banff of crowded services: the forenoon week-day one in the Free Church, conducted by Mr. Sankey; the evening one in the Parish Church, conducted by Mr. Moody; some 800 at the former and 2000 crushed into the latter.

From all towns and villages around they came; and every hotel and lodging-house was occupied. Fishermen came from Buckie and Fraserburgh, and slept in their boats by night. Ladies and gentlemen in considerable numbers came over the two week-ends from Aberdeen, Elgin, Nairn and Inverness.

Mr. Moody promised to come here " for a rest ", after a very strenuous term in Dundee and Aberdeen.

He felt even the daily evening service too much, and sent for my friend, Revd. George Wilson of the Tolbooth, to come and assist. Wilson I had married to his wife three weeks before, but he kindly ended his honeymoon and came; and with his great tact and wisdom conducted the large after-meetings in such a way that no excesses of any kind took place.

The result of this Mission was wholly for good. The Churches were united by new bonds. A common meeting for prayer was begun on Sunday evening in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, and went on for many years.

I have testimony from many of the good effects of that work. Not long ago at Crieff Hydro, a Member of Parliament shook hands and said, " I daresay you won't recognise me, Doctor Bruce, but I recognise you. In 1874 I was a big lad and went to Banff with my mother from Aberdeen to hear Moody and Sankey in your church, and remember you as a very young man taking part. It gave a new turn to my life. I joined my father's business and then went to London, and have been successful in trade, and now represent an English Constituency. I am delighted to see you. It recalls very happy times to me."

Many such testimonies to the good done have I got from young men and women in all parts of Britain, of the United States, Canada, and South Africa. That movement sent many to the Christian Ministry and to Foreign Missions. I could count them by the score. On one occasion I heard a similar testimony from Professor Charteris, and later still a remarkable one from Dr. Wallace Williamson. The latter frankly said it on the floor of our General Assembly.

Mr. Moody I found a man of intellectual ability, very straight-forward and sincere, and against all unnecessary display of feeling. In what was called the Inquiry Room, my vestry and hall, he read character very quickly and correctly. I knew them

as he did not; but he never made a mistake. He knew the temperaments as well as any of our new psychologists, and made wise allowance for them. The pretender he quickly detected; the sincere he never once sent empty away. I coveted his skill in discovering character, and in giving the right help to each person.

Moody was manly in every sense of the word. His well-knit muscular frame and burly appearance suggested a vocation at farming or on board ship, where, like Caesar, he would at once be chosen as captain. He was alive in every fibre of his frame; and yet of the very tenderest feeling and susceptibility. This most unusual combination of qualities fitted him exactly for the part he had to play. His powers of physical endurance were kept on the stretch for weeks on end. His sympathy and spiritual guidance were every night asked up to late hours. And during the day, dozens called upon him for help and counsel.

Mr. Sankey was skilled in this delicate work also. But it was as a singer of hymns that he excelled. In that line he was supreme. I have never, after hearing Patti and many prima donnas, and Sims Reeves and others, heard his equal in moving the heart through the ear. On the first Sunday evening Mr. Moody was outside in Lord Fife's park with a choir and an audience of fifteen thousand. But I had my six o'clock service as usual in the Church; and when it was known Mr. Sankey was to use his harmonium and sing a few solos, we had a crowded congregation.

To comply with the Church's Order, I opened with a short prayer, and very brief exposition off-hand (I had no time to prepare an address) of one of the Beatitudes on hungering and thirsting after righteousness; and then just said, " Mr. Sankey will now sing this same Gospel."

He choose a hymn little known; but his pronuncia-

tion was so perfect that every word of it told. It was the hymn,

"I have entered the Valley of Blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there,
And His Spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
And His perfect love casteth out fear.

O come to this Valley of Blessing so sweet."

I have never, I say it carefully, seen an impression on a large audience like it. Twice I have seen a huge gathering all but "go to pieces": the first time in Glasgow City Hall under a thrilling speech by Dr. Norman Macleod; the second time under Dr. Wallace Williamson and Dr. Macgregor of St. Cuthberts in Aberdeen during the Disestablishment Campaign in 1894. They gave way, yet held together, and one could see the teeth grip and the lips compress and the eyes get suffused in men and women alike.

But here, Mr. Sankey's appeal was religious, and came home more to personal emotion and conviction. The sweetness of the fine baritone voice, combined with a certain manliness of tone and look (he had a very good face and splendid eyes) simply overpowered the people. My choir broke down and could not sing the next paraphrase. The whole congregation were so subdued that we called on two members to offer up short petitions, and then Mr. Sankey sang his second solo,

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay,
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the Gates of Gold.
Away on the mountains cold and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care."

I would not call the effect electric; but I never in my life saw a congregation so swayed and moved, like a field of corn beneath a breeze of wind, to a man's

voice. Every head was bowed. No one looked up. We remained for five minutes in silent prayer, and then recovered ourselves, and after the benediction quietly separated.

My whole choir that night gave their hearts to God. Over eighty young men and women, as I afterwards learned authoritatively, were won to Christ. At any rate they then got the start, and they held on their way.

And best of all, the converts of that movement stood. The work was deep: it was rooted in clear conviction and intelligent grip. But I am confident more was done by Sankey than by Moody. I say it here because I have never seen any others give such evidence. My wife and her sister were present that night sitting beside Sankey, and their opinion confirmed my own.

I repeat that of all the great soloists whom I have heard, none approached the American evangelist in the power of elevating the mind with the loftiest thoughts and winning the emotions by the most inspiring appeals.

My friend of previous years, Henry Drummond, within a week, followed the Evangelist. At their request he had given up his Theological studies to devote himself to consolidating their work, and more especially to form Young Men's Christian Associations.

He remained in Banff for a fortnight, and was with me daily. Night after night we got the young men together, the more easily that a Y.M.C.A. already existed and owned a hall.

As might be expected, he built them up into manly Christians. They greatly profited by his fine zeal and his excellent ethical teaching. "Don't forget the sermon on the Mount," he would say, "nor think it unmanly to be poor in spirit and pure in heart. And be sure it will do you a world of good if you have to endure a little persecution for Christ's sake."

He was fond of Ruskin, and we got many of that

man's wise sayings. " I do not wonder at what men suffer (says Ruskin) but I wonder often at what they lose." They suffered in circumstances, yet threw away the hope of Heaven as if it were nothing, and " remained carnally minded—which was death." On this last he dwelt with great emphasis, and brought Biology to its explanation of it. What was Life? The continuous adjustment of internal to external relations. Every young fellow must learn to be " in correspondence with his environment," the fresh air, the sunshine, the society around, the world of business, if he is to live and get a living. Still more with God, to keep up contact and correspondence with Whom alone was to live.

He illustrated splendidly: a deaf man was out of correspondence with a large part of his environment; a blind man with still more, he was still further " dead." If cerebral disease seized him, to still more was he " dead." There was the world of spiritual environment. With how much of it were they in correspondence? Only a segment? Then poor Christians. With the whole? Then perfect Christians. With no part? Then dead in trespasses and sins, just negations, creatures of nescience. Religion said it and so did Science.

It was powerful pleading to the intellect, and it reached the heart too. For Henry Drummond's whole tone and character enforced every word. Another address on Spiritual Paralysis had immense effect. A nerve deadened to numbness was pictured; a heart with no nerves going up to God, the brain and mind of the whole world; a moral paralytic; a useless, moribund, pitiable creature! It thrilled us. Henry Drummond was so thoroughly unlike Moody. Yet in such close sympathy, that he reached and won many whom the Evangelist had not moved.

One could understand from these talks the approach

his mind was making to the theory which not many years afterwards was expounded in Drummond's famous book, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." We had in Banff heard only of Natural laws as having merely an illustrative function in Religion. But the continuity of Natural Law right through the whole Spiritual World was another thing. That there is analogy of a close kind between the two worlds, and a Degeneracy and a Parasitism and Biogenesis in both, is very true. But Analogy it remains and no more. Yet most helpful it proved to us in Drummond's hands. He took us every night into unsurveyed lands, and made religion to us a very real part of God's Great World.

If ever I met one who was a gentleman in the best and finest sense of the word, it was Henry Drummond. He was very careful of dress; his accent was excellent; his face was charming with all his features well cut; and his manner very winning. Take him all in all he was a perfect Christian gentleman.

CHAPTER XXII.

ROBERTSON SMITH CASE AND THE THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

In 1873 the General Assembly, of which I was for the first time a member, petitioned Parliament for the Abolition of Patronage. Though a patron's man, I voted with the majority for Dr. Pirie's motion. The debate was a full-dress one, with speeches of much eloquence and of great length, such as we scarcely ever hear to-day. The vote was not taken till midnight, and was decisive.

Next year, in 1874, Disraeli had no sooner entered on his second Premiership than he got an Act passed abolishing Patronage in the Church of Scotland, and giving the power of appointment to the enrolled communicants. Year after year appeals had gone up to the Assembly under the power of the Veto Act. They involved painful inquiries into the merits of candidates, their character, their voice and elocution and diction ; and every one was glad to be done with these dismal cases. The right to choose may be abused by the people no less than by the patron. But the liberty to elect was thoroughly in accordance with the spirit of the age, and without doubt it has added greatly to the popularity of the National Church. Some day the Church of England also will claim the same privilege.

In 1875 and 1876 Church life was quiet and progressive; when suddenly, like a bolt from the blue

summer sky, arose the Robertson Smith Case. My friend of Keig Manse had been for three years the very able and popular Professor of Hebrew in the Aberdeen Free Church College, and often did I meet him at the General Council of the University. There he made, against Professor Bain, a most brilliant speech in favour of Greek being still one of the compulsory subjects of the seven required for the M.A. Degree.

His article "Bible" in the Encyclopædia Britannica, a brief account of the now well-known historical facts as to the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, aroused suspicion as to his orthodoxy, and in 1876 the Free Church Assembly appointed a Committee to investigate it and report. The report in 1877 was that they found no ground for a heresy prosecution, yet viewed with alarm the "unsettling tendency" of the article "Bible".

The Presbytery of Aberdeen were not pleased with this deliverance, and themselves instituted a process. The Press reported the discussions for three long years, and the whole Churches of Christendom looked on. The young Professor exhibited very great debating talents both in Presbytery and Assembly; for every year it was appealed to Edinburgh.

At last in the Assembly of 1880, the final appeal came up before a very full house of over 600 members. Many of us young ministers from the Church of Scotland Assembly attended the whole debates. In going up to our Assembly I met at Aberdeen station the father and mother of the Professor. In a moment came the question, "Well, William, what do you think of Willie's case?" To Dr. Smith in his old age we were still boys, and liked to be so treated by him. Both parents were pleased to find I was in sympathy with them, and had studied the whole case on its merits. The mother, so like a mother, said she had

cautioned " Willie " to be very polite in all his speech, and very cautious in his replies at the Assembly, for she sat in the gallery and heard whispers from both friends and enemies. The speeches of Dr. Begg against the appeal, and of Dr. Rainy in favour of it, were such as one cannot forget. The former had a very fine *ore rotundo* style ; the latter was most luminous and learned and thoroughly acquainted with the subject matter in question. By a small majority of seven the Professor was acquitted of the charge.

Great was the rejoicing among the younger men, and especially among us who had known William Robertson Smith from boyhood. But the matter was not ended after all. A fresh article, written many months before (and unfortunately sent to the Editor who hurried it out to make his Encyclopaedia sell and go over the world, as it did in thousands) came out just as the Assembly was rising. It was on Hebrew Language and Literature, and, if I remember rightly, the Commission of Assembly in July forbade Professor Smith to resume his teaching from the Chair till the following winter. This seemed to prejudice the case, but Dr. Rainy deemed it necessary in order to preserve the peace of the Church.

No new heresy was found in this fresh article; but feeling got very embittered and the whole subject was discussed *de novo* at the Assembly of 1881. Again we younger ministers went " over the way " and sat in the gallery of the hall. The eloquent speeches of 1880 were not repeated. Dr. Rainy deserted Smith, and with much of the tact and cleverness of a powerful leader moved a motion that, without any trial or process, since he had lost the confidence of the Church as a Professor, he should be removed from his Chair.

Dr. Begg had said he trembled for the Ark of God, and, therefore, for once he agreed with Dr. Rainy. Robertson Smith was allowed to speak, and that most

brilliant speech of over an hour and a half I shall never forget. They dismissed him from his Chair without any trial of the merits of the case, and offered him his salary for life. " He threw their money back in their face, and would not take a penny he did not earn. Dr. Begg had said he trembled for the Ark of God. Who was it of the Judges in the Old Testament that trembled for the Ark of God? It was a worldly-minded ecclesiastic Eli, who could not even train up his own family aright."

This was said instantly on the spur of the moment, and evoked much cheering from the galleries. We all knew that Dr. Begg was very fond of money, and had got large investments in different kinds of business in Edinburgh. And further, his son Walter Bentley, while the father denounced theatres and operas, had joined a theatrical company and become a remarkably good actor.

His sister defended Walter against the father's harsh judgments, but only to produce the astonishing rejoinder that she must herself be a child of the devil. She had the cleverness of the family, and instantly rejoined, " Then good morning, dear papa."

At the request of many laymen throughout Scotland, Professor Smith for the next two winters delivered, first in Edinburgh and then in Glasgow, two series of very able lectures, published in the now well-known volumes, " The Old Testament in the Jewish Church," and " The Prophets of Israel."

Soon he became, at a handsome salary, Editor of the " Encyclopaedia Britannica," and in 1883 was made Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, and afterwards Librarian and a fellow of Jesus' College.

At Cambridge his friends multiplied, and among them were the men of highest distinction and scholarship. Professor Bryce was one of the most intimate;

Lord Rayleigh, Professor Henry Sidgwick, Mr. A. J. Balfour, and Mr. George Wyndham, came to know him and count him one of themselves.

In 1894 he went for change of air to Lowestoft, and was informed before going by his Cambridge doctor of the formation of a " small abscess " near the spine. It was the beginning of deep seated tuberculosis, of which his brother George and his sister had died. He lingered through the winter, but on March 30th the end came.

We buried him in Keig Churchyard within sound of the rushing Don. Father and mother, brothers and sisters, all now lie there. I had gone to Cambridge in November, and hoped my friend Robert Neil, also his intimate friend, would secure me an interview. But by this time he was often talking incoherently, and we never again met.

Yet through the mist of many years, I can still recall the slight eager figure, the restless quick motions, the jumping up from his chair to walk and talk in the room more freely, the rapid utterance, the bright and beautiful eyes, and the unceasing flow of full information on every possible topic, art and literature, and theology, questions of ethics and science, old and rare and modern, and their bearing on present day life, all with the assurance of a thorough scholar and at the same time of the guileless heart of a little child.

I never met such versatility in conversation, nor such power of producing at a moment and making use of the copious stores of his learning on any subject we introduced at table. At a dinner in Aberdeen, and again at the Manse of Old Deer, he was appealed to, on what Sir George Reid, his artist friend, called the Omniscience, and his being himself the " Encyclopædia Britannica." With quick and bright repartee he confessed he might almost claim to be such, because he had closely read and examined and " passed "

every single contribution to that Encyclopædia's Ninth Edition.

He had a genius for friendship, and a great power of attracting, and of keeping, the friends of his youth. Through all the forty-nine years of his life, he never lost nor forgot one. In this respect he was his father's son. In both of them there was really the same attractive flavour of culture and the deep instinctive love of friendship.

The Robertson Smith Case, it is needless to say, awoke all our minds to the immense importance of Old Testament subjects. No doubt much of the fighting in Presbytery and Assembly had been merely gladiatorial, and not much was done in these quarters to evoke the truth as to the Old Testament itself. But Smith's two volumes had now been published, and were in our hands. The desire of many of my clerical neighbours was to pursue these studies in a systematic manner, and to discuss them in some social way.

Accordingly our Theological Society came into existence in 1878. It was opened by a paper on Biblical Theology, which I had partly written eight years before in Tübingen. Biblical Theology turned away from the Systematic Theology of Hodge and Hill to discover what each portion and writer of the Bible taught. In consequence, we had the Theology of Mosaism, of the Wisdom Literature, of the Prophets, of the Evangelists, of St. John and of St. Paul and St. James. It was genetic and progressive. It was a development through a series of ascending forms, each one evolving out of the other. There were two parallel lines of growth: a progressive revealing of God's purpose and love from Genesis to Revelation, and a progressive comprehension of this by man, and his transformation by it into Godlikeness.

Simple and orthodox as this seems to us now, it startled several of the older brethren. They could

not make out how there could be a Pauline as distinct from a Johannine Theology. Theology in the old sense was a general view of the whole teaching of Old and New Testament under one aspect; and they had not dreamed it could be divided and healthily viewed in its historical parts.

They did not like the statement of my scholarly neighbour, the then minister of King Edward, that we were all preaching the Pauline Theology of the Epistle to the Romans just because it had captured Luther and the Reformers by its doctrine, so suitable to that time, of Justification by Faith. Dr. Gray of Auchterless backed this statement strongly by asserting that he had once done so also, but had now filled out St. Paul's teaching by St. John's, and his favourite texts were not from the 8th of Romans, but from the 15th of St. John. Johannine Theology was more to his taste than Pauline.

Dr. Milne of Fyvie and others wholly differed, and stood by Reformation Theology and St. Paul. So keen was the discussion that feeling was roused, and two of the old members left us. They said we had got "infected" by Robertson Smith. They could not see that the distinction between the Theology of Jesus and that of the Apostles was the fruit of a sounder view of inspiration.

From the standpoint of the mechanical view, that the Spirit inspired and dictated every word, and that the writer's personality was lost in the inbreathed Spirit, it was a matter of indifference whether a text was quoted from the Old Testament or the New, whether it came from the lips of Jesus Himself or from St. Paul who had never companied with Him. They did not see that Biblical Theology, with the help of Exegesis, first does its work; and then hands it over to Dogmatics to work it into a complete system of Theology. In course of time they all came to see

and apprehend this truth, and we had perfect agreement. To-day, in the Divinity Halls, Biblical is always taught in the first session, and Systematic Theology afterwards.

With the exception of a short break in the beginning of this century, our Theological Society of the North East has gone on continually since 1878. It has usually met at Banff Manse, this being the best centre for three adjoining Presbyteries. Motor cars have recently much helped to maintain a good membership. Within the last six years ladies have joined it, and at least four have given papers. A visit of one to Palestine, with close examination of historical sites was one; and others have been on the great Saints of the Church. Papers on Exegetical and historical Theology, on the Science of Religions, Buddhism, Taoism, Christian Ethics and Economics, and on many correlative subjects have given us opportunities of friendly discussion, and helped to maintain our interest in early College studies, so often forgotten or neglected in country parishes.

The difficulty of conducting such a society is always the painful lack of appropriate contributions. Not every member will supply a paper; and not every kind of paper fits such an association. We have always made its horizon as large as possible, and given to Theology its widest meaning. And it is a pleasure to state that the demand has somehow produced the supply. No man knows his equation until duty calls him to face his debt. And as every member is understood to be bound to give one paper, if possible once a year, the contribution has been made.

Of course outsiders have been called upon, and have most willingly responded. From Sutherlandshire and Nairn, from Morayshire, Banffshire and Aberdeenshire, the whole North East men of learning and ladies of culture have given us their help. They have brought

us assistance; and we think we may have given them encouragement. To many, the Society for those fifty years has been a centre of attraction and of uplift. It has stimulated the study of Scripture; it has cemented friendships; and it has been a strong bond of union to those who belong to different Churches in the North East of Scotland.

Strange to say, we have been criticised by some as Specialists, who would reduce scholarship to a water-tight compartment divorced from Art and Science and Literature. We do not admit the divorcement though admitting the Specialism. For all these are phases of one great theme, the practice and the art of living. And right living is impossible without religion, of which Theology is the Science.

As a consequence of this broad view, we have also sought papers on the Psychology of religion. For that deals with the Genesis of faith, and of all feelings generated in repentance and their external manifestations. When a man's mind puts itself into personal relations with God, a vital religious experience follows which ought to be examined and certified. Here Psychology co-works with Theology, and enquires whether it is a theory of normal growth or of sudden catastrophic conversion, or of both. Is it infectious ? and are Revivals part of its normal development ? All these topics have been discussed at great length by us, and have proved very useful and interesting. We have got much help and benefit by our Theological and Psychological talks.

There is one minister who was present at the first meeting and has attended every one during its existence—Revd. James McIntyre of Seafield. He is now ninety-five years of age, and was preaching up to his retirement, last July. Though not the father of the Church in point of years of ordained ministry, he is so in point of age. The " Theological " loves

him; for he is the soul of wit, not less than of kindness, and humour throws its glamour over every sentence he utters.

We all feel his winsomeness, and we all own his worth; and we are hopeful that his wonderful health may preserve him for many years yet to Banffshire and to our Theological Society.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BANFF FIELD CLUB—DUKE OF FIFE—CECIL RHODES—GEORGE MACDONALD.

ALONG with the Theological Society, another line of study at this time became very attractive. The Banffshire Field Club had been formed by a few of us, and Sheriff Scott Moncrieff became its enthusiastic President. It drew us to Geology and to Botany by its many excursions. The Revd. John Milne, Schoolmaster of King Edward, was thoroughly acquainted with the Geology of Banffshire, and to many " faults " in the rocks and to many fossils in the quarries did he guide us. Frequently also Dr. John Horne of the Geological Survey found time, amid his many duties, to help us; and his lectures proved very stimulating.

The best botanist was one whom I cannot name without a feeling of gratitude—John Yeats, M.A.—a graduate of Aberdeen University, who yet had so many irons in the fire that all his days he remained only a head clerk in a lawyer's office. He was everybody's friend, and guileless of all attempts to benefit himself. He was an early riser, and I often joined him at 6.30 in summer in search of the fauna and flora of the neighbourhood. We at first worked on the principle of Linnaeus, and with our microscope classified the plants accordingly. But the Professor of Botany in Aberdeen (Dr. Trail) brought his students out sometimes to join us in excursions on the sea cliffs,

and persuaded us to give up the old Linnaean classification depending on stamens and pistils which had become antiquated, and to adopt the newer system by which the Vegetable Kingdom is divided into three great classes of Dicotyledons, Monocotyledons and Acotyledons.

It cost us some effort to get acquainted with the new orders or tribes, and their genera and species, but we soon found its great benefit, and the ease it gave in discovering the seeds to be two lobes (or cotyledons) or one. Mr. Yeats and I ultimately went over many of the upper parishes of Banffshire, as far as Glenrinnes and Glenlivet; and when the British Association for the first time held its meeting in Aberdeen, we furnished for its Botany Section a list of the Flora of the County and their habitat in each locality.

In all historical matters Sheriff Scott Moncrieff gave us most efficient help. Papers on Scott's life and the localities of several of the Waverleys, on Charles Kingsley and his historical genius, and other such subjects came from his pen. And in all the summer excursions to places of note in Banffshire, he took a leading part.

He was also a very good friend to the Church, becoming Chairman of the Young Men's Guild, and teacher of the Senior Bible Class. Though the members of the church voted him into the eldership, he declined the post, finding it impossible to accept literally the Confession of Faith. We had not then got the new formula which simply, on the part of elders, declares approbation of the Confession and of Presbyterian Government.

Within a few months he and I got married, he to his own cousin and I to the Provost of Banff's daughter. We both found our " best blessings lie near to us," and not in the far off distance. We remained lifelong friends, despite his departure, first to Inverness, and

then Falkirk, and finally to Glasgow. Up to the close of his life he came to the General Assembly, and attended it along with another mutual friend, Sir James Balfour Paul, Lyon King at Arms since 1900, and son of the late Dr. John Paul of St. Cuthberts.

All through my ministry in Banff I found the General Assembly a very happy meeting place of old friends from all parts of Scotland. Like the old tribes of Israel, we travel up once a year to our Scottish Jerusalem, renew old friendships and make new acquaintances, and get to know the spirit and the ethos of the Church of to-day.

The Holyrood Palace Levees widen out this privilege and very much amplify our circle of acquaintance. For the ladies of the Manse are there; and the Garden Parties in the afternoons afford a still more free and easy manner of meeting with scores of people from other churches, who gladly accept the invitations of the Lord High Commissioner.

Whatever other department of State may function in the United Church of the future, I feel sure that the Lord High Commissioner will hold his place, and the Palace of Holyrood will still present its social attractiveness to the wives and daughters of the Manse.

In the early Eighties I had the pleasure of twice meeting one who was then distinguished alike in literature and in politics, Mr. Grant Duff of Eden. Being member for Elgin Burghs (a constituency now abolished) he made an annual statement at Elgin of the leading events of the year, and took a world-wide view of the Empire. Twice I met him in private and got my first conception of the fact—only then dawning on our minds—that we must now speak of Britain's Empire and no longer of England and her Colonies.

He was intimately acquainted with European politics, and illumined us with information about Germany, Austria, and Italy, but could not believe

that the war of 1914 would ever happen. A friend of Kingsley and Dean Stanley, he was a pronounced Broad Churchman, and made a close study of Renan's dangerous though fascinating idylls of Christianity. He knew Robert Chambers and his "Vestiges of Creation," which had then stirred many a ripple in the waters of the Churches.

Years before I had, when a tutor, met Mr. Chambers' family at Welvyn near Hatfield; and a daughter of his, Mrs. Tweedale, had taken the house of Balquholly, not far from Mr. Grant Duff's estate. She kindly came down to us for a day in Banff, and impressed us much by her great information and breadth of mind. It was at this time that her uncle, William Chambers, had undertaken the magnificient project of restoring St. Giles, and out of the three kirks which had settled down inside it and divided it into three portions, of making again, as it was at the Reformation, one grand Cathedral. St. Giles is a magnificent tribute to the clear foresight of William Chambers.

Mrs. Tweedale, through her father, had been acquainted, as well as Mr. Grant Duff, with the *literati* of London. She could tell us of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot and her *soi-disant* husband, George Henry Lewes. A bright galaxy of authoresses then adorned the literary firmament, of whom she spoke much. It was a period fertile in great minds and in men and women of genius.

One of the first lady authors we heard of, who wrote long before George Eliot, was a Miss Catherine Sinclair, daughter of Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster. She was one of seven daughters, all of them abnormally tall—said to be over six and a half feet each. The baronet of Ulbster used to boast of forty-six feet of daughters, and the pavement in front of his house in George Street, Edinburgh, rejoiced in the name of the Giants' Causeway.

About the same time I twice had the pleasure of meeting at Dr. Ramsay's house, that distinguished and most lovable of men, George Macdonald. Best known as a novelist, we had first heard of him as a Huntly man of letters, and a poet. I found his poems full of beauty and original thought, and was delighted to see the writer face to face. The big massive face crowned with grey hair, impressed us; and still more the very kindly voice and gentle, undemonstrative, manner of speech. Almost every year a new novel was coming out; and the fifteenth had just been published. In two of them the scene was clearly laid in Huntly and in Banff; and we read descriptions of our river, the Devron, and its valley with the greatest interest.

But even we, using and hearing daily the dialect of Aberdeenshire and Banff, thought that it sounded much less forceful to the ear in comparison with the classic Scotch of Burns and of Walter Scott. As a lecturer he excelled. He was the most interesting speaker on social topics in our student days when the Mechanics Institute of Aberdeen got him down every winter to speak upon our social needs and duties.

At that time Socialism had not got the Crown of the Causeway; and we deemed any sympathy with it dangerous. But George MacDonald made more clear to us the true elements of Christian Socialism, and convinced us that all property is held in fee for highest uses, and that we are but trustees of it, and that all trustees must render an exact account of their trust to their patrons.

He had the art of after-dinner talk. Every opportunity he seized of lifting the conversation up to high levels, and of presenting truth in its most attractive dress. His conversation made one think of the pages of his books; and his books were, what all popular books are, just a higher kind of conversation.

The largest heritor in Banff parish was then the

Earl of Fife. He owned nearly one half of it. His son, at first known as Lord Macduff, succeeded his father, and was Member of Parliament for Morayshire. I had the privilege of meeting him often at Duff House, and on one occasion he consulted me as to accepting the offer of the Lord High Commissionership to our General Assembly. Finally, for various reasons, he decided against acceptance of the high post.

Soon thereafter we heard whispers of a love affair between the Earl and the eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward). They were quickly confirmed by a visit paid by the Prince to Duff House, which he had not previously seen. In a few months the marriage took place, and the Earl on the following day was made by Queen Victoria Duke of Fife. Along with the Provost I had the pleasure of meeting at dinner the Duchess, and found her the simple, gentle, and modest lady she still is.

Year after year she returned to Banff: her dress always of the plainest, with an avoidance of display in everything. The bicycle with pneumatic tyres had then just come into vogue, and the Duke and Duchess daily took lessons in their policies. One day our eldest girl had occasion to go through these grounds on her bicycle, when the Duke stopped her to ask how she had learned to ride so well at the age of ten. Our boys and girls had taught each other very quickly. Alice could truthfully say she had learned to keep her seat in two days. The Duke made the wise remark that youth was the best time to learn both swimming and riding, and wished the bicycle had been invented when he was as young as she was, for he found it very difficult to keep his balance.

I can honestly say that at the dinners at Duff House I never heard either a cruel criticism or a commonplace remark. The Duke wanted to know all about

the parish and district, and especially as to how the farmers were thriving. He was ever gathering up information; and when satisfied in these points, he at once introduced subjects of the highest political or imperial interest.

A son-in-law to the King gets many State secrets, and must reveal none. Consequently when he went to the House of Lords he ceased to make speeches. It was to his loss and ours alike that the necessary silence was imposed upon him, for he was an excellent speaker, fluent and ready, and with a charming manner that captivated every audience.

In the later part of his life he devoted his attention largely to finance, and became the Chairman of Sir Samuel Scott's Bank. Endowed with good judgment, he foresaw the fall that was approaching in the value of land, and in the nineties he sold a large part of his estates in Scotland. At that time he would get twenty-three and twenty-four years' rent from the farmers as a purchase price. To-day the same land sells at fifteen or sixteen years rent. And he wisely invested in Canadian freeholds, where land is rising and not falling in value.

He interested himself also in the British South African Company, knowing Cecil Rhodes, of whom he had a very high opinion. He several times said that Rhodes was the most far-seeing man in England, in working so eargerly for the ultimate establishment of a federal South African Republic under the British flag, and for the tactful reconciliation of race prejudices between Dutch and English.

Rhodes to him simply meant Rhodesia, and that was the addition of many millions of square miles of inestimable future value to the British Empire, the equivalent in area of another Europe.

The Duke placed a great value on the conception of Empire. This was new to me at the time. He had

at first, as M.P. for Morayshire, been a follower of Mr. Gladstone. But when the latter asked, "What is the good of Colonies?" and thought we already had too many, the Duke thoroughly differed, and left his former leader.

That question really meant —What is the good of expansion? A grave misapprehension that. Expansion is life: contraction is death. Growth alone is the life of empire; and only when the State is extending itself is there safety for its citizens and room for its growing populations. "England is too much cramped with crowds," he would say. Such a dense population crushed into 120,000 square miles is not healthy. We need an ever wider empire, and the most stupid idea (then very prevalent) was that all who go to the Colonies are lost to England.

The Colonies are just an extended family; and we should use every means to keep up the family bond. That was one of the main reasons why the Duke sold land in Scotland and bought land in Canada. Had we recognised this 150 years sooner we had never lost our American Colonies, and the United States would have remained within the British Empire.

I think the Duke uttered the mind of King Edward, for on this subject he never tired of talking. We must give South Africa and Australia and Canada representation in Parliament. It was the only way to keep the Colonies bound to us within the Empire. People at home did not understand the firm determination of these lands to have part in the Government of the great English race. We must let the word "United Kingdom" go and think of the Empire; must speak imperially and think imperially and act imperially, and realise the reality of the British Empire and be prepared to meet the coming danger of the Yellow Peril.

Few in the nineties had foreseen all this. To-day

we know the danger, and we see the necessity of imperial bonds. Science has now come to our help, and ocean cables and the wireless easily unite us. Great Britain has become Greater Britain. She must become one great federation, and in her Parliament every race must have representation. We got all this at Duff House dinners in the early nineties.

The word duke is derived from the Latin dux, a leader. Not every duke is such; but in all that was worthy and efficient, the Duke of Fife led. Much as we valued his presence, we were not permitted to keep him long. He and his family were shipwrecked on the shore of Africa, opposite Gibraltar, through a mistake of the captain regarding the lighthouse. They got to land, the Duke wading from the ship and saving his wife and two daughters. But he never recovered the shock, and soon afterwards, away up the Nile, he died. His wish was to be buried on the banks of the Dee; and he lies in the Chapel at Mar Lodge, within sound of its rushing waters.

"Bury me not in Egypt,"
Towers of the Moslem gleam,
But my dying eyes seek Highland skies,
And the glint of a moorland stream,
Where the morning winds are blowing,
And the mists are lying low,
And the pibroch pipes me homeward,
To the crags my kinsmen know.

Bury me not in Egypt,
Not by the storied Nile,
On its age-long breast Kings take their rest,
But away in a cold grey isle,
There's a river that's calling, calling,
There is dust that is kin to me,
And it's there I'd sleep my children,
On the banks beside the Dee."

The lines, so true and beautiful, were written by a

Banffshire lady, and a copy was given to me by the agent of the Duchess.

From the present chapter and from previous chapters —indeed from the whole volume—some readers may be disposed to conclude that the author's life was spent mainly, if not altogether, in social enjoyment and intellectual pleasures, with little of daily duty and hand-to-hand struggles. But were these pages designed to be a record of work or an autobiography of ministerial and parochial duties, they would form dreary reading, and I am the last person to indite such a volume. The toil and many engagements of a county town charge, with at least eight trusteeships *ex officio* added to clerical duties, can be understood only by those who have gone through it. They alone appreciate the necessity of the unstrung bow and the relaxation of cultured society and of friendships that call out all that is best in us. It is those alone which I have deemed worthy of recall. They are the little bits of one's life mosaic, and alone are fit to come from one's own pen.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EGYPT—PALESTINE—GREECE—SIR COLIN SCOTT MONCRIEFF—M. MASPERO.

At this time, in the end of the Eighties, I wished to pursue the study of Egyptology. It is closely connected with the Higher Criticism, and it had for several decades been vastly enlarging the scope of ancient history, and given at many points a new context to the history of Israel. The explorations of Sayce and Maspero and afterwards of Flinders Petrie have recovered for us forgotten empires, and brought to light civilizations, literatures, and political institutions many millenniums old.

Egypt possesses materials which have a most important bearing upon the literature and history of the Old Testament. We now know, against the wild assertions of some German critics, that the art of writing was known long before Moses' time and even before Abraham's day. Episodes which many critics called unhistorical have had their historical character placed now beyond any doubt. Egyptology has then both supplemented and confirmed the history of the Hexateuch in many parts.

I made use of my journey to visit Italy by the way, going by Turin, Genoa, and Pisa to Florence, where the lovely Art Galleries detained me for several days.

There I made the acquaintance of a Professor of Classics from Göttingen, who was bent on exploring with thorough German exactness the towns all up the Arno and then down the Tiber to Rome. He was the very soul of kindness, and we clung to each other for about a week like brothers. I have found Danish and German professors the best and the most interesting of friends in travels.

He intimately knew the narrative of Livy through all the tedious eleven books, and enlivened our talk with illustrations of it in the towns we visited. When we crossed the watershed of the Arno and got to the Tiber, the Lay of Horatius took possession of our minds, and Lars Porsens and the Etruscan villages assumed triple interest. Clusium and Arretium we saw, and " reedy Thrasymene " in the far distance ; and Macaulay's spirited lays revived in my memory. At last we got to the bridge across the Tiber, whose waters were still as yellow as when Horatius dived into them at the fall of the bridge,

> " And to the highest turret tops
> Was splashed the yellow foam."

But the attraction of my friend's cultured talk left only ten days for Rome, and two for Naples and Pompeii and Vesuvius. By a night train I got to Brindisi, and caught a steamer to Corfu; then next day another steamer to Alexandria.

Past the famous Pharos lighthouse we sailed, and into that most splendid natural harbour, and all at once the West was left behind and the East burst upon us. What a change! Eastern dress; Eastern manners; Eastern tongues! It was the most startling change I ever met.

Every sound is now Semitic. The children of Shem speak, not the sons of Japheth. Gone are the Celtic and Hellenic tongues, and all Romance and Teutonic

sounds. Now we have the Arabic and the Ethiopic and the Hebrew: simple, sensuous, passionate. You hear it in the opening verse of the first chapter of Genesis: perpetual assonance and gorgeous imagery. Every sentence of the boy who seizes my baggage is poetical. He addresses me as "Son of a Lord." The donkey he offers me is "Telegraph donkey" in its swiftness. Is the day to be fine? "Allah knows and Allah is great."

Here is the place where writing first sprang into being. Here for long was the very focus of the world's faith and its intellectual life. Here for centuries stood the library that contained the volumes on which was written the world's literature, and all the nations of the world gathered to it.

It is still the point of junction between East and West. To know its political and religious value read Charles Kingsley's "Hypatia." For five centuries it was the great seat of Christian Theology. Though now diminished in population, its harbour is by far the best in the Mediterranean. But the Suez Canal has diverted from it the greater part of the commerce of India and the East.

A dear friend, born and bred in Banff, was waiting me on the quay; and that afternoon we spent in visiting the city still lying in ruins by the bombardment of the British Fleet sent then to quell the insurrection of the populace under the deluded guidance of Arabi Pasha. Next morning I entrained for Cairo.

Almost the first object I saw was a cow and a camel ploughing together, the driver holding the long goad in his right hand, and the upright handle of the small plough in his left. How thoroughly the East! The cow patiently pulling, the camel loudly grunting; how could I fail to remember some couples at home "unequally yoked." One could see the seed was already sown, and then ploughed in, the soil

simply scratched by the small ploughshare. Thorns were visible in many places, and rocky bits of ground; and the Parable of the Sower rose before my eyes.

As we approached Cairo the Pyramids stood out against the sky, cutting into it like the tops of Alps. We reached Shepherd's famous hotel in the evening, and there I met one who has remained a dear friend for forty years, Revd. Christopher Tennant.

For weeks thereafter every day was spent in the Boulak Museum of Antiquities. Many of the mummies found at the tombs of the Kings had been recently exhumed and brought down to Cairo. One could look through the glass on the coffin lid and see the very skull of the famous men, who, in the various dynasties had governed Egypt. There before your eyes lies the great Rameses II., unearthed seven years ago, who ruled with such cruelty over the Israelites. There in another coffin is the Rameses of the Exodus, of whom we know so much. Wonderful is the confirmation here given to the words of Moses and the history of Israel.

At this time I had the privilege of an introduction to Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff, the uncle of our Sheriff of the same name in Banff. He was the political advisor of the Khedive, and had much influence with him. The Presbyterian Chaplain to the Forces in Upper Egypt had died, and in the emergency, until the War Office should send out another, he asked me to be Chaplain to the Black Watch, then commanded by Sir William Green, also a Banffshire man.

The chaplaincy bound me for a time to go up the Nile 600 miles to the First Cataract, beside the very tombs of the Kings where M. Maspero was carrying on his excavation of the Pharaoh mummies. To him Sir Colin kindly gave me an introduction, which permitted me to work along with him down in the tombs where the mummies had been discovered.

In Cairo the Miss Whatleys, daughters of the famous Archbishop Whately of Dublin, conducted the large Church of England Mission Schools. The eldest wished very much to see Luxor and the tombs of the Kings. At that time no lady in Egypt dared to travel alone, and Sir Colin proposed she should accompany me on the steamer, and that I as Chaplain should take up some hundreds of wicker beds for the wounded soldiers to lie upon.

No railway then went beyond Assiout, after which we got on board Cook's slow steamer and made some 80 miles a day. It took seven days to get to Luxor. Miss Whately's talk was very entertaining. Her father had known Pusey and Arnold and Keble and Newman at Oxford, had lectured to the latter, who in his Apologia confesses that Whately had been the first to open his mind and teach him to think and to reason. She was very pleased when I told her that at Stonehaven, preparing for Dr. Bain's Logic class next winter, I had studied closely her father's book on Logic, and got much benefit by it. It in fact still holds the ground in Scotland and Ireland as an introduction to that science.

Miss Whately could speak Arabic, and at Luxor she was a great help to us, as our guides at the tombs of the Kings could talk in no other tongue. M. Maspero made much use of her in this same capacity. He permitted her and me to descend with himself (each holding a smôky burning tallow candle two feet long and an inch at least in diameter) to those deep rock tombs of the ancient Pharaohs.

Believing that the soul could not exist if the body went to corruption, these monarchs of Cairo got their bodies embalmed and taken up to tombs cut out deep down in the soft rocks of Luxor, a hundred and fifty feet below ground, and then the entrance sealed up and hidden from all eyes.

We had, for days, worked at excavating some girl mummies, daughters of Pharaohs, and actually within ten yards of the tomb of Tutankhamen—the discovery of which two years ago created such wonderful interest. That tomb had been so carefully concealed by some kind of cement that no one guessed it was there until a blow from a mason's chisel revealed signs of an aperture. Then they entered and found the Pharaoh's body, and his family, and an endless wealth of gold and gems buried with him to enrich the soul in the next world. We have not yet heard all the truth about Tutankhamen.

Many of the wounded soldiers I had to attend to were at Assouan, beside the first or lowest Cataract of the Nile. The Government had even then dammed the river so as to distribute its waters over a small area of land between it and Luxor. Since then English engineers, under the control and with the help of English money, have built that magnificent barrage by which the Nile waters are made to spread themselves over and irrigate large tracts of desert land for six hundred miles down the valley. That fine bit of engineering has added some forty or fifty per cent. to Egypt's gardens and correspondingly to the country's wealth.

Egypt is literally what Herodotus long ago called it, the Gift of the Nile. The fellaheen very fondly call it Father Nile, and well they may. For the whole produce of the crops of cotton and beans and lentils, of melons and cucumbers and sugar, depends on its nourishing waters. Miss Whately, who had lived long in the country, was every day speaking of it in terms of deepest gratitude. "We live by the Nile; we feed on the Nile; we bathe in it, and it is really our life."

My Chaplain duties soon called me down again to Cairo and its large barracks. I then got an opportunity of visiting the Pyramids and the famous

Sphynx. With the help of the Dean and Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff I very closely examined the whole construction of the Great Pyramid, the symbolism and "year circle" of which has now sprung into such importance in the eyes of many, and of which Sir Flinders Petrie has written so much. Adventists and Millenarians make much now of the symbolism of the Great Pyramid.

Dr. Aldersmith and many others assert it is a monument of the Science of a famous Civilization in Egypt, and enshrines a knowledge of gravitational Astronomy, and has a message for the present time. This seems an extraordinary theory, and needs more proof than has yet been produced.

At Cairo I again met my friend Revd. C. Tennant, and also Revd. Canon Stevenson, Chaplain to the Viceroy of India at Simla. We lunched with the kind Dean of the English Church, and on Sunday the Canon preached and I read the lessons. We three resolved to visit Palestine, and found at Cook's office an excellent dragoman, who could speak Arabic, English and Syrian, and knew every road through the country from Jaffa to Damascus.

A journey through Palestine in 1886 had to be made on horseback. Only footpaths led through the country. The Turk made no roads and took all the taxes to himself. He had taxed the very fruit trees till they were taxed out of existence. Railways, now running through the whole country, had not been heard of then.

So we three, Stevenson, Tennant, and I started from Cairo, trained past the battlefield of Tel-el-kebir, where Arabi Pasha had got so recently defeated, and down the "Big Ditch" to Port Said. We got a hotel over-night, and in the middle of it had to extrude a thief, probably a half-drunk sailor, from our bedroom. With the scum of every nationality in it, male and female, Port Said seemed to be very Hell upon Earth.

Next morning we took steamer to Jaffa, and within twenty-four hours set our feet on the soil of the Holy Land. A boat landed us inside the rocky natural harbour, and very nearly capsized in doing so. The same evening we visited the Scottish Orphanage for Syrian Christian Girls, conducted by the Misses Arnott, daughters of the deceased Dr. Arnott of St. Giles, Edinburgh, and heard the children sing very sweetly Sankey's hymn in Syrian, " Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Next day we got our horses and tents and paid a visit to the splendid orange groves of Jaffa—at the gate " pay a piastre and eat as you like." It made us three all wish we could have had our Sunday School children out to the Jaffa groves for a picnic.

We zigzagged over the Plain of Sharon for two days; struck down by Gath; north by Shiloh, and the third day got within sight of Mount Olivet.

Every place in Palestine, trod by the Blessed Feet once nailed to the Cross, is holy ground. But none of the hills of Judah round Hebron stirred our hearts so deeply as the Mount of Olives. The very name echoed musically to our ears. We three all resolved to climb the side of Scopus, and see it and Jerusalem from the little Chapel built there for " a first sight."

I remembered the counsel of my old bishop, Dr. Norman Macleod, " Let your first visit to the Mount of Olives be alone," and for a time parted from my friends. There I got on my knees and gazed on the hill where the Lord so often sought repose from the strife of the Capital and the violence of Pharisees and Scribes.

After a time my two friends, who had acted similarly met, in the prayer chapel, a little room with windows all round, and they asked me to lead their prayers. We did most heartily thank God for permitting us to reach Jerusalem and stand on Olivet's slopes.

Through the windows we quietly and reverently gazed. "There is the temple," we all said at once. "And there," said one, "is the Calvary Hill. See the skull shape—the Golgotha appearance, with those two stone quarries dug into its sides like eye-sockets." He was right. General Gordon afterwards proved it, by many lines of evidence, to be the true Calvary, just a little bit outside the Damascus Gate of the city.

We lingered in the little Oratory till the sun sank behind the Mediterranean; and then silently, with full hearts, rode into Jerusalem.

Who can ever forget the day he enters the Jaffa Gate and wends his way down the streets that lead straight to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre? Everything in history leads up to Jerusalem. The very dating of our time tells of it. And He whose Advent is the Hope of our heart and the perspective of our Church has promised that His foot shall again stand on the hill that overlooks it. And what better name can we give for the Home above than Jerusalem the Golden?

We got into our Mediterranean Hotel, and looked out at the window. At once Stevenson, always reverend, thanked God "our eyes have seen the sacred city." Right in front of us was the lofty Tower of David. Away to the left we got a glimpse of the Holy Sepulchre. Beyond it was Moriah; and behind Moriah stood out the top of Olivet. Then the night came on, and soon, tired with the long day's ride, we went to rest after worship together, and the reading of the 137th Psalm. "If I forget thee O Jerusalem may my right hand forget her cunning."

Next day we were up betimes to early breakfast, and at once made for the Church of the Sepulchre. But seven or eight hundred Russian pilgrims were there before us, everyone on their knees and slowly creeping from the Church door along the floor to the small marble chapel, inside which what is known as the

Sepulchre or grave is enclosed. Over their bodies we carefully stepped, and after some time looked into the lovely marble tomb. It may or may not have been the precise spot in the Garden where the body was laid. We did not care to be critical. Here or somewhere near was the rocky tomb which Mary first visited, and the Angel asked the pertinent question: "Why seek ye the living among the dead: He is not here but is risen." We knew the risen Christ; but we were glad also to see the place of His Resurrection.

Next day we visited Gethsemane, and then climbed Olivet; and spent several other days in the city and at the Temple or Mosque of Omar, and gave one whole afternoon to the New Calvary as it is called. It was covered with red anemones, one of which I preserve, carefully dried, in my Bible.

At our hotel, a Roman Catholic clergyman, a Methodist minister from the United States, two ladies, daughters of English clergymen, a widow lady from San Francisco, and a colonel and his wife from India asked to be allowed to join our party. Our dragoman and cook consented, and so we swelled out from three to ten, and had most pleasant companions.

One day was devoted to Rachael's Tomb and King David's Well and Bethlehem. The Sepulchre may be uncertain, but there can be no doubt about the well-identified Grotto of the Nativity. Russian pilgrims again stood beside us; but their intense interest and great reverence and many prayers on their knees, helped more than hindered. How often they looked into each others' faces, smiled, wept, fell on their knees and kissed the stones of the little marble cradle where lay the infant Redeemer, Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

And how much better did we like their extreme reverence than the sneers and loud laughter of four French Senators from Paris, who came apparently to

scoff at everything; and who annoyed us here and at Olivet and at Jacob's Well with ribald and silly jesting.

In the Dead Sea we bathed, and my friend the priest asked me to teach him to swim. He was a six-footer and stout, and there was no difficulty. I got him on to his back to float, and he found he could float like a cork in the thick briny waters. I had been swimming out about a hundred yards when I heard him calling that he was out of his depth, and could find no bottom. Of course he could not, the water being so buoyant. But it was quite easy to get behind him and push him on to the shore, where he soon regained his feet. Long afterwards I met him at Lake Maggiore among the Alps; and the first moment he saw me he shouted, "The Dead Sea! The Dead Sea!" How I remember that day.

Before evening we rode up the Jordan valley to Jericho, and resolved to bathe in its fresh waters to get the slime of the Dead Sea off our bodies. It had a nip much like mustard. My fellow travellers bathed, but seemed afraid to go far in; but I had determined before to cross it as the Israelites did at this very spot. A good spurt in swimming soon took me over and brought me back, though I landed a hundred yards down owing to the swift current, and among a crowd of Russian mothers bathing and baptising their babies in Jordan's waters. This used to be a craze with Russian pilgrims, and many a bottle of its waters was carried back to the Volga valley and the Ural mountains for future baptisms. Queen Victoria kept a barrel of it at Windsor Palace for the same purpose, and her grandchildren had the benefit at each baptismal service.

That night we slept little. The heat of the valley and the bites of mosquitoes, and the noise of thieving Arabs creeping round our tents, with three or four

revolver shots at them by our careful dragoman, made us glad to see the morning sun, and to quit the deep sunk valley of Jericho. Its reputation is as bad as ever.

Up to Bethany, over a winding road, and by many stone steps cut out in the hill-side, and round to Jerusalem by the well-known bend of the road where the cry was uttered "O Jerusalem; Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." There is no better identified spot in Palestine than this bend of the turnpike at which the whole city bursts suddenly into view.

A few more days and our party started for the north. No railways then; no roads even; just bridle paths; but in four hours we got at noon to Jacob's Well, and sat down on the stone fence around it. The attendant turned his windlass and let the bucket down sixty feet that we might drink of its refreshing water. That night in our tent worship I gave them a Bible reading on Christ at Jacob's Well, and his kind words to Sychar's daughter.

The week was occupied with long zigzag rides to Carmel, Nain, Mount Tabor, Tiberias, and a sail on the Lake of Galilee; finishing up with a Sunday at Nazareth. My friend Canon Stevenson had preached and dispensed Communion to us in Bishop Gobat's Church in Jerusalem, and Mr. Tennant naturally hoped he might have the honour to do so at Nazareth. On Saturday evening he and I called at the Clergyman's house, but found the Canon had anticipated us while we had been lingering in what is called Joseph's workshop, and had secured the invitation to preach. It caused, naturally, some ill feeling between them.

Another week we spent at the springs of Jordan, on the Lebanon, and a Sunday in Damascus, in which there was only a Presbyterian Church, where I preached,

although I urged the minister to ask Mr. Tennant ; but he refused. Then came Baalbeck and Beyrout, and on the steamer over to Patmos, the lonely isle of St. John's visions of Revelation; then to Smyrna and up by a hired engine and carriage along a wretched railway to Ephesus, where we visited the tomb of St. John, long Presbyter or Bishop there, and higher up the hill the tomb of the Virgin Mary. This latter, to our astonishment, has little attention paid to it. Why should this be so? No doubt that grave is a standing contradiction to the Feast of the Assumption, which represents Mary's body as having been taken up by Angels into Heaven. The legend was condemned as untrue by Pope Celasius in 494 A.D. But by a number of apparently successful forgeries, this Assumption of the Virgin's body was fathered on St. John as well as Athanasius and Augustine; and in the year 590 Gregory of Tours accepted it as truth and instituted this Feast. Therefore only Protestants pay visits to the Virgin's tomb high up on the hill above the famous temple of Diana, around the base of which the river Cayster winds its way to the sea.

Our tour embraced Constantinople, the classical lands of Troy, and then we went to the Peiraeus and spent a week in Greece. Glorious Athens; how it charmed us! Next to Jerusalem I rank it for its imperishable memories. What a pleasure it was for Tennant and me to walk twice if not thrice in the Groves of the Academy, and under the shade of the olives where Plato taught his pupils, all the time walking; and young Aristotle joined them and got the inspiration of that great soul, whose writings we still study with profit.

Often do I take down Plato's Dialogues or his Republic of an evening and have half an hour with that grand mind. After the barren wastes of much modern literature and newspapers, how uplifting it

is to get into contact with Plato! In his days the Dialogues were new pastures for the Greeks, and were received with the same interest and surprise as the appearance of the Spectator in Addison's time, and of the Waverley novels in Sir Walter Scott's days. Greece had never seen anything so lovely and versatile, and they must have been a great relief after ages of old Sophists and musty philosophers.

One day, calling on old Principal Pirie, I found him engaged on the Republic. "The newspapers give me nothing worth," he said, "and I just reached up for Plato, and find him most stimulating still. He is very suggestive." That is it; he suggests ten times more than he gives. He leads one into a dozen lines of thought. That far-reaching mind compels you to look at life in its very widest horizons. No wonder his writings have still hold of so many minds.

Our whole party drew to Marathon, and looked with intense interest on that narrow strip of land where Greece beat Persia's hordes, and civilization left Asia and came to Europe. Marathon was one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world. To it we owe our freedom and our place in the van of the world's progress.

We came home by Venice and the Dolomites; and had the fortune to see the lovely Lakes of Como and Maggiore and Lugano in their April verdure. Where can such beauty be found? We three parted at London after seeing many lands together. One has now "gone West," but two of us survive, and every Christmas we correspond.

CHAPTER XXV.

PROFESSORS FLINT AND OEHLER—C. H. SPURGEON—BISHOP MOULE. ETC.

THE visits to Egypt and Palestine proved very quickening. It is impossible to give the mind a long rest and many changes of views and vistas without stimulating it into new lines of thought. Both lands spake of Prophets, Priesthoods and Kings; and consequently gave us insight into Old Testament times. The natural result was that my dear friend Nicol published a volume on Biblical Archaeology, and I issued one on the Ethics of the Old Testament.

Both subjects we had studied under Professor Oehler at Tübingen, where indeed we first rightly learned the Hebrew language and got thorough insight into Old Testament times and modes of thought. In Theology in those days Germany was far ahead of Scotland and England in scholarship. It is different to-day; and students now go to Paris, Rome, Oxford and Cambridge, and New York, as well as Germany.

Oehler had frequently treated of the Wisdom Literature, a term quite new to us. My boyish love of the Book of Proverbs made this a favourite line of study. Job captivated me; so did that strange Scriptural book Ecclesiastes, and that fine Love Song the Canticles. Why should there not be a good Love Song in the Bible? We all fall in love sometime,

Young people will read love-novels to learn the loyalties of lovers and the disloyalties of pretended wooers. Surely then the Bible is wise in giving us a Love Song of the best kind, in which the maiden of Lebanon defies the vile approaches of a clever courtier of Solomon's palace and abides true to her humble but faithful shepherd on the hills.

It is well named the Song of Songs, just because it is " the song which is loveliest of all." No Jew ever disputed its Canonicity. That was left to dull and commonplace writers of the Nineteenth century who have never been to the East, nor know the deep passion of love that speaks in the language of the Orient. These same dull souls have made many similar blunders in respect to Job and some of the Psalms. The East is not the West; and the Bible is an Eastern Book. Thank God it is so. Who but a daughter of the Orient could open a poem with these words, " Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; for thy love is better than wine."

Samuel Rutherford simply revelled in it. His " Letters " from his Aberdeen banishment to his friends in Galloway are in every page enriched by its language. We find it in the letters and writings of Santa Theresa, with a fine heavenly sense imported into its language. Why should we not be permitted to make the holy bond and joys of the married life a foretaste of the higher joys, and thoughts of heavenly love? For only in that Land of the Leal and the Loyal shall we know the intense joy of loving everyone, as we have never known it down here.

" We shall know the joy of loving,
As we never loved before,
Loving on unchilled, unhindered,
Loving once and evermore."

The poem is a true pastoral drama, and is best under-

stood when acted out by the interlocutors. The monologues and dialogues are very helpful in interpretating the emotions of the different parties, and in exhibiting the final triumph of a pure and loyal natural affection.

Nicol, McClymont and I had all been at Tübingen together; and we got into authorship within a year of each other. The honorary Degree of D.D. was conferred first on Dr. Nicol, who was by this time editor of "Mission Record;" soon thereafter it came to the other two.

Sooner than any of us, my other dear College friend at Manse of Bourtie had published a very learned volume called the "Logic of Definition." Many of the controversies of the past are just wars about words. Every idea should have its own name and meaning; and if this were done endless logomachies could cease. Dr. Davidson's book proved an enormous help to Lexicographers, many of whom at once entered into correspondence with him. The Manse of Bourtie for a time was the Mecca of many literary and scientific men; for the first to see and appreciate the value of the book were writers on Biology who had to deal with group marks and characters. A very ticklish question it is to detect the characters which distinguish the Ranunculus family from the Ranunculaceæ Tribe, and that again from the Genus Ranunculus. Soon after its publication my friend received his LL.D.

Professor Traill, who often then came out to Banff on a Saturday on botanical excursions with his class, told me that he found here the one great difficulty of his lectures. What is "character" in Botany? What kind of pecularity does it indicate? Is it the basal gland we all know on the petal of the ranunculus? or is it the pair of opposite lines of hairs on the stem of the Germander Speedwell. Dr. Arthur Thomson has found similar difficulties. Is the best group mark in the infusoria their contractile chamber? or is the

proboscis of the elephant its character? or the hump on the bactrian camel's back? or is it the whole congeries of peculiarities that should be used to define the class mammals. To such men Dr. Davidson's volume is a most helpful book; and for subjects of conversation and table talk, I don't know its equal.

A friend who had much influenced my thinking all through our Divinity studies, and up to this time, was Rev. John Hume Tod, then minister of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian. In Edinburgh Tod and Wilson were bosom friends, and many an evening did we meet and spend together in Tod's house. His father was a well-to-do Glasgow banker, retired to Edinburgh, and his mother a saintly lady of the finest old type. John had been an ardent pupil of Edward Caird in Glasgow who had trained him to think to good account and along modern lines. He was the best German student of us all, and decidedly Hegelian, with a preferance for the teaching of Schelling. Our talks took us into the heart of the theology of Germany and much opened our minds to the vast and wide horizons of modern Theology. As Tod had a great deal of quiet humour and unperturbable temper; and as Wilson supplied the best balanced intellect, I found these evenings very helpful and suggestive, and got here probably the best part of the education Edinburgh then gave, and to which next summer Tübingen added not a little.

It was always a subject of discussion whether Hegel borrowed from Schelling or Schelling borrowed from Hegel. It was of little consequence since we agreed that the novelty of this doctrine lay not in itself but in its application. Certainly " all truth consists in the union of opposites," and we must rise above them to the higher truth in which they find their oneness. That belief breaks out in the philosophy of Plato, in the writings of Brahma, in the neo-Platonism of the

Church of Alexandria, and in the mysticism of Eckart and of Jacob Boehme.

Schelling and Hegel held no brief for it, and were not mere plagiarists. But they brought a new atmosphere into modern thought, and Tod and Wilson and I breathed it and found it exceedingly bracing—just like the hills of Braemar on a summer day.

For a time both Tod and Wilson had bogled at the Confession of Faith, and at a clause which troubles but few, the doctrine of the Trinity. It was Hegel that helped them over the bridge. Tod, always a humourist, I remember put it to me in this way, "You're a person, Bruce, a good sort of fellow. Now you're not only a soul; and you're not only a body. You are a union of them both. You're a Trinity therefore. Now don't you know you and I are made in the image of God. Therefore He too is a Trinity. What I see in you, I see in the absolute Mind the Maker of the Universe. I shall sign the Confession to-morrow. Hegel helped me much here."

So favourite was the subject that both Wilson and he wrote sermons on the Trinity, much helped also by one of Robertson of Brightons. I confess I never did so; the subject was so lofty and so important. I can see its import better to-day.

About this time Mrs. Bruce's health showed signs of giving way. She was advised by her doctor to spend a winter in the Riviera, and after trying other places we fixed upon Mentone; six months at which brought a perfect cure.

On the first Sunday, Revd. Mr. Sommerville preached and dispensed Communion. There being no elders present, he asked if the two ministers whom he saw before him would hand round the sacred elements. Two of us rose; and I found my companion who took the bread was no other than the famous preacher of London, Revd. Charles H. Spurgeon. Our acquaint-

ance soon ripened into intimacy. I had several times heard him preach in the Metropolitan Tabernacle to his congregation of 4000 people; and yet in that huge church I heard every syllable of his fine bell-toned voice, as I did not do when Canon Liddon preached in St. Pauls. I have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Parker and Spurgeon were the grandest preachers I ever heard.

Mr. Spurgeon's address at the close of that little Communion service was on " She hath done what she could." It was a gem. I remember it still after thirty-seven years.

His talk was not so elevating; and this chiefly owing to his all but continual punning. A few puns are greatly enjoyed, but a stream of puns becomes tiresome. Generally his talk was elevating, and bristled with English humour, and he possessed piercing and bright eyes. But Canon Leddon more than either of these approached the type of the saint. Bishop Moule of Durham, however, excelled them all in this respect. His serene manner of talk, the very sweet and winning tone of his voice, and, what a lady called to me, his heavenly face, all left the abiding impression of our having been in the presence of another Saint John. Unlike Mr. Spurgeon his talk impressed me more than his public teaching.

The Bishop spent some five weeks in Banff one autumn in the beginning of this century. His son-in-law was getting treatment for yellow fever contracted at Lagos, in Duff House Sanatorium. He attended the Scottish Episcopal Church in the morning, and the Parish Church in the evening.

He gave us one delightful talk or lecture in the drawing room on the New Testament Greek proposition " en "—" Abide in Me and I in you." " Be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might." " I live no more but Christ liveth in me." In this he

found the true secret of the saintly life; in the indwelling Christ and the indwelling Christian. We often forget that the abide applies to both.

About the third week of his stay he kindly proposed that, to save time, I should be waiting for him at the Manse gate as he passed at 12.30 for his forenoon walk round the Whin Hill, where he got a very extensive view. These walks proved very profitable. He told me how very routine was much of his Episcopal work, "Every day confirming and confirming," and living from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. in his motor car, and writing letters on his knees while the car jolted along.

He answered on an average 30 letters a day, and made use of his wife's and his daughter's hand. Typing had not then come into vogue. He had to get them finished before our 12.30 walk. Our letters came in about 8.30 a.m. at that time.

Mrs. Moule found the duties of a Bishop's wife very heavy; especially when on the Ember Days she had to house and feed some twenty young Ordinands to whom the Bishop was in duty bound to give godly counsel for three weeks before they became Curates. She longed for the quiet of Cambridge, when her husband was Regius Professor of Theology, and her house was her own.

In publishing the "Ethics of the Old Testament," which had caught the critical eye of Professor Flint of Edinburgh, it brought from him a request to see me. I found I had made a friend and very encouraging adviser. From that date I saw much of him at Craigmillar Park; and in consequence of his advice, gave my spare time to Christian Ethics, publishing first a volume on New Testament Individual Ethics, and finally one on Social Christian Ethics. On learning that this latter one was in hand, Dr. Flint very kindly proposed I should be the next Croall Lecturer at Edinburgh University for 1903-4; and

this third volume was an expansion of the seven lectures delivered to students on that Foundation in New Greyfriars Church on seven successive Sundays.

It was the first course of lectures in Scotland on what might be called the ethical side of Christian Socialism. That subject is now booming; but in 1903 it was new, and the *Scotsman* most kindly printed the lectures in full every Monday. This brought me much into contact with the editor, Mr. Croall, and the sub-editor, Mr. John Geddie, through whom I came to meet at various times a large circle of literary men, who paid visits to Edinburgh from Oxford and London, not less than the editors of some of the leading magazines and of some of the London papers.

Revd. Dr. Mair, our leading Church lawyer and author of the "Digest of Church Laws," became then a dear friend. It was our custom at this time to exchange Manses and duties every July with ministerial friends in the south, the centre, and the west of Scotland. And for several summers at these manses Dr. and Mrs. Mair paid us visits.

Dr. Mair's mind was keenly legal. His knowledge of both Civil and Ecclesiastical law was very exact. As an eminent judge once said after meeting him in consultation, "Had Dr. Mair, instead of being simply parish minister of Earlston, been an advocate, he would have soon been President of the Court of Session."

One of his favourite maxims, which he was perpetually enforcing on friends was, "Never begin a thing without finishing it." One day in the General Assembly, when minister of Earlston, he complained of the great cold felt by members and of the stuffy atmosphere. Some one reported that Dr. Mair had "Begun to improve the Assembly and should go on to finish it." He felt the sting of this remark and at once consulted an architect and got a proper idea

of the character and size of the needed improvements. Next Assembly he spoke of them with knowledge, and moved a Committee should be appointed to consider such, and lay a plan and estimate before the following Assembly. It was done, and he was made Convener. By the third year all was ready; the Assembly resolved on a large extension of its space backwards, with lavatories and other conveniences below, and necessitating the purchase of house property behind. The cost was a huge sum; but in two years Dr. Mair raised it all from Presbyteries and friends, writing scores of begging letters every week all that time. The present beautiful Assembly Hall is the result. And in the year following Dr. Mair of Earlston was called to the Moderator's chair. "He began to build and he was able to finish."

He lived to ninety, and was a teetotaller all his days. Temperate living and hard work did it. Up to the last week of his life, he was thinking of others, and planning new schemes of doing good, and giving away everything he could. The secret of perpetual youth is just the power of perpetual growth. He was old at fifty, and he was young at ninety. Mrs. Mair and he were most devoted lovers, and treated each other like sweethearts. We knew only one side of Dr. Mair in Committees. His best side was seen in his home.

About this time, through the influence of a dear and trusted friend, Dr. Elder Cumming of Sandyford Church, Glasgow, Mrs. Bruce and I were asked to take charge of the Church of Scotland House at Keswick Convention. Here we found the *crême de la crême* of the Churches, English, Scottish, Irish, Canadian, and American. Missionaries from India, China and Africa predominated. What splendid men and women from the Foreign field one can meet at Keswick! And on what high levels were these Missionaries living. Mary Slessor's Life reveals it well.

In contrast with their self-sacrifice and devotion, how poor and hum-drum did our lives at home appear! I felt thankful that I had before license offered myself to the Foreign Mission Committee of our Church, and was accepted. Afterwards however I was rejected, because their Edinburgh doctor found me troubled with indigestion, and wrote that five years in India would send me home with a bad liver for life. Probably he was right; for two years of the Barony made it bad enough, while Banff and its bracing breezes brought a cure.

Keswick is a wonderful place. The quiet Lake Country is the very abode of peace. The atmosphere and environment help. Everything there is real. Mere theology is absent. Differences in creed vanish. English Church and Scottish, Presbyterian, Episcopalion, Methodist, Congregationalist—all unite on common ground. You shake hands all round. "All one in Christ Jesus," is the motto hung above the door. And the symbol is realised and translated into deed and actuality.

The best speaking of the religious platform we found there. Prebendary Webb-Peploe, Evans Hopkins, Bishop Moule, Dr. Griffith Thomas, excelled. Here was the Church of England at its best. The three first came to us in Banff, and we learned much of them. The Church of England, when it is good, is very good. They had all preached in Scottish pulpits, and were quite ready for a union with us, bishops or no bishops; though of course they desired a modified Episcopacy, believing it to be of Apostolic authority.

One day a dignified minister of the Greek Church was on the Keswick platform, and next to him a Hindoo ordained Missionary. The dark piercing glances of the Son of the East met the splendid large eyes of the Archdeacon of the West. The first spoke in English, the other spoke in French—neither understood. Then

they tried Italian and German, and then Yeddish and Russian. No use: then the Hindoo said with a beaming smile, "Jesus Christ." Instantly they seized each other's hand and kissed. The East loves "to greet one another with an holy kiss." The Scottish are much behind here. The Occident is not yet up to the level in politeness and kindness of the Orient.

Keswick stands for Consecration. It is the need of all Christendom, and they emphasise it there. One summer Evans Hopkins paid us a fortnight's visit, and much enjoyed the fishing we got for him from the Duke of Fife on the Deveron. He edited the "Keswick Hymn Book," and was, in addition to his many other gifts, a good musician and a hymn writer. One of the finest hymns of that book is one which I had hoped might be embodied in our Hymnary; but it failed to find a place in that collection. Its first lines are:

"Nothing between, Lord; Nothing between,
Let me thy glory see,
Draw my soul close to Thee,
Then speak in love to me,
Nothing between, Lord; Nothing between."

It was the motto on the shield of one of the bravest soldiers of the Cross that I ever met.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GRANDCHILDREN OF SIR JOHN MOORE OF CORUNNA—DANGERS OF WILL-MAKING.

FOR several years in the beginning of this century and onwards, I went, at the request of the Highlands and Islands Committee, to various parishes in Ross-shire. Ministers asked for help at Communions; in one the Fast Day became a Mission Week and continued for five days. In others we got Women's Guilds formed. And in doing so at Elderton I had a singular experience. It was an evening service, and the minister, after I had entered the platform pulpit, came and whispered, "Take care what you say, for the place is full of Wee Frees."

Accordingly we avoided hymns in our praise, and an excellent Woman's Guild was formed at the close. But during the service, the lady at the organ fainted and had to be helped out; and I requested another young lady in the choir to take her place, and asked a young man beside her, who looked like a brother, to do his best as precentor. They consented, and the musical service suffered in no degree, the people all the more willingly joining in it.

Walking home to the Manse with these two, who came to supper, the minister said to me, "Do you know with whom you are walking?" Of course I did not. "With whom?" "You are walking with the

grand-daughter and grandson of Sir John Moore of Corunna." "Indeed, am I? That is an honour. Let me lift my hat to you, Miss Moore." We had supper and much talk together.

Sir John Moore left a wife and a baby on a small estate in Edderton. These were the children of that baby, who became a farmer on his estate, and had died. He was a Free Churchman; and they had been brought up in that narrow creed. "But, Miss Moore, how dare you play an organ? Your Church denounces it as a kist o' whistles!" "Yes, but my brother and I like instrumental music, and when our old minister goes we shall have it." "But you're publicly committed by your leaders to the very opposite." "Very well, if we are not permitted, we shall just join a church where we may have it."

If that feeling be general among the young folk of the Wee Frees, they have no future. And from other signs I saw in Ross-shire, they seem to me to be a moribund Church. They may yet have the good sense to join the other two Churches in the coming union.

Why should we to-day limit ourselves to Old Testament Psalms? They were the service book of the Second Temple. The Psalter is an anthology culled from some thousands of Hebrew songs into five books, and of profound spiritual value. Our heart's best emotions find expression in the praise of God by these songs of an ancient faith. They will doubtless hold their place in every branch of the Church.

But their standpoint is pre-Christian. Of Christ and His sacrifice on Calvary they cannot speak. The early Christians felt the want of Hymns that could breathe their love for their incarnate Lord. The Angels' song at Bethlehem, the *Gloria* in *Excelsis*, sets the example. By the year 400 A.D. the Church got her glorious Te Deum, which soon gained a veneration and a use equal to that of the ancient Psalter.

Clement of Alexandria gave them a fine hymn about Christ's work and offices, rugged, yet full of deep feeling and of matchless beauty. The Reformation added to our Christian Hymnology, and still more did the Revival under the Wesleys. The last two hundred years have yielded the earnest of a rich dower of praise, along with tunes of the highest musical order.

1. The danger of the modern hymn is an evangelical egotism, whose praise employs cloying melodies that increase the sentimentality of the worshippers. But our modern Hymnary and Hymns Ancient and Modern avoid this extreme. They have the highest type of music, and yet they use many melodies with a rhythmic swing and flow which captivate the congregations, and are in strong contrast to the stately slowness of the old Psalm tunes.

We need them both; the grave and solemnising Psalmody and more homely naivetè and beauty of Hymnody. The hymns of the Sankey order, touch the common throng, and fit the words to the music. They are not made heavy with introspection. The Highland prejudice against anything but the Psalms being sung has kept them and other hymns out of the North of Scotland. But I find the best and most experienced Christian people love the simplest hymns such as " Tell me the old old story " ; " Tell me the story simply, as to a little child." And in these refrains are often found.

The principle of autosuggestion justifies this psychologically. The simple gospel truth is repeated in choruses over and over again. The feelings are touched. The rigidity of stately worship is removed. We rejoice to become little children again. " Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The Celts at home cultivate music. They are born heirs to the bagpipes. Highlanders must yet come to love hymns. Superstitions take a long time to die;

but one day that superstition will go, and the hymns in praise of Christ will find favour.

2. A parish minister is often made a trustee. His position and character compel him to undertake this exacting and thankless duty. In a Burgh like Banff the Provost and parish minister are *ex officio* on all the important Trusts which care for the poor, orphans, widows, and others.

Eight such Trusteeships gave me a large amount of work, and of care regarding investments. On one occasion I had to pay up a large sum to restore the capital of a Trust, the monies of which had been invested before my time in stocks outside the Scottish Trustee Act.

A lady of property, and relative of my wife, made her will on her deathbed, and left a fine landed estate to her grandchildren, making two others and myself Trustees. She disliked her two sons-in-law and made the dead hand go as far as it could, " The estate to be sold and divided only when the youngest grandchild was twenty-one."

Children were born after her death, and yet, when the youngest reached twenty-one, her mother survived and lived to over eighty. That Trusteeship gave me thirty-four years' work ; and as my co-trustees died the management of farms became so troublesome that I co-opted a trustee, and at last, when death carried off this lady, we sold the estate and divided the proceeds—" the youngest baby " being then a married woman, and in much need of her inheritance.

One would think that the approach of death would bring a sense of reason and judgment, and save people from being the sport of wilfulness and hatred. But old people often become children again; and their mind is obscured by prescriptive usages, and the idea of property does not mix cordially with friendship.

Hazlitt, in one of his table talks, says, " The art

of will-making chiefly consists in baffling the importunity of expectation." Three of these girls got married, and the husbands, year after year, wrote me asking whether it was true that they had married "heiresses," and when their portion was to be paid. The original testator surely had known how far the force of nature could go. She got all her granddaughters married, and she also gratified her spite against her sons-in-law.

Several times I met at Duff House dinners a well-known London banker, the son of a parish minister in Aberdeenshire, but who had become possessed of much wealth. The riches, however, took wings and fled away; and when he got to old age and dotage he was poor, and his wealth existed only in his own imagination.

He became very fond of the daughters of a certain Duke and made a will leaving them hundreds of thousands of pounds as well as other legacies. Very unfortunately the terms of the deed got into the newspapers, and congratulations poured in. The truth had to be told when the Trustees realised the estate and found it to be next to nil. The dream of unbounded wealth had fascinated the aged banker; and the one thing he was fond of was in finally disposing of it to those whom he esteemed.

3. I knew a farmer whose ambition was to leave his farm plenished with a large stock of the best polled and pedigreed cattle, so that, in the Polled Herd Book, he might be mentioned as one "of the great breeders of the best Aberdeenshires." That book he had for many years studied; and to have his name entered there to him was to be Knighted among the aristocracy of the North of Scotland. This desire dictated the terms of a rather foolish will containing strange instructions to his Trustees.

The dangers attaching to making of wills were

illustrated further in that of a very poor Banff woman whom I attended in her illness. She seemed to be on her deathbed, and asked me to write out a disposition. I declined to do so in ink, but offered to pencil it on paper and let her put it into her own handwriting, when it holds good against everything. She hesitated doing this for some time, stupidly deferring the day of decision, and still more stupidly informing her friends which of them was to get her clock, which her watch, which her chairs, and which her linen and blankets and towels.

She did not, however, die as they expected and wished; but, after a few weeks, got a little better; only to find that clock and watch had been abstracted, the spare linen and blankets were gone, and not a towel was left. With a little spare cash in the Savings Bank we purchased enough to keep her in comfort for the twelve months more that she lived. Moral: take care of telling too soon the terms of your will. It only breeds impatience in your friends, and creates a great longing for your departure.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PUBLISHERS OF NOTE—DEAN INGE—ANDREW CARNEGIE —LORD STRATHCONA

AFTER serving the Parish of Banff for fifty-two and a half years, I retired. However, being in good health, it has been a great pleasure to assist any of my brethren on a Sunday or at a Communion season. And my pen has not been idle in these past years. Within that period a second edition, very much enlarged, of the " Psychology of the Christian Life and Behaviour " has been issued. A small volume on Efficiency, and a book of short stories for the young were issued in Aberdeen. And Messrs. T. & T. Clark in their Laymen's Series published for me a volume of short addresses on texts from the Book of Proverbs, called " Salt and Sense."

1. The volume on Psychology, both first and second editions, led to correspondence with some interesting people. One was a professor in the University of Tokio. He wrote in excellent English, asking many questions as to the Psychology of Adolescence, of Prayer, of Conversion both by normal growth and by crisis, and of the Immediacy of communion with God. He is evidentally a conscientious seeker after truth, and wants to know proofs, well established, of the reality of religion. What a plea ure it is to meet

seekers after God in Japan, and to correspond with men who are earnestly desiring to discover realities.

Another was a cultured Swede belonging to Oslo, a large town of 81,000 in the west of Sweden. He had come to Dundee for a winter to study at St. Andrews University and perfect himself in English, and was fond of the new Psychology. Many an evening, when in charge of my son's parish in 1926 (St. Stephens, Broughty Ferry) did he call upon me and put searching questions on the deepest things of the Faith. If all Swedes are like him, they are a most polite and gentlemanly race. He returned to Sweden, and we still regularly correspond.

But the most distinguished of my correspondents was the Very Revd. Dean Inge of St. Paul's. Clearly he had got hold of my book, and had discovered his volumes twice or thrice referred to and quoted with complimentary remarks in the footnotes.

In the chapter on the Psychology of Conversion by the normal method I had affirmed that there was no better definition of it than " just falling in love with Jesus Christ," and that I wondered how woman with her tender and affectionate nature could resist such falling in love. Samuel Rutherford in his letters frequently makes use of this metaphor. I remember how D. L. Moody, the American Evangelist, also used it.

2. Dean Inge said that his volume on Christian Mysticism had many pages on this point. The Mystics all agree in the belief that the lover acquires a wonderful keenness of insight which rivals that of the trained psychologist. Amiel says, "to love is always to know." And Dean Inge adds, " Love, as St. John teaches us, is the great hierophant of the Christian Mysteries. It lightens the darkness which hides the face of God. When our emotions are deeply stirred, even Nature speaks to us with voices unheard before ;

while the man who is without human affection is either quite unmoved by her influence, or misreads all her lessons." (" Christian Mysticism," p. 317.)

The Dean most kindly wrote me a long letter in which he said his wife and he had read my appreciation of his writings, and that while in his own Church he had so many severe critics, they were delighted to find appreciative friends in the Church of Scotland.

I find also in his excellent volume, " Truth and Falsehood in Religion," he says there are few nobler incentives to strong and pure manhood than a young man's love for a pure and true woman, " when some sweet affection occupies the whole nature with itself and with the duties which grow out of it, driving away other less worthy passions which formerly held their ground in the soul."

My love for Psychology was increased very much by meeting William James of Harvard in Edinburgh. I found him, like Dean Inge, fond of the Mystics, and he gives proof of it in his " Varieties of Religious Experiences." He too thought that all the visions of Santa Theresa, of Julian of Norwich, and such like, emerged from subconscious depths. " Love," he says, " is revelation in knowledge, inspiration in art, motive in morality, and the very fulness of religious joy."

One is glad to find that by men like Dean Inge, William James and Professor Eucken, the Mystics of the Middle Ages and of later times are getting justice done to them. Eucken speaks of infinite life and love, of which the Christian is a sharer, as a spiritual marriage of the soul and her Lord.

St. Bernard's hymns are full of the same thought. " When I love God with my will," he writes, " I transform myself into Him. It is the value of love that it makes thee to be like unto that which thou lovest!" William James affirms that if the sceptical mind would practice this Communion and give whole-

hearted attention to it, scepticism would vanish. Dean Inge makes a similar affirmation.

The Mystics may be said to have been discoverers of the power of the Will, and of the vast importance psychologically of the power of attention in achieving high levels of the religious life.

I can remember my old Professor, Dr. Bain of Aberdeen, describing a powerful intellect as "an unusual tendency to associate by similarity," and instancing Isaac Newton, Darwin, and Carlyle as such. The mystic is highly developed in this line, and so sees in all things a present Deity and a truer meaning and mission in life than others discover there.

Professor Flint, in his old age never tired of quoting Tennyson's lines, claiming that if we could but know the full meaning of "the flower in the crannied wall" (and he always thought of the wall-flowers that in myriads cling to the Castle Rock of Edinburgh) we should know all about God and man, and be perfect theologians.

It is from his passional sympathy with the Divine Will that the Mystic gets his deep insight. It is psychologically true that "to love is to know." But the knowledge cannot be communicated. Frederick Myers correctly puts it,

> "O could I tell, ye surely would believe it,
> O could I only say what I have seen,
> How can I tell, or how shall ye receive it?
> Not till He bringeth you where I have been?"

One regrets that Dean Inge is not more appreciated in the Church of England. I take him to be at the present moment its ablest writer, and its best exponent. He belongs to the right wing of the Liberal or modern school. And it is in it that the future of the Church lies if she is to be saved from internal disruption.

The repudiation by the House of Commons of the

amended Prayer Book has brought that very near. The Church of Scotland is now working for a great and widening union. It is high time the Church of England turned her eyes in the same direction.

3. If the volume on Psychology brought me into connection and correspondence with many authors, other publications had similar results. On the evening of the delivery of the last of the Seven Croall Lectures in Edinburgh, Mr. John Stoughton of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton called round at the anteroom and at once offered to publish them. His terms were so unusually good that I had no hesitation in accepting them. The lectures were on Social Christian Ethics, and were the first on that topic to be delivered in this country. The volume had an instant and world-wide sale. But by the following year other authors rushed into the same field; and Social Ethics had quite a boom. In consequence of this I did not seek for a second edition. The Trustees paid me £400 for my work; and in terms of the deed of mortification, I presented them with twenty-one copies.

Two previous volumes on Ethics had been published in Edinburgh by Messrs. T. & T. Clark. The firm began with Sir Thomas Clark, a provost of Edinburgh, who was, during his provostship, made a Baronet. With his son, Sir John Clark, I had much pleasant intercourse for many years. At his house I first met, when quite a young Ayrshire minister, Mr. James Moffatt, now so well-known as Professor Moffatt of Glasgow, and who has recently gone to a chair of theology in the United States. Again and again we met in Edinburgh and in Broughty Ferry, where he had been a minister for some years. I admired his wide scholarship and indefatigable work as an author. Few have published more in a shorter time than he has done, or covered in these books a wider range of literature and science.

When leaving last year for America, at a farewell dinner, Professor Milligan said that he believed Dr. Moffatt was the only man in Scotland who could have filled equally well any one of the four chairs in their Divinity College—so wide was his knowledge, and so exact his learning.

Wealthy millionaires have most liberally endowed the chairs in American colleges. They are fond of purchasing our finest and rarest paintings. And they have no scruple in stealing our best professors. Since the war the gold of the world has gone to America; and just as Oxford and Cambridge attract the best men by their endowments, so very soon will Harvard and New York Universities draw scholarship to their chairs.

Mr. Rockefeller, the oil king, has shown a splendid example of munificence in this matter. He soon saw that wealth would only hurt, or else cause poverty in America, and passed his benefactions on to schools and colleges. Their gates are now open to the poorest American boy or girl; and bursaries, scholarships and research endowments in science are lifting their institutions to the very front.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the ironmaster of Pittsburg, has on the other hand favoured the founding of libraries, while generously assisting with two millions of pounds poor students at Scottish universities in paying their fees. From personal knowledge I can state the great benefit this has been to not a few hard working and studious boys and girls from Banffshire.

At the re-opening of the extended Marischal College, Aberdeen, in 1906, I had the pleasure of sitting beside Mr. Carnegie at the dinner given on a grand scale by Lord Strathcona, the Rector of the University. On the other side of Mr. Carnegie sat the Marquis of Huntly. The conversation was almost entirely a monologue, not a dialogue. The ironmaster held

strong opinions of his own of the most democratic nature, and was not slow to express them. The dignified Marquis quietly bowed and acknowledged assent. But I could not help thinking of how a Scotch terrier and a handsome Highland collie would behave when they got together. And much as we admired the pluck and energy of the poor Dunfermline boy, and the generosity which he showed to education and libraries and to his native town in Fife—now the best endowed town in all Scotland, and a centre of scientific education—we could have wished that other qualities had gone along with his generosity.

4. When, five years ago, clerical duties called me to Ross-shire I heard a story very illustrative of Mr. Carnegie's kindness and shrewdness. He liked to give liberally; but he hated to be imposed upon or taken in. Living at his estate of Skibo, near Dornoch, he drove in to the Parish Church every Sunday, and passed many of his crofts on the way. He disliked thatched roofs, and had offered every one of the many crofters the half of the expense of re-roofing with good slates. Every one had gladly accepted the kind offer, with one exception.

This one crofter's house was an eyesore to the laird. He stopped his motor car on a Sunday morning and called to ask Donald why he had not got his house slated. Donald said it was impossible as he had not the money to pay one-half of the total expense amounting to £60. However Mr. Carnegie gave him his cheque for £30 and bade him push on with the work.

Passing the door some Sundays after, he saw the thatch still on the roof, and no slates lying about. He knocked and asked, "Donald, why is nothing done?" "Oh, Maister Carnegie, it wass not me, it wass the wife. You see she says if we just had twa or three feet o' rubble put on to the walls to heichen them a wee bit, it would be so nice, and give us

aaticks for the poys and the girls when they come hame." "Oh I see, Donald; good. I quite approve. Let me see your wife." She had been eavesdropping, and at once opened the door and repeated the same request, but adding. "It wasna me, ye ken Maister Carnegie, it wass Donald that wanted it." Mr. Carnegie at once took in the situation. "Very good; very good; but in that case it will cost much more. You had better hand me back my cheque." She ran for it expecting to get one for £80 at least to do the mason work and the half of the slating.

He took it quietly and began tearing it into bits, and said, slowly stepping into his carriage—"Good, excellent; I quite approve. Goodbye." Poor Donald and his wife were dumfoundered. They instantly saw their mistake. Andrew was not to be "done." He would gladly be charitable, but he would never be cheated. The story went round Ross-shire and did good. Perhaps the lesson required to be taught.

5. Two other Scottish millionaires from the North spent their lives in Canada, and in the same way have greatly helped education and religion there and at home. They were cousins, both from Banffshire, Lord Strathcona and Lord Mountstephen. The former I met, as before said, at the opening by King Edward of the new and enlarged Marischal College. He was living with my old bishop of the Barony, now Principal Lang of Aberdeen University, who asked my wife and myself over to the Principal's house; and again in the evening I met him, along with Andrew Carnegie, at the great dinner.

This said dinner became the talk of the time. The King went back to Balmoral at 4 o'clock, and did not stay; but the noble Lord, now Rector by the votes of the students, determined that every student should be there, and all D.D.'s and LL.D's whom the University had honoured, as well as Deputy Professors from every

University in France, Germany, Italy, Austria, and Russia.

In the forenoon of that same day I had the great pleasure, knowing German, of guiding a party of some thirty of these Continental Professors out to Glentannar, where Lady Glentannar, entertained us to lunch; while Professor Milligan headed the Italian party, and Mrs. David Milligan of Aberdeen, who could speak French, led the French ladies and gentlemen. They saw beautiful Deeside; got an ample lunch; aud a Russian Professor from Dorpat asked me to write in English half a dozen sentences which he carefully memorized on the way; and with many a magnificent bow thanked Lady Glentannar and her daughter for their hospitality, and wished them all " happiness and congratulations and felicitations " on leaving.

Altogether, with 800 students and some 500 guests from Europe and America, Principal Lang found that no hall in Aberdeen could hold such a dinner party, and wished it given up in favour of an evening reception at 8.30 in the Mitchell Hall of Marischal College.

But Lord Strathcona had set his heart on every one of the students who made him Rector having a good dinner. " If you have no hall large enough I shall soon build you one. In Canada we soon run up wooden structures. Why not here one of wood?" It was done. Within four weeks, in an open space north of the College, a wide wooden hall was built, the roof not high, but well lighted in that fine August day, and the floor carpeted for the occasion. Money and the strong will can do anything in this way. Some 1300 sat down to the most sumptuous feast I ever saw.

The modest host himself said little; but spoke to the point. Principal Lang made a magnificent speech, worthy of a Principal, and of the University. Delivered with his fine accentuation, every word was

heard. The champaigne flowed, and some students sadly forgot themselves and drank it like lemonade. But it was a fine meeting place for many friends. Some twelve of us foregathered who had not met for forty years. My old classfellow and friend, William B. Sinclair, a distinguished surgeon of Manchester, and Sir William now, had sat near at the same table, and at last we recognised each other.

I got a hold of the others, and re-introduced them all to each other; Professor Nicol helping me in the search. Sinclair made a singular remark. He had won a £15 bursary, and with no possible help from home, had put himself through his M.A. course on that small sum every winter, and taken first class honours at the end of his curriculum. He said to us, with a peculiar smile, and a tear in his eye, "I travelled down last night from Manchester in a Pullman car, and could not help thinking how I walked on foot all the way from Laurencekirk to the Bursary Competition and lived on £15 every winter, and paid my fees out of it—and just yesterday I had two operations and a fee of £50 for each of them. Are we not living in changed times?"

We agreed. Most of us had known the same struggle, but with larger bursaries. "We cultivated literature on a little oatmeal," like Sydney Smith. It has always been the glory of Aberdeen University that students, buffeted by poverty and stranded by circumstances, have yet been able to enter the Guild of Literature through her gates, and satisfy a life-long thirst for learning. They did not believe in scamping, but went in for hard work, and acquired the fine habits of diligence and perseverance. Aberdeen has always been a working University. *Vivat, Crescat, floreat.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LORD MOUNTSTEPHEN—RIGHT HON. RANDOLPH BRUCE —BRUCES AND STRATONS LEADERS OF GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

THE other Banffshire boy who has risen to fortune is Lord Mountstephen. He was a cousin of Strathcona's, but belonged to the Parish of Glenlivet, of which for many years my cousin, Revd. Charles Bruce, was minister.

1. George Stephen was a crofter's son, whose ability as a scholar Mr. Bruce noticed, and invited him to join his own boys and girls at their evening lessons in the Manse. George made such progress that the minister said to him one day, "You are too clever to be merely a crofter, George; would you not like to get into business?" George said he would like very much, and Mr. Bruce got him apprenticed to a shop in the nearest place, Dufftown. The wage could not keep him in food; but the kind minister of Dufftown, Revd. Mr. Cruickshank, gave him board for helping him in the evenings in the garden and glebe; and so he got through his training. A dear friend of the minister came home from Montreal to see his relatives, and took George out to assist him in his store, and in course of time made him his partner. There he found his cousin, Donald Smith, working with the Hudson Bay Company, and bringing

in furs for sale. They saw their opportunity, joined up, and became fur merchants, and soon afterwards started a Bank to finance their business.

It flourished greatly, and spread over the whole Dominion. Queen Victoria at this time, in the eighties and nineties, was urging Canada to hasten the construction of the great Pacific Railway—the well-known C.P.R.—and get the red Empire line drawn across the land from Quebec to Vancouver in order to keep the pushing Yankee south of it. He had already bought Yukon with money paid to Russia, and wanted also to get British Columbia.

Disraeli pressed the Government to finish the line; but they could not find money to build it beyond Regina. There they stuck, and were all but themselves bankrupt. They asked the Bank to come to their help. George Stephen and Donald Smith promised to finish the line on to the top of the Rockies where they should meet the other part built up from Vancouver, and so complete the undertaking.

But it was to be on the one condition, that they got the gift of a wide track of land on each side. This the Canadian Government at first refused; but ultimately necessity compelled them, and Strathcona came across with his carpet bag full of shares in the C.P.R. to raise the millions they had promised. Failing to get much in London, he went to Brussells and Amsterdam; where his Scotch ways and character drew the Dutchmen, and he returned with some millions in his pocket.

They finished the famous railway, got the warm thanks of the Queen and of Lord Beaconsfield, and became Sir Donald Smith and Sir George Stephen. As pioneers came and gradually bought the lands adjoining the line, their bank recouped its money, and they made their millions. In Canada money rapidly makes money, and one million soon becomes two, and

two four. Strathcona endowed college chairs in the Canadian Churches, financed hospitals, and liberally helped charities. Mountstephen did much the same, but he always remembered the friends in the Manse of Glenlivet and of Dufftown who gave him his life start, and handed over large sums of gold bonds in American railways to trustees who should annually add £100 to the small stipends of parish ministers in the Presbyteries of Strathbogie, Aberlour, and Abernethy—thirty-five in all, as well as the two parishes of Dallas and Ord.

The latter is a *quoad sacra* parish taken off Marnoch in Strathbogie and Banff in Fordyce Presbytery. I ventured one day to approach Lord Mountstephen respecting Ord, in which I was specially interested. He asked the minister's name—"It is Revd. George Grant." "Any freen o' my auld freen Geordie Grant the saddler?" "Yes; a nephew." "Put him on at once," was the reply; and the thing was done in three minutes, to my great joy.

Some years after, Lord Mountstephen had more gold bonds pouring in upon him; and he handed them over in a bunch to the minister of Mortlach, Chairman of the Trust that manages. The revenue of these raises yearly between £20 and £40 of an additional endowment to each of these thirty-seven parishes.

But his love for the place of his birth and upbringing made Lord Mountstephen order that double the amount in each case should be given to the parishes of Glenlivet and Glenrinnes and of Tomintoul. The Trust has been a great boon to these remote mountainous parishes. In Dufftown he left an endowment for widows and the poor, which has mitigated the lot of many; and often did he pay them what is better than money, a kindly visit. In the old native dialect he loved to talk, and he never gave it up. Great wealth did not in the least spoil George Stephen. He was always the Glenlivet boy.

2. To him my cousin and myself owe much; for through his influence two of our sons, both engineers, got out to Canada and into the service of the C.P.R. Mr. Bruce of Glenlivet's son, R. Randolph Bruce, has had a distinguished career. After becoming a large rancher in British Columbia he had the good fortune to get as a neighbour the Prince of Wales, who took his advice on all matters concerning the purchase of land and its cultivation. This intimacy was extended through some years, and when home last July, Randolph was sent for by the Prince. The Lieutenant Governor of the Province of British Columbia had died, and the Prince consulted Randolph as to a successor, and thought he was himself the best man. He hesitated much ; but in a few days the *Times* announced that the King had appointed him to the onerous and honourable post of Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia and to the Membership of his Privy Council. Thus the remote parish of Glenrinnes, lying at the base of the famous Ben of the same name, has sent a distinguished son to rule in Canada over a province more than three times the size of England, Scotland, and Ireland, besides sending it the still more distinguished son, Lord Mountstephen, who mutually with his cousin made the great Pacific Railway, and drew the red imperial line across the Amreican Continent. May we not repeat the old jocular saying that if the North Pole be ever discovered, a Scotsman will likely be found at the top of it.

3. It is a matter of supreme thankfulness to have had always the friendship of the family one belongs to. The present laird of Inverquhomery, the first home of the Bruces, by doing well as an active man of business in East Africa has been able to add a number of farms to the old small estate, and it seems secure now in the Bruce family. His brother, Ninian, has filled his

father's place well as a consulting physician in the West End of Edinburgh.

Ninian is the name of the founder of the family, who died in 1699. His descendants are many, for he had 18 grand and great-grandchildren, one, Alexander, being long Episcopal minister in Banff, and dying shortly before I arrived in the parish, after a forty-seven years ministry. The present laird is the eighth generation from the founder.

His father, Dr. Alexander Bruce, a distinguished neurologist in Edinburgh, I met frequently at the General Assembly. He sat as elder for Deer Presbytery, and I as member of Fordyce Presbytery. Both belonging to the Synod of Aberdeen, we were invited to the Synod breakfasts given in those days by the Moderator, but now abolished. In two successive years the Chaplain called out, " Dr. Bruce and Mrs. —," and each of us stepped forward to claim the lady and take her into breakfast. By the third year we came to expect the collision, and the Chaplain was counselled to say Dr. Bruce, and then Revd. Dr. Bruce, and the confusion, which caused some smiles, ended, and the cousins no longer competed for ladies' hands. Singularly we have each a son in Edinburgh with the same name, A. N. Bruce ; and in consequence they insert the full middle name—A. Ninian Bruce, M.D., and A. Nicol Bruce, W.S.

There is no doubt we Bruces are Norsemen, and came over with the Vikings in the Ninth Century and took forcible possession. In the Orkneyinga Saga, which contains many of the Viking ballad songs, the name is spelt Bruis. It is very common in the fishing villages of the Moray Firth, and singularly by the fishermen is pronounced Bruish, a reminder of the old Norse spelling.

The name is likely in the Inverquhomery family to continue. Dr. A. Bruce of Edinburgh had a family

of six. The writer's family numbered ten, and there are already nine grandchildren, five being sons, scattered over the world—in Peterborough, Calgary and Buenos Aires.

4. My middle name, Straton, connects with the Stratons of Lauriston in St. Cyrus parish, Kincardineshire. One of them, David Straton, was in Reformation days a friend and fellow-worker in the good cause with George Wishart and with Erskine of Dun, and became a martyr. He and Norman Gourlay perished together at the stake. A note in the "Life of John Knox," by Dr. McCrie, says, "David Straton was brother of the Laird of Lauriston. He was instructed in the Protestant principles by John Erskine of Dun, who had newly arrived from his travels abroad. In 1534 he was committed to the flames at Greenside, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. His fellow-sufferer, Norman Gourlay was in secular orders."

In his "Book of Martyrs" Foxe gives the reason of his death. "Also David Straton, for that he said there was no Purgatorie but the Passion of Christ and the tribulations of this present world."

One of the Stratons of Lauriston was of another spirit than the martyr, who spelled his name Straiton. He was Royal Commissioner for King James the Sixth to the General Assembly at Aberdeen, requesting them to adjourn their diet and await the King's orders for another assembly. The members transacted no business; but to adjourn without fixing the date of their next meeting was to surrender the principle on which depended the very existence of the Protestant Church. They fixed the date, and several of them suffered imprisonment in Blackness in consequence. By proclaiming its illegality at the Market Cross Straiton of Lauriston did his best to execute the King's orders, though it proved all in vain. The same man was also Commissioner for the Union of England

and Scotland in 1603. The eleventh laird married a daughter of the Lindsays of Balcarres and of Echt, and in this way got connection with Margaret, daughter of Robert the Bruce. Finally a horse-racing laird plunged the estate deeply into debt and sold the lands, and the Stratons became farmers in and around St. Cyrus. They lie in the old churchyard down at the mouth of the North Esk. My father and mother lie in the modern churchyard beside the new church; but many Stratons lie also in Marykirk and Fettercairn and Brechin.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MODERATORS—THEIR TERM OF OFFICE—MODE OF ELECTION—PRINCIPAL PIRIE—PROF. CRAWFORD—DR. NORMAN MACLEOD—DR. GEORGE RITCHIE—DR. STEVENSON.

I SHALL attempt here, believing them to be of abiding interest, to record my recollections of the General Assemblies of my time, and to give a few pen portraits of the Moderators whom I had the pleasure and the honour to meet.

My remembrance of them is much aided by notes taken at the time and amplified on my return. Wodrow of Eastwood's "History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland," and Bishop Burnett's "History of His Own Times" had captured me, and though without the historical gift, I could see the benefit of recording scenes and sayings and anecdotes of the Assemblies.

Of Wodrow we are told that he mounted his horse at Eastwood Manse and hied him to the Assembly, whether commissioned by his presbytery or not. When there he daily wrote letters to his wife telling all that was said and done; and these have all the fresh vivacity and trueness to life which arise from descriptions of what he had seen with his own eyes. His "Correspondence," published by the Wodrow Society, makes very attractive reading.

The Assemblies have always been very interesting to me. We meet friends from all parts of Scotland; we revive old stories of College days at dinners; we make new acaquintances; and we can carry home the account of the Church's work for the year and give it to our people. I always found them, on the Sunday following the Assembly, eager to hear what took place, how the Balance-sheet stood, and how the Moderator behaved. From such notes I have ventured here to give some pen portraits of the distinguished men that occupied the chair and whom I came to personally know.

During the term of their office, Moderators of the Church of Scotland occupy a very high position. Their status at Court functions was regulated by King Edward, and at Windsor they come in after the Archbishops. But the office is held only for a year. At the end of that period they nominate their successor; and, though they remain by courtesy "Very Reverend", they descend again to the position of parish ministers. One does not wonder that the sudden descent is felt. Dr. Cooper told me that when his moderatorial year came to an end and he was no longer addressed as such, he wondered whether he had committed some misdemeanour. But the Kirk is thoroughly democratic, and for only one year is the Moderator *primus inter pares*.

The other truth also holds that one may fill a pulpit with much ability and be an excellent parish minister, and yet in the Chair be only a conventionality. And another may not in any way be a power in the pulpit or a scholar of distinction, but when the Call comes from the College of Moderators (it is usually denied that any such body exists) to preside in the great Parliament of the Church, he may rise to the occasion and bring a weight of character and a clarity of judgment to the discharge of his duties that give

force to all his *ex cathedra* utterances. Well is it when the chair rules with correctness and speaks with "wecht."

In the General Assembly the two usual schools of thought are represented just as they are found in Parliament and elsewhere. The party of progress as a rule contains the younger men, and the party of authority and stability the older men. The names are not necessarily distinctive; but they may be accepted as marking in the main the mind and feeling of the two sections. The one desires to advance and keep step with the spirit of the age and the wheels of its moving chariot. The other is more anxious, while doing this, to conserve what it deems of most value, and to continue the Church's action along the well-tried lines of her past history. Often they agree on the new course of procedure. Sometimes they differ widely. The great Cause of Union at first appeared when Dr. Scott of St. George's proposed it, a new departure from the past action of the Church since 1843. It alarmed many, and the mover of it, inspired by the best motives for the Church's own well-being, and for the welfare of the wider Presbyterianism, was the object of much animadversion.

That has gone; and to-day the Church is at one on the whole question. Dr. Wallace Williamson, after Dr. Scott's death, led the house on the subject, and was able to go to Parliament with such a solid body of opinion behind his back that we first got the Act of 1921, recognising the right of the Church to adopt the famous Ten Articles declaring the Church's complete independence of State control; and then the Act of 1925 making over churches, manses and endowments to us as our absolute property. The Church Trustees hold the titles; fabrics and sittings going to the Kirk Session, and the glebe to the minister. On these points the Assembly reached a

unity of parties ; and we trust that after the coming union of Churches, which we look for in 1929, the same fine spirit of unity and brotherhood will be maintained despite the great difficulties that must arise in the amalgamation of funds and organizations.

In every General Assembly oratory has its place and its normal power. Ever since Knox's time, and very much in the days of Dr. Robertson of Gladsmuir and of Dr. Chalmers, popular leaders have exercised much influence. In 1834 and 1835 Chalmers' eloquent speeches on the need of Church Extension so moved the Assemblies that in seven years £300,000 were raised, and 220 churches were built for new districts and parishes.

Not often in these days when we have very few orators does an Assembly speech change an Assembly vote. As a rule, the two parties vote according to their inclinations and well-known convictions. Yet twice or thrice I have seen it happen.

Once, under a very eloquent and moving speech by Dr. Story, the Assembly, which had practically and wisely, as I thought, made up its mind to use the organ, already built into the house and used every Sunday by the Tolbooth congregation, suddenly reversed this intention and kept the old precentor and keeps him still.

The other was the speech in which Dr. Scott announced that he had changed his mind as to the advisability of proposing union with the United Free Church and felt that now the occasion had arisen. That was twenty years ago; but it certainly changed the minds of many and turned the small minority that had supported Dr. Charteris (of which the writer was one) into a large majority which every year since has, under Dr. White's able leadership increased in numbers.

The Moderator is believed to be selected for nomination by what is called the College of Moderators

some ten or twelve months before the next Assembly meets. The fact of such a college existing has been frequently denied; and Dr. Mair threw doubts upon the legality of its action. At the same time Dr. Mair, after his Moderatorship, took part again and again in this act of nomination and defended it when Mr. Warr of Roseneath questioned its power and authority.

Without doubt it does exist and is the means of, and gives its authority to, the nomination in November of the coming Moderator. Anyone may be, but practically never is, proposed against the "Moderator Designate." And he would be a bold man who would allow his name to be put up in opposition to the one so designed. The College will last until the union. Then it will without doubt be abolished. The United Free Church has a much more representative body, not of eight or nine very aged men, but of between forty and fifty middle aged men who are specially drawn to do this work.

Each method has its strong and its weak points. The closer and smaller body dare not be canvassed: the larger body is open to back door .influences. The former is a very old fashioned way: the latter is the more popular way. In the United Church, the basis and plan of union, which will be most likely adopted provides that "The Moderator of the Assembly at which union takes place shall be nominated by mutual agreement between the Committees on Union of the Church of Scotland and of the United Free Church of Scotland. The first Assembly shall nominate the Moderator of the second Assembly, which shall then determine the future method of nominating Moderators of Assemblies." (B. Administrative Readjustments. Art. I.)

There is an idea abroad and it persists throughout the Synods, that the honour goes round the country

by turns, East, West, North and South. But if so there are many exceptions to this rotation. Edinburgh and Glasgow most frequently get the honour. Dundee and Aberdeen have for a long time been passed over, not because they have not had men of high standing but for reasons not made known.

Parish Ministers in the country it is needless to say, very rarely attain to the honour. But of late it has some three times gone south to such: and Dundee, St. Andrews and Aberdeen may yet get their turn. When one thinks of the scholarly men to be found in these cities, one can only wonder why the eyes of the College of Moderators have not in fifteen years seen beyond the Firth of Forth. It is a mark of grievous myopia and enough in itself to condemn the system in the approaching union.

Turning to the personality of these eminent men, to their characteristics of manner and of mind, the earliest of them whom I knew was Professor Pirie, afterwards Principal Pirie, of Aberdeen. As a Professor I have spoken of his ability and kindness in an earlier chapter. As a Moderator, he displayed all the knowledge of Church law and order which he had acquired through the large part he had previously taken in Assembly business. From his early ministry in Dyce and in Aberdeen he had been a debater and was "to the manner born." He was of a logical type of mind, and began any speech by stating some general principle from which he inferred the correctness of the procedure which his motion proposed. He had a high conception of the excellence and dignity of syllogistic inference, and was always certain that out of his premises assuredly came his conclusion.

In the keenest and fiercest debates over Patronage Abolition Dr. Pirie never once lost his temper. He had a peculiar laugh, all his own, in which he indulged in debate; and which, when he was replying to heated

and hasty opponents, was very catching. The Assembly likes a man who can control his temper and can jettison pointless speeches with a joke and so get rid of them. In this Dr. Pirie excelled. He also had a knack of showing the other side that, if only they understood their arguments and saw their proper bearing, they would at once vote on his side. He liked the young and rising ministry, and often said so ; and nearly always in consequence won them to his side. He was a very popular Moderator ; and his humour overflowed in his rulings. The Aberdeen accent gave a wonderful birr to his speech, and (as we north men thought) additional " wecht " to his words, and added another element to his strong individuality. No man was ever less " a thing of shreds and patches." He was himself and nobody else, and verified well the maxim of Hamlet,

> " This above all, to thine own self be true
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

For many years, after his Moderatorship, he was the popular leader of the Assembly as it moved on to the Abolition of Patronage. Then he won his great success, and the Church of Scotland took another step towards becoming the strongest of national churches. She scarcely knows to-day what she owes to the genius and energy of Principal Pirie.

Of Dr. Crawford, who occupied the Chair in 1862, I have also spoken as one of my teachers in Edinburgh Divinity Hall. He seldom spoke in the Assembly ; but he had been minister of one of the wealthiest congregations in Edinburgh, and an eloquent and greatly beloved Professor in the University. In the Chair, with his amiability and courtesy he had no difficulty in guiding the Assembly debates to right issues.

It was fortunate for us students that we got the lectures which he was preparing for his able volume on the Atonement. He had a great gift in replying to opponents, though sometimes it seemed to us he set up men of straw and easily knocked them down. But we got from him contributions of great value on the doctrine of Immortality. In this line he anticipated the learned work of Principal Salmond on the same subject.

Professor Robert Flint followed him in his Chair, and Edinburgh students greatly profited by the teaching of these most excellent professors. The teaching of Crawford was amplified and developed wonderfully by the powerful mind and literary skill of Flint. Happy the students who had the fortune to find such men in the Chair of Systematic Theology.

He was followed by one whom first I saw, while a student, in the Moderator's Chair, but when I afterwards came to know more intimately as my dear "Bishop" in the Barony—Dr. Norman Macleod. Him also, as a man and a minister I have already described. My earliest recollection of him is a delightful one. I was, with my friends Nicol and Coultie, sitting in the Students Gallery of the General Assembly. Something humorous or funny was said by a speaker on the floor. Very little in that way provokes applause in the reverend House. Our enjoyment took a very boisterous form; and Norman, with a bright smile all the time on his face, shook his big fist at us and requested "order." To this day I remember the liquid eye, the happy smile and the assurance that there was in the Chair one that understood youth and knew humour and was himself probably as tired as we were of the long speeches on the Report and glad that one speaker could see some funny side to it.

His election to the Chair only two years after his

persecution by the Glasgow Presbytery for heresy on the Sabbath question, had astonished us, and showed us how quickly the Church reacts against bigotry when it finds the attack has been made upon a thoroughly honest man. And there never was a more honest and sincere believer than the minister of the Barony or one that more desired the Sunday to be rightly and religiously observed.

His closing speech was a magnificent oration. We have nothing like it nowadays. Not for twenty years have I heard even an approach to it unless it was when Dr. Andrew Milne of Fyvie gave his last words and eloquently urged the Church to go forward with faith on her world-wide mission. Dr. Gillespie of Mouswald also came near it. But Norman excelled them all in his free delivery, his glowing defence of Foreign Missions, his splendid exhortations to Christian living as by far the best defence of the Church, and his Celtic fire and fervency when he referred to the Highlands. Principal Shairp, no mean judge, thought it "just magnificent." It must have been nearly two hours in length. It was not a sermon at all, nor a platform speech. It was just a splendid talk by a wise father, fondly addressing youthful friends. And as Arthur Helps said of him, "he could not help it; he was as eloquent in his talk as in his public speech." Between the two, in Norman, there was little difference.

He saw from the Chair, what was true of his whole career, that he never was and never could be an ecclesiastical politician, and in consequence he never was the leader of a party. Diplomacy he detested. What he laboured for was increase of vitality in Christian living and increase of zeal in Christian service. The Life and Work Committee, which under Dr. Charteris sprang into being afterwards, would have had Norman's most ardent support. In this respect he came near to Dr. Chalmers. In fact he

was the one man who for thirty years filled Chalmers' place as the Scottish representative of Protestantism. Like Chalmers he was known in London as well as in Edinburgh; at Windsor as well as at Balmoral; and over and again he was heard in Westminster Abbey. His voice was everywhere felt to be the voice of the Scottish people. It will be long till we look upon his like again.

The minister of the great city church was followed in the Chair by the minister of a quiet country town, Dr. George Ritchie of Jedburgh. In every way the contrast was great. Quiet and self-contained, not at all given to eloquence, or moving of the masses, yet dignified in the Chair, one whose abilities were well-known, and who could hold his own in learned discussions, Dr. Ritchie was a typical representative of the best country ministers. He had a fine face, full of intelligence; and he struck us by his speech as one who possessed the rare virtue of meekness, so much upheld by his Lord.

But meekness is not weakness. It possesses firmness as much as repose. Dr. Ritchie knew the standing orders and could enforce them when the occasion arose—and that to the surprise of certain recalcitrants who are not of the meek of the earth. Withal, in him a living piece of soul was lodged. He had a well-balanced mind, and the face carried strong, serious lines.

There was nothing of the humour and fun of Norman, which we so much liked; neither was there the insouciance or superiority of the opposite type. He expressed himself in the most refined words, choice and select, and with not one syllable more than was needed.

He had the happiness of a cultured home. His son became a well-known professor in St. Andrews, who published much on ethical subjects. His son-in-law

was my college friend and classfellow, Dr. David Scott of Motherwell, who became for a time the efficient Convener of the Colonial Committee.

He was followed in the Chair by one whom I came to know well and to preach for at later Assembly times, Dr. Stevenson of St. George's. He filled the high post with distinction. His manner was quite Moderatorial ; the Chair suited him and he suited the Chair. There was agreement of the happiest kind, and thorough suitability betwixt Chair and chairman. Happy for the Church it is when such thorough congruity and consortium exist ; and most unhappy when we have *concordia discors* in these exalted places.

The voice was very resonant, and the eyes gave out a gleam of deep meaning, revealing much emotion and a soul of sincerity within. As a preacher his sermons were searchingly ethical and evangelical. You never went to St. George's in those days without finding a full church and a full gospel.

One felt here is a truth-spokesman, who works up his subject for himself, anneals it at his own furnace, and utters his mind out of an original experience of Christian truth. Who does not love originality ? St. George's was a most fortunate church ; for it had this inestimable gift in Dr. Andrew Thomson, in Dr. Stevenson and in Dr. Scott, a rare trio of gifted Moderators.

Dr. Stevenson's closing address was very high-toned. It covered a large field of thought—Patronage abolition, uniformity of worship, the widening of the formula of subscription for elders. The inception of a Life and Work Committee, filled the minds of the members, and gave us some fine dress debates. The Moderator backed up the best in them and struck hard at faults which he saw in the ministry of the Church. There were enlargements in it drawn from wide observation of Christian life. Like many highly-strung

natures he was tender and sympathetic, yet in his passion for truth he could say hard things of those whom he believed to be its detractors or opponents. He was in this way the Augustine of our Moderators. With skilful analysis he diagnosed for the Assembly the errors and weaknesses of the Church in some very impressionist sketches, giving hints of a foresight of the coming Psychology of Religion.

CHAPTER XXX.

MODERATORS—DR. JAMIESON—DR. GILLAN—PROF. TRAIL—DR. SELLAR—DR. PHIN—PRINCIPAL TULLOCH —DR. WATSON—DR. SMITH OF CATHCART— PROF. MILLIGAN.

EDINBURGH had got its turn, and now the Moderatorship went back again to Glasgow. In Dr. Jamieson of St. Pauls parish, we got the scholar and the commentator. His Commentary on the Bible was at that time in every Manse, and proved to be of enormous help to us young preachers. It was written in collaboration with a clergyman of another church, which greatly helped its distribution throughout England and Scotland.

It anticipated Dean Alford, and by its introductions led the way to such popular books as Geikie's and Farrar's Lives of Jesus. And it foresaw, though it did not favour, the Higher Criticism of the next decade, and gave us hints of the approaching controversies on a reconstructed Bible.

Dr. Jamieson in the Chair was somewhat heavy in manner, antique in appearance, and clearly a man of "wecht." Every syllable got its accentuation, and he was easily heard in all parts of the House. A critic of Matthew Arnold speaks of him as "overflowing with humour and pleasantly unguarded in speech." To this picture of that literateur Dr. Jamieson presented

a thorough contrast. The gift of humour had been denied to him. But he possessed the invaluable gifts of good sense, excellent judgment and a knowledge of Church law that enabled him easily to give the necessary rulings.

Thorough scholarship was manifest in every sentence of his closing address. Ministers were urged to keep much to their studies. How otherwise could they give their congregation of their best ? Their people would just get as far on in the Christian life as they themselves had got. A most impressive address, urging us to get into living touch with God through His Word.

At that time, under the influence of Huxley and Tyndal, science was asserting the Fixed Laws of Nature were sufficient, or all but sufficient, in themselves to govern the universe. This claim Dr. Jamieson contradicted and pointed out the impossibility latent in the claim. Looking back upon it from to-day we can see how vast is the change, and that at that time ministers could scarcely imagine that within fifty years the Church of Christ would be shaking hands with the chemist and borrowing for her use the germs of the biologist.

But Dr. Jamieson foresaw the possibility of Science becoming the friend of Religion and counselled us to be prepared for a marriage of minds. A fine spiritul afflatus breathed through his closing address. We felt as Carlyle said about the MSS. of his "French Revolution." "You have here something that comes direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man."

We were all delighted to see a thorough scholar and one that had seldom seen the inside of 22 Queen Street, exalted to the Chair of the General Assembly. We recall how that most eminent scholar and far-seeing thinker, Dr. George Matheson of St. Bernard's, got

no such recognition ; and one whom all the world knew and loved, lived and died unhonoured by the Church he so much adorned and so lovingly served.

The next to attain to the Seat of honour was in every way a contrast. Not a city but a country minister, not a learned scholar but a gifted mind and model parish minister. And with other gifts Dr. Gillan of Inchinan possessed the charming gift of humour ; and that to such an extent that I never once heard him speak but humour bubbled over and irradiated the talk from beginning to end.

One wondered where he would find room for mirth and humour in listening to the wordy reports of committees and their constant appeals for money. But the genius of Dr. Gillan discovered a way, and the humour feathered many an arrow.

There was wit in his remarks no less than humour—the wit which pierces to a point not less than the humour that gambols like lambs and shines like the street lighting round Mount Pilatus. The witty sayings were probably some of them prepared beforehand ; but many could not have been, and came upon us like shots from a field gun in the course of remarks made in answer to delegates, and even in his rulings on points of order.

At the end of a long debate he declared that it was a valuable secret " to know wisely how to lose time." He was fond of the double word epigrammatically used, and thought one happy speaker more Irish than any Irishman.

His features were very expressive. Whenever a pun came out, the head got a toss upward which gave wonderful expression to the epigram. The tall figure and brilliant eyes helped the pronounced personality. His short speeches in the Chair were of the airiest order, and the Assembly at times found it difficult to maintain its gravity. Yet the business went through

with speed; and at the end of the day every one went away with a smile and with a story to tell; many of which were afterwards retailed at Presbytery dinners.

The closing address was really brilliant. One sedate D.D. affirmed it was "so full of squibs" that he got nothing from it. Most of us took out our pencils and pencilled down a few words to recall the best of these. It was in the true sense of the word—a weighty address. The experiences of a successful pastor gave weight to the counsels, and the wisdom was illumined by the wit. The combination had in it to my mind a very gracious charm. It was the speech of a strong personality. The strength did not lie in aggressive assertions; far less in any elation of mannerism. Dr. Gillan was really modest and unostentatious, but the native humour coloured the whole address, and for him it was simply impossible to be demure and reserved. His mirth must get vent; his humour must find expression. With no bated breath he had his say, and the Assembly listened eagerly up to the last sentence of an address full of brilliant points, of solid wisdom and of earnest counsel. Of more than fifty Moderators whom I have met, I do not remember Dr. Robert Gillan's equal in brilliant wit and in kindly humour.

Of Professor Trail, who was the next to occupy the Chair, I have spoken at length in a previous chapter. I have no notes of the Assemblies over which he and Dr. George Cook of Borgue (one of a famous family) presided; and the latter I met only a few times, once being at the ordination of my friend Thomas Nicol at Kells.

But of the next in the Chair, Dr. Sellar of Aberlour, I have very distinct recollections. We often met in Banff and in Elgin, where his genial company was much sought after. He had the historical sense highly developed; and this drew him and Principal Pirie

together, the latter spending many holidays at Aberlour. In the best sense of the word he was a traditionalist, and having come through the fight of '43, his sympathies were not with the party of Progress. As a preacher he was forcible, with the logic of "foreknowledge absolute," and of Calvinism behind all he said. Being an excellent pastor and a friend of the laird's, he got most of his own way in Aberlour.

In the Chair, the fine head and handsome presence made him very presentable, and he became a great favourite at Holyrood. Soon after he became brother-in-law to the then Lord Advocate Watson, father of the present Lord Advocate. His closing address was a well-balanced statement of the great principles that should direct and mould the Church's life.

Of his successor, Dr. Kenneth Phin, I have many happy recollections. We third year Divinity students met him much in our Tolbooth Mission work. By 1877 he had come to lead the General Assembly, and to exercise a wide influence in the Church. In the Chair his fine appearance, his ready aptitude for business and his commanding presence gave him complete control. His ever-wistful and kindly eyes and his rosy cheeks were striking features, creating the idea of a very happy and affable personality. Such was not the general conception of Dr. Phin at all ; but in private he had an extraordinary charm, although he had little small talk. Home Missions absorbed him: he really lived and died for the Church of Scotland's well-being. Men have worn stars and got large pensions from the State who never did so much as Kenneth Phin for the good of the nation and the Church.

He had the old-time air of courtesy which, in all public appearances, prevents a keen advocate from being less than a gentleman.

In these characteristics Principal Tulloch, who succeeded Dr. Phin, much resembled him. In outward appearance they were not unlike, both being of handsome build and fine presence. Otherwise they entirely differed.

Principal Tulloch was from the first a man of literary tastes and gifts. He had not been long in St. Andrews when he became editor of " Fraser's Magazine," which then had the place which the " Contemporary Review " now occupies. In some respects he was the best known man in Scotland. He was the intimate friend of men like Tennyson, Dean Stanley, A. J. Balfour, Jowett of Oxford, Matthew Arnold, Dean Vaughan and Norman Macleod.

His promotion to the Chair lent distinction to the Church, and he was welcomed by all parties in the Assembly. Who can forget the fine face, the mass of golden hair becoming gray, and the tall figure of six feet two? with ruddy cheeks and good complexion and eyes that could readily, during emotional passages, fill with tears.

As Clerk at the Table he had already commanded the confidence of the House, and had won its admiration by his eloquent addresses in Church Defence. For Mr. Gladstone had shown symptoms of favour to the Disestablishers ; and Dr. Tulloch, formerly an ardent supporter of the Liberal party, announced his desertion from the Liberal leader.

In the Chair he added to his popularity by his excellent management of the business and by his sympathetic and eloquent address to Foreign Missionaries. The style of his closing address was large. He spoke with wide horizons in view, and through it all there went a flush of generous sentiment. He was the first in the Chair whose voice had lost any Scottish inflections, and who spoke in good English. His diction was choice, and there was a total absence of

mannerisms. Like Macaulay, he always started off by introducing a general principle, and illustrating it with many particular circumstances. His first articles and earlier style were highly Latinised, but he soon came to adopt a homelier and better style, and a vein of poetry entered into it and gave it colour and beauty. Probably also his thorough acquaintance with the best French writers, such as Pressense and Vinct, enabled him to acquire his purity and elegance of language.

He had a dread dislike of all cant and make-believe, and a keen sense of the value of a rational and non-experimental religion in which faith gave birth to doctrine and doctrine in turn produced faith. Did not life come before thought? and religion before theology? To faith all things were possible: to love all things were easy. To develop and build up these and not to create dogmas, was the task of modern theology. This latest book, "Movements of Religious Thought during the Nineteenth Century" greatly helped us during the keen controversies on Higher Criticism.

He was accused of a breadth that did away with the essentials of the faith and "sold Christ to the enemy." It pained him immensely to be so misunderstood. The knowledge of this very singularly produced from the pen of his friend, Dr. Norman Macleod, a hymn which to-day is sung in every Church in Christendom,

> "Courage, brother, do not stumble,
> Though thy path be dark as night
> There's a star to guide the humble,
> Trust in God, and do the right."

Mrs. Oliphant wrote his Life. It is a book worth its weight in gold. Her gifted pen gives a worthy

picture of John Tulloch, one of the noblest men that ever filled the Moderator's Chair.

I shall always retain a grateful recollection of his great kindness to me when, an unknown young minister in Banff, I had been invited to address the Divinity students in Aberdeen and read a paper on Modern Theology and Christian Ethics, affirming that to-day Bishop Butler's Analogy was out of date because, while thoroughly valid as an argument against Deists of his day, it much lacked completeness as a defence of Christianity. A strong criticism of my words appeared in the "Free Press." Principal Tulloch had read it and very kindly of his own accord wrote me a letter endorsing my whole lecture and counselling further studies in the same line. Young men much value such encouragement.

Of Dr. Archibald Watson, minister of Dundee, I have many recollections. Before he was Moderator, we had often met in the Barony, and during the vacancy there he several times assisted me by taking special services. It was the turn of the North to get the Chair, and he was the outstanding man of mid-Scotland.

No man, except Dr. George Gilfillan, had attained to such influence in the city on the Tay. But Gilfillan was a star whose orbit no one could well determine ; while Dr. Watson moved along intelligible lines and was a valuable helper in all educational and social work.

In the Chair he proved an excellent president; with his eye on everything; self-restrained and quiet, but quick to catch a discordant note and to keep a troubler in his place. Under the average height, but with a large head and very intellectual face, there was constantly a glint of humour flitting across it, and not seldom exploding into happy speech.

One felt there was in him a reserve of power gently

suppressed, a rare force of character and a gallantry of true Christian temper which it required a closer acquaintance to discover. These ran through his addresses from the Chair and became more visible as the Moderatorial year, so trying and so revealing to many, advanced.

In all sides of life he was much interested. School-boards had come in seven years before, and he gave much time and thought to the work in Dundee caused by this new departure. The social work done by the Town Council greatly interested him, and Provost and magistrates asked his advice. He was a progressive theologian and a very thoughtful preacher. No man better loved a talk over the study fire ; and many such he had with his most intimate friend of the Barony.

His Assembly address was full of wise counsel to the Church in these critical times when the Robertson Smith controversy was disturbing the other Church " over the way ", and the whole world wondered how it would end. His great wisdom impressed us all and justified his being chosen for the Chair and his getting the chief seat in the Sanhedrim of Jerusalem.

Of Dr. James Smith of Cathcart I cannot give details from any notes. As Clerk to Glasgow Presbytery I had often met him over Barony vacancy business in his beautiful Manse of Cathcart. He presided over the Assembly with much wisdom and a quiet dignity that attracted all parties. His voice did not carry well, and it was with difficulty we heard him. Ministers from country churches of no great dimensions find it difficult to sound the Assembly Hall. The more was the pity, for his closing address was full of practical and wise advice.

Of the next Moderator, Professor Milligan, I have already written. He was well-known to us as one of the Clerks at the Table. He brought to his elevated position the same careful discharge of duties along with a wealth of learning which adorned it.

One cannot but remember the large head, covered with reddish whitening and curly hair, the spectacles firm on the nose, and the large soft eyes. There was a gentle, pellucid utterance, a continual flow of words that called no halt, a benign forehead and a setting together of firm lips that gave expression to every syllable. All the outward indications were professional. Here is one used to careful culture, who does not fear to state truth in its newest forms, the old in the new and the new in the old.

He makes no show of it, but you feel there is cohesion, balanced judgment, a large outlook, and always the air of ability for more than is at present done. He has carefully gauged the present moment, knows what led up to it and what lies before it, and is keen for, but careful of, Creed revision.

He restates the Evangel in full terms, with all its experiences and vitalities, its world of divine realism, and its grand spiritual drama in Resurrection and Ascension and Pentecostal Power. We feel the subtle charm of it when thus given in its integrity as a living piece of Divine thought.

Some were inclined to call it rhetorical: but that was superficial criticism. Reality was behind the good rhetoric. The charm and apparent simplicity came from clear thinking and a mind that had far reaches. In his closing address we had many pregnant sentences and dramatic touches that thrilled, and sent us home that night thankful that the Moderatorial Chair had been so well filled. We had listened to a prophetic voice and our soul was moved within us.

It is not always so moved at the close of the closing address.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DRS. M'KENZIE—ROBERTSON—CUNNINGHAM—HUTCHISON —GLOAG—A. K. H. B. (Boyd)—MACGREGOR— CHARTERIS—LANG—STORY—MACLEOD— SCOTT—PAGAN—MAIR—MITCHELL.

Dr. Mackenzie of Ferintosh came to the Chair in 1884 when "the turn of the Highlands" arrived. He was the outstanding man in the Black Isle, which is the finest agricultural part of Ross, and has farmers of the foremost ability in Scotland. In crops it is the rival of the Lothians ; in cattle it equals Aberdeenshire. The man that can lead such men and evoke their deep respect is one of more than middle height, and the Moderatorship added a whole cubit to his stature.

In the Chair his presence was commanding. The frame muscular ; the head well poised ; the face firm and full of intelligence—clearly a man you feel you could not trifle with—indeed might at first stand in awe of until you speak ; then the features break into a smile. The soft Gaelic accent draws you to him. A hint of humour plays round the mouth.

Here is one that has known how to stand in the contest. He has got possession of a sturdy character

and a robust intellect. We did not soon forget the manly stability of his well-knit frame, and the resonant firmness with which he uttered his mind.

These things tell on a public assembly. The Moderator's Chair presents many ideals of men. This time it gave us a model of manhood. There lay the secret of his personality.

Very different from the Celtic type of Ferintosh was his successor in the Chair—Dr. Cunningham of Crieff. The robustness of the Celt has given place to the aspect of the student. Here is the man of literary tastes, with the droop of one who pours much over manuscript, who knows vellum and codices ; who does not brace himself with the breezes of the Black Isle, but has spent hours and days in delving into ancient libraries and unearthing MSS., and himself is not unlike a leaf of the vellum he has got so well acquainted with.

He steps up into the Moderator's Chair, seemingly careless of his robes, and endures with impatience the Moderatorial embroideries, the troublesome lace and ruffles that hang loose on his thin shoulders.

The head is covered with a fine mass of hair, somewhat unkempt. Still there he is, a deep thinker, author of by far the best history at that time of the Church of Scotland ; one whose articles got a first place in the "Spectator" and monthly magazines, but was too progressive and literal for the pages of "Blackwood."

Aristotle would have called him "a perfect and living intelligence." Intellect looks at you from those deep keen eyes. Intelligence stands out from the good well-shapen forehead. The thin voice does not help to make him heard. But it utters his words with such distinct emphasis that it commands the attention of the Assembly and is heard in nearly every part of the House.

Before this time, while still minister of Crieff and not yet promoted to St. Andrews' Principalship, he had been one of the best debaters in the house. With Dr. Robert Wallace of Greyfriars he had moved many a motion that had roused the wrath of Dr. Phin, and had stirred the complacency of many parish ministers who wished to let well alone, or wanted no novel suggestions to disturb their dreams.

Dr. Cunningham, one could see, delighted in rousing these slumberers. His voice was decisive; his language was of purpose piquant; he struck hard at old-fashioned ways of thinking. He was never contented without stating novelties of his own. He brought to us from the hills of Crieff phrases that were polished to the point of a dagger and gave us in support of them reasons that were eloquent, perhaps apperceptive, perhaps humorous. If objectors appealed to the Chair, he would calmly wait, look out of his deep eyes at his opponent and repeat with new emphasis and sharpened point the offensive remark, himself the least perturbed person in the whole place.

He had the knack of saying common things in an uncommon way so that they stuck in one's memory. Out of some old forgotten story in the past he would tickle our palates with rare illustrations of Scottish life. He took the side of the Democracy and was a pronounced Liberal, affirming we were all out on strike and all wanted more wages, and not least the ministers. He aimed at trenchant conciseness and loved to put his dislike of dogma into epigrams whose piquancy told on the Assembly. He was not so much a debater as an essayist, using the debates for the discharge of his vigorous artillery.

The closing address was one of the best: and we all profited by its many parallels and fruitful lessons from past history. His splendid literary work in Crieff put scores of ministers who did nothing in that

way to shame. Promotion to the Chair ought to have come sooner than it did, Tulloch and he both complained of the lack of recognition by the Church of literary merit.

He was followed in 1887 by another from the north, which at that time got its full recognition, viz. Dr. Hutcheson of Banchory Ternan. We knew him well in the Synod of Aberdeen, whose business he guided and made it, what few Synods are, a centre of attraction for ministers at which social questions were discussed and ecclesiastical business transacted. It is much to be desired that this were done in every Synod. Certainly in the coming union devolution of Assembly work must take place and the Synods, then doubled in size, must be empowered to undertake many additional duties.

Dr. Hutcheson filled the Chair with dignity, gravity and great ability. He printed his closing address and for many a day I kept and preserved it, so full was it of wise counsel and of historical lessons. The present time makes large demands upon the clergy and requires a parish minister to be both a bishop to administer and an orator to preach. No man can well be both. Yet in each department Dr. Hutcheson excelled. The parish of Banchory Ternan was faithfully cared for. The church organisations were complete ; and the pulpit was filled by one who had the gifts of the orator and the zeal of the evangelist. He had both the culture and the manners that commended him to the county families among whom he had many friends. In Aberdeenshire the lairds have largely left the Church, to the great loss of their influence among the common people, who like to see their social superiors worshipping with them in the National Church and not sitting exclusively in a chapel of their own, and maintaining a different order of worship. It is very pleasant to see the rich

and poor meeting together before the Lord "the Maker of them all."

Dr. Hutcheson held his own in this difficult ground. Many an address did he deliver on the history of the Church in Prelatic and in Presbyterian days. There are points in a Bishop's style and duties which were his aim; and he would have acted as one of John Knox's superintendents excellently well.

In 1889 one who was an outstanding scholar presided over the Church. Dr. Gloag. He followed Dr. Phin in Galashiels, but unlike the latter, was not a man of affairs, but a born student. While an excellent pastor, he had wisely given his mornings to his study; and in the line of Exegesis of the New Testament he had published several learned Commentaries that were widely read and very helpful.

In the Chair his manner was heavy, but weighty and forcible. He never had in the least to assert himself. The voice was firm, the face was full of meaning, the whole aspect that of one who knew his own mind, and could readily seize opportunity by the hand and make use of it to reach the right ends. One would not call him severe in manner; neither was he dour in the least. But here you felt was a robust thinker, or student most careful of every statement which he made, exact in truth speaking, whose circumference was all Christendom and his centre not merely the parish pump; of no one particular school but of the school of Christ, and with a wealth of reserves behind all that he said.

He seldom spoke in Assemblies, but when the Scottish Sermons came on the scene and called up a crowded house to decide on the one that seemed to exceed all bounds of broadness and to excise Christ and Christianity from its pages, two of the most silent men, both eminent scholars, stepped to the front, Professor Flint and Dr. Gloag. The former made

what was called "mincemeat" of the sermon; the latter declared it to be a piece of boastful rhetoric and empty of any solid contents; but the author refused to modify his words, and went over to Congregationalism. So the Scottish Sermons took end.

In his days of retirement Dr. Gloag found excellent use for his talents in supplying, during the illness of Professor Johnston, once of Harray and Birsay, the Chair of New Testament Exegesis in Aberdeen. He found his right sphere at last, and was a very popular and influential professor. The Chair of the Assembly never had a better occupant. His choice of a closing address was very significant of the mind and temper of the man—intellectual, earnest and robust. His wife was a sister of Principal Marshall Lang, and had her full share of the intellect and esprit of that gifted family.

1890 saw a minister of much distinction in the Chair. Not many men are known to the public by their initials, but A. K. H. B. was one. We all knew him first as Dr. Boyd of St. Bernards; then as A. K. H. B. of St. Andrews, where he made his mark very distinctly on that ancient city by the sea.

In the Chair one can safely say he "impressed." His manner was his own, and belonged to no one else. We could anticipate from the very style of his writings what his mannerisms must be. Here it is the urbanity of the drawing-room, and the cult of the most polite. There is no attitudinising, and no persiflage. The talk is conversational, the words much-out-of-the-way, select, ornate, as if a Cambridge don had come down to Edinburgh and is giving us what Bishops and Deans might say of Church affairs.

The face is good, the eyes keen, nose aquiline, the whiskers of mutton chop shape, lips tight and firm, and the utterance very clear and in the best accent.

His head is unusually bald, and a nice fringe of white hair goes round it. He looks the Assembly straight in the face, and speaks as if to the manner born. One thinks of Sir Philip Sydney's fine words, "High erected thoughts, seated in the heart of courtesy." We had heard of invitations to Lambeth Palace and to Winchester: and here was the man whom Bishops conversed with and Princes of the Church delighted to honour, and with whom also Froude and Andrew Lang and Mrs. Oliphant had dined in his manse.

It was a new experience and worth having. No Moderator ever held the mirror better up to Nature or gave us so much of the psychology of society as well as of the common people, with pat sayings, smart as any modern journal, and most arresting as they dropped so fresh from his lips. You feel he says of pushers and upstarts what needed saying, and what few could do so courageously and so well. He approached Thackeray in the delicacy of his humour and faculty for coining a stinging phrase with the best intention. Many disapproved ; but old-fashioned folks forget that the most sincere people may indulge in high forms of wit, in the gayest exercise of good humour. Even Socrates had a playful spirit, and Dr. Johnson poured out his jokes as copiously as his tea.

If Dr. Boyd used strong language with a sting in it, it was not because he hated any one, but because he disliked pretence and loved truth and was thoroughly honest in his likes and dislikes. He tried to love everyone ; but frequently confessed there were some people he did not like.

One of his critics had said that A.K.H.B.'s gospel was "Be wise and be well-bred and you will be sure to gain Heaven at last." It was the mistake of one who did not see far. Dr. Boyd earnestly preached the gospel of love, and did not hesitate to say that

the essence of good manners is kindness and a loving thoughtfulness of the failings of others and that none shared this more than our Lord Jesus Christ. It is so easy to misconstrue when you are out to malign! and to forget that urbanity and courtesy are the hall-mark of humility, the finest of Christian graces. But one does find people who are as gruff as a bear and as caustic as vinegar, who yet claim the name of good Christians. Such were those whom Dr. Boyd tried to "love but did not like." He made a most distinct mark as Moderator; and as an essayist he had few equals. "Almost as good as Addison," was one criticism of his writings.

As in intellect he was always critical, so in temperament he was inclined to be polemical. But left alone, as he usually was in company, he was the best talker I ever met. Many of the clever things he said had been carefully polished and prepared, but one so enjoyed them that we never thought of them till we went home and dwelt upon their piquancy and brilliance. In Dr. Mitford Mitchell's days in Aberdeen A.K.H.B. was frequently at Communion and preached to crowded congregations. Dr. Mitchell would ask the ministers assisting at other churches to meet him at nine o'clock suppers. These were "feasts of the gods." Very soon, after vain attempts to state our side, we gave way and with pleasure listened to talk so discursive, so copious, so pit and pat and forcible and altogether so perspicuous and elucidative of his views of things, of Church and of society, that we carried away most of it and often entered it in our diaries with a *Nota Bene.*

The impression left usually was that the curse of the world and of the Churches to-day is not original sin so much as aboriginal stupidity. We sinned; but worse still we blundered and needlessly so. Folly as an aberration ought to be laughed out of existence;

every satirist should do his best to condemn it, and society and the Church need to be led by the Aristoi, the wisest and best. They are few, and they should set the highest possible standard in manners and morals. Democracy he disliked ; Aristocracy he criticised; but for the Aristoi he had great regard. Who they were we never gathered from him.

He was followed in the Chair by one totally unlike him in nearly every respect, Dr. James Macgregor of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh. In many ways he was an original. Small of stature, with a waddling walk by which we knew him at any distance, he yet overcame all these physical defects by his vigorous mind and his virile manliness. I first heard him at St. Giles assisting the Moderator of the year, long before he himself attained to the Chair, in dispensing the Communion. I could not see him over the heads of those in front of the table and wondered where the fine ringing voice, that made every word so clearly audible, could be coming from. When at last I discovered the source, his head seemed to be only a few inches above the high St. Giles wooden table of that day.

But the little body was no measure for the large soul which inhabited it. The soul looked through keen and very kindly eyes ; which glanced like diamonds, ever moving to catch all that was going on. In the face one could read signs of sympathy. In preaching, many waves of emotion passed over it. The lips were the most mobile that I ever saw. While sitting in the Moderator's Chair, they continually moved as if he wished to speak and could with difficulty restrain the rush of words that would give outlet to the inward pressure.

" Oh could I only say what I have seen," were the words of Frederick Myers, and Dr. Macgregor's feelings echoed the longing.

We all wished he could only get the opportunity of

utterance and that the bungling speaker who had the ear of the house would let the Moderator put the case for him in its larger and broader aspect. But the Chair must simply rule and not rectify. Yet that limitation sorely tried the Doctor. He wishes he could for three minutes quit his seat and get on the floor and give expression to the burning emotions he is repressing.

The currents flow quickly and deeply within him. No smooth canal there: but the rush of the Tummel or the Garry hurrying on to their waterfalls.

The heart was big: the mind was large, the body was little and the legs weak. Upon a platform the figure at first was inconspicuous and always kept behind others. But when "Wee Macgregor" once got upon his feet, he found his right place. The audience wakened up at once to the ring of that resonant voice: instantly assents were given; feet and hands soon joined in applause: before he sat down he had captured his hearers, and the soul of the meeting was at one with his own.

His closing address to the Assembly was brilliant: next to Tulloch's, the best for many a day. The house was thrilled. At times the members all but jumped to their feet. The Church was in great danger: Disestablishment was a terrible possibility. Dare anyone there hold back? Did not every voice of kindred and forefathers call? Did not every sentiment of honour impel? Did not patriotism move? The voice rang out its loudest tones. The arms and eyes and features all combined to stir us.

We felt all fear vanish. The turning point had come. That speech made many converts from Gladstone's ranks. Rainy's following grew less. Soon to vanish. The Church came ont of the conflict with renewed vigour and freshened life. "The Lord of

Hosts was with her: the God of Jacob was her refuge."

We have lived to see better days and to find union in the air and at hand. Disestablishment is a dark shadow of the past. And James Macgregor gallantly faced and fought it.

He was followed in the Chair by one who had served the Church in quite another but not less helpful way, Dr. Archibald H. Charteris. As Professor of Divinity we have already described him. His ministry in three parishes was short, and before he was thirty-four he was in the Chair which the famous Dr. Lee of Greyfriars had filled. Dr. R. Wallace was the other candidate, and keen feeling was aroused. But Dr. Charteris soon mastered the critical problems then raised by the Tübingen School and produced a book on Canonicity thoroughly up-to-date, and which held the ground for many a day until Bishop Westcott's volume superseded it.

He had won his Moderatorial honours, however, more by his practical than his professional work. For concurrent with the labours of the Chair went his labours in the clinical training of his students in parish work. It was mainly here that the writer met him in starting the Tolbooth Mission in the Lawnmarket. The district was a "No Man's Land," a lapsed parish. The 1870 Act of Parliament abolished it, and with consent of the Presbytery annexed it to St. Cuthbert's and St. John's. The Church was merely an Assembly Hall in May, and Dr. Charteris felt that here is a fine place for students getting training in Home Mission work and so "Walking the Hospital." Soon also he got the Assembly to appoint a Special Committee to report on all such vital work, now the well-known Life and Work Committee. The Moderatorship was the reward of the splendid efforts made by him in this Committee with its innumerable agencies

of Guilds and Parish Magazines and other organizations.

Dr. Charteris filled the Chair with ability and sauvity. We feel about him a singular charm of personality. The face is open and winning, without a wrinkle, and suggests one who has come through life's battles with few strokes from the enemy. The eyes are bright and give quick expression to the feelings. They can pierce as well as glance. The manner is of the best and not borrowed. Ancestral gifts have come down, with their enrichments, upon him.

The addresses to delegates give no trouble. He takes up their own words and returns them with improvements and happy amplifications. There is readiness, aptitude, and every polite pleasantry, which so pleases the foreign Deputies. Here where so many Moderators came short, Dr. Charteris is a brilliant success. At Holyrood he is a favourite, and being a Royal Chaplain, Balmoral sees much of him in his Moderatorial year. No man could more quickly read character. He had great skill too in the management of men and of committees, where tact is so much wanted.

The closing address was of the most practical kind. The learned criticism of the professor's chair was wisely kept in the background. The clinical ousted the theological ; and we got most useful counsels for parochial work. He was a brother, and had bent his back to our burdens.

We came home bettered by it. He met us on our levels ; we rose to his. He had himself risen from the ranks. Might not we do the same? Every spokesman for the Church, like his Master, should be an encourager of men.

The next to fill the Chair was Dr. Marshall Lang of the Barony. He and his wife belonged to gifted

families, both neighbours in the Presbytery of Hamilton. The heritage still continues and has carried the eldest son to Canterbury. Dr. Lang filled the Chair with much modesty and dignity. Like all his brothers he was of handsome build. To see him walking along Sauchiehall Street with erect front and a cheery smile for all on his face was something to be remembered. People would ask "Who is that?" Glasgow came to know him well, and he suited that city of the West.

The Barony has always been a stepping-stone to the Chair, and always has had men of big build—the present occupant, Dr. White, not the least. Dr. Lang's Moderatorship was much occupied by the needless Disestablishment discussions; but they were by his time on the wane. The reaction had set in and the Rainy Campaign had lost its spirit.

In the Chair he easily ruled. The sonorous voice filled the chamber, and the opening prayers carried us all up to the throne of Grace. Never were these services better conducted. In addressing deputies he conveyed the thanks of the Assembly in most eloquent terms. The lofty tone, the resonant voice, the deep chested notes, made every word tell.

The same qualities gave richness to the closing address: the accentation and articulation approached Gladstone. They predicted the coming Principalship at Aberdeen, for Lord Balfour of Burleigh was a hearer and was looking round about to find men of talent for such elevated seats. The Secretary for Scotland must ever keep his eyes open, and Assemblies are a revealing ground not less than Holyrood Palace.

Dr. Lang went back to the Barony designed for a higher place. Soon thereafter he came north to fill with distinction the seat where Principal Pirie had reigned. The example of the great William Carstares has inspired many.

It certainly inspired the next Moderator ; for Carstares' Life was written by Dr. Robert Story of Roseneath. He was content for long, like his famous father, to fill that little rural church and pursue his literary career amid its quiet sylvan beauties. He soon developed his historical genius, wrote much for the " Glasgow Herald," and anon went to the Chair of Church History in Glasgow University and to one of the Clerkships of the Assembly. Principal Tulloch and he were two of the finest looking men in the Circumtabular Oligarchy of their time.

In the Chair of the Assembly Dr. Story was clearly in his right place. The long, well-combed white beard suited the laces exactly. The fine white hands matched the frills. From the sole of the foot to the crown of the head everything seemed to become him. The silver buckles, the silk stockings, the knee-breeches, all were in keeping. The massive head of curled and well-trimmed hair would have done honour to a Caesar on the Augustan throne. We could not keep our eyes off him.

The dark keen flash of the gipsy eye shews traces of the forefathers' blood. The mouth is good and bearded. The voice is mellow, strong, and carries excellently. The accent is the best. Nothing garish here ; nothing parvenu or bourgeois ; but the whole man breathes of *noblesse oblige*.

To the deputies he speaks with full knowledge of the Colonial churches, and they listen *auribus arrectis*. He gives them a clever prognosis of their future and casts a horoscope of Britain's great and growing empire. His words are few, yet the laconic style is piquant and pithy, and they are delighted. A long-winded Canadian who wearied the Assembly with prosaic platitudes gets a lesson.

He was, we confess, not easy of approach. Yet at his own table no one could be kinder. He spoke little ;

Mrs. Story being a clever talker and gifted, saved that necessity. It needed the big occasion to evoke the speech. Jacob Primmer was his *bete noire* and delighted to draw him out. When one year Jacob attended the Assembly's Communion in St. Giles, and at the close rose and loudly protested against the manner of dispensing, we hurried past without heeding ; but Dr. Story reached the Assembly deeply moved and made instantly a most telling speech in condemnation of the coarse indecency of the proceedings by one who he could see " sought popularity by servility to the throng." There was no hauteur in the language, but only indignation at the Holy Communion service having been so rudely disturbed by an opinionated and narrow-minded minister of the Church.

Dr. Story's book on the Orders of the Church of Scotland has proved very helpful to ministers. They can now readily see that, though the diocesan episcopate of James and of Charles has been entirely swept away, they possess the Authority of Orders that came through the Presbyterate of Apostolic times straight down to this Twentieth Century. Of this Dr. Story gives good and substantial evidence,

There followed him in the Chair, in 1895, one of the great family that came originally from Morven, Dr. Donald Macleod of the Park, Glasgow. Nine years before he had written, with much literary skill, that Life of his brother Norman which had captured the whole world. And though not possessing the brilliance of the brother, he had his own large share in the Macleod genius. He took up " Good Words," and in editing it gathered round him a circle of rare literary men who made it the very best magazine of the time.

He ascended the Chair with the good-will of all. One looks at him, and in the fine chiselled features and

rosy-coloured face, and ample brow, sees the gifts that have descended from "John of Morven." The eyes are full of kindness ; the mouth is mobile and decisive ; the speech ready and pungent and straight to the point. There is much vivacity and tender susceptibility in it and no hearer will sleep while Donald Macleod is preaching. The Highland birr is there also, but anglicised and modulated. Now and then a sentence comes tremblingly alive, which makes you think of Norman. The prayers are very devout and beautiful without being liturgically stiff. He goes through his closing address with the mettlesome manner of a high well-bred racer, who has ridden his course well and knows what he has done and tells you without the least hesitancy to go and do likewise. We dislike feebleness and jejune wishy-washiness ; and we admire firm judgment and sturdy decision of mind. These were pronounced features in the composition of the Minister of the Park. They always tend to make a good chairman ; and he was one who ruled by strength of character not by force of words.

The leader of the Church is chairman of the Business Committee. Dr. Archibald Scott of St. George's had for several years guided the Assembly, and now by general assent stepped into the Chair. Some men have greatness thrust upon them ; some by their own ability and good judgment attain it. It comes late ; but it comes. Dr. Scott had in youth moved rapidly from church to church—every rising, ready for each new call, equal to each opportunity, and finally following an ex-Moderator in St. Georges—which under him went to the very front.

No man ever more firmly stood on his own feet. He had the face of his forefathers, healthy farmers in Cadder ; and his rosy cheeks, bright blue eyes and white curly hair gave him a very attractive appearance and made a fine bust. He and Mr. T. G. Murray

W.S., then the leader of the laymen, had the biggest and whitest heads in the Assembly. They were both in St. George's, which became for a time the living centre of Church life in West Edinburgh, and excelled in contributions to the Church's Schemes. In Dr. Scott, as leader of the House, we had an alert personality, with all his faculties ready at command. The look, the voice, the features, alike suggested a statesman long in office, or a Prime Minister trusted by His Majesty, and chairman of a Coalition Cabinet. Dr. Scott would have made an excellent leader of the House of Commons.

When awkward emergencies arose in the General Assembly and the Moderator was at his wits' end to discover a way out, I have seen Dr. Scott at the table quite unperturbed, at once deal with all the elements of the situation, state both sides fully, then shew the one right line to be taken. The dilemma was solved: the difficulty was at an end ; the Moderator's fears vanished, and the business went forward.

Not until afterwards, when we thought it all over, did we perceive the swift tact, the unerring instinct, and the mental working of the keen brain that saw the way to an open door and a solution of the sudden emergency. Collectedness, calmness, quick perception of the problem and conception of the issue and of all the dangers involved, and also a spirit of courage and a nature free from nervousness—in these were found the faculties that fitted for leadership. One purpose ruled him. The ship must be steered to safe anchorage; the helm must be kept firm ; one step taken at a time ; and the next step became clearer and safer. The skill with which it was done was not visible but it was masterly. The case was openly put to the jury, and the vote was usually unanimous, while other motions were withdrawn in its favour. Many strands were in the rope held by that skilful steersman, Dr. Archibald Scott.

He was followed in the Chair by Dr. Mair of Earlston, of whom I have already written. Dr. Mair's mind was of the most logical order. He loved "the gladsome light of jurisprudence," and simply delighted in unravelling the intricacies of Church Law. The successive Procurators, Sir John Cheyne, Sir Charles Pearson, Sir Christopher Johnston, greatly deferred to his judgment in Assembly cases. He combined two qualities very rarely united, an excellent pastor and a skilful Church leader. Presbytery clerks over all Scotland wrote him for advice, and every letter was answered on the day on which it was received.

His successor in the Chair was an intimate friend, Dr. Pagan of Bothwell. He gave us in Banff the most persuasive appeal against Disestablishment that I ever listened to. He had all the characteristics of a race that is departing: old-fashioned dignity and politeness, and the *suaviter in modo* that made him a model Moderator.

Of Dr. Norman Macleod of Inverness I have already spoken. The Chair lost nothing of dignity by his occupancy. From Inverness he literally, in his day, guided the whole Highlands. He was an excellent platform speaker, handling any subject with a competency of touch and bringing it always into a large atmosphere. The sturdiness of both face and voice gave a sense of "wecht" to all he said. In the Gaelic he was supreme.

He was followed by one of another type, Dr. James Mitchell of South Leith. He spent one of his holidays in Banff and I corresponded with him in connection with my chaplaincy for a summer at Homburg. An excellent man of business and a preacher of power, his personality ran all through his sermon, and his fluency never failed yet did not prove fatal. He had great readiness in all his addresses, and did not want in humour.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DRS. RUSSELL, GILLESPIE, MACMURTON, MILNE, NIVEN, MITFORD MITCHELL, MARSHALL, ROBERTSON, MACADAM MUIR, STEWART, DILL, WALLACE WILLIAMSON, NICOL, PAUL, BROWN, COOPER, OGILVIE, McCLYMONT, SMITH—CLOSING REMARKS.

Of Dr. Russell of Cambeltown I find it difficult to speak, he was such a kind friend. He was in his time the most beloved man in the Church. He held in his hand the heart of the Highlands ; and to hear him open the Highland Breakfast in May in Gaelic and pray in it, and then for our sakes condescend to communicate with us in English was an experience of the rarest kind. In the Highland Committee the business was usually one long tale of distress about repairs needed to houses, steadings or churches. If refused, the applicants would always add that they would be perfectly satisfied if the Committee would " just send the Convener down to see their great need of repairs." Of course he was sent ; and the claim never again came back to the Committee ! Dr. Russell's purse had no bottom ; and Dr. Russell's heart had no bounds.

He was followed in the Chair by Dr. Gillespie of Mouswald. No man in his day was better known

throughout Scotland. He presided at the Highland Agricultural Show no less than at the General Assembly, and with equal ability in either sphere. He sprang from the same soil as Carlyle, and in many respects resembled him in his make and physique ; there were marks of the same granitie stock. Mouswald and its minister fitted together like lock and key. There was absolutely nothing vague or uncertain about Dr. Gillespie. He got hold of the truth in his youth and held it all through, and was not in the least like those whom Matthew Arnold describes as,

> "Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born."

He was possessed of a certainty which the older theology might well count as its own prize. If any school could claim him it was neither High nor Low, but the Wide church that was his. He had little love for Hochma wisdom but stood firm as a rock on Confessional truth.

In the General Assembly he was himself and no other. No Moderator owed less to dress or prestige. He was rapid in retort, made no mistakes in business, and was thoroughly in his element when giving rulings from the Chair.

All the Moderators go to Balmoral in autumn. King Edward was captured by Dr. Gillespie when he preached in Crathie Church. He liked the short service, the old Psalms and Paraphrase, and the forcible straight-from-the-shoulder delivery : and every year thereafter he sent for the minister of Mouswald and had talks on the cattle as well as on the text. This went on to the last year of King Edward's life. Many stories are told of their talks over the wine and the walnuts.

Next year Dr. John MacMurtrie was advanced to the Chair with general approval. He was a brother

beloved of all, and his face in the Chair looked like a benediction. Unlike his predecessor, he was a city minister, with his main interest in Home and in Foreign missions and, be it also told, in entomology, which was his hobby, and led him to strange places every summer. I once saw him lift a stone on the beach of Banff and describe to our delight every one of the eight little animals that had found shelter beneath its super-incumbent weight. He had literary gifts, and edited the " Life & Work Magazine " for many years. The first article I ever wrote to a public magazine was at his request, upon the Psychology of the New Birth, and his kind encouragement to a young beginner I never forgot. He was a very busy man and " gave every flying minute something to keep in store."

More could not have possibly been made out of his lifetime, so far as one can see, than he made of it. Every talent paid its tribute. Every month supplied its modicum. *Dum vivimus, vivamus* was his life motto ; as it was that of Doddridge,

Of Dr. T. B. W. Niven's Moderatorship I have pleasant recollections. He ruled the Assembly in a skilful and masterly manner. His presence was commanding, and he gave the impression, like a Roman tribune, of being one born to lead. When he entered the Chair one thought of a monarch ascending his throne, or a general mounting his war-horse. Yet there was ever a glint of kindness in the eyes, and he could look very benignantly on us lesser folks. There was no easy flow of language, but every word of his address was slowly pronounced to its last syllable. The name of the Gen-er-al Assembly got its full due.

His theology was orthodoxy of the best kind from Geneva and John Knox. There was no water from the Wells of Wellhausen, and he gave them no manna to eat from Berlin or Marburg. In opening the next

Assembly by the sermon in St. Giles, we got a most powerful address from the famous and appropriate text, " Ye are come to the Gen-er-al Assembly and Church of the First Born." It gave us the benefit of the rich and ripe experience of one whose aim was clearly to preach a gospel of healing for the people's hurt. There was no twilight in the atmosphere, and the certitudes of the faith were firmly enforced. These old preachers could very forcibly emphasise the great facts of Redemption: " God will never fail to explain Himself to them that trust Him." One never forgets a word like that.

Dr. Milne of Fyvie was not unlike Dr. Niven, but with a difference. Handsome and dignified, fully bearded and ruddy, he looked the type of a healthy country minister who could dine with lairds and hold his own with the best of them. The voice was clear and the accent of the best ; and the reply, facing the King's Commissioner, was, as seldom it is, delivered without a note and in the best style. He had less time than usual to prepare, having accepted the call to the Chair when another Moderator designate, through illness, declined it. But the Chair was well-filled, and the duties of the Moderator's year were discharged so efficiently and with such total disregard of their weight that the useful life ended before his year was out. He and his successor, Dr. Theodore Marshall, both paid the penalty of overworked Moderators.

Dr. Mitford Mitchell's occupancy of the Chair came at a happy time. He had filled the West Kirk, Aberdeen, to overflowing, had been made a King's Chaplain and promoted to the Convenership of the Colonial Committee, and the Chair was the fitting crown of such a successful career. A man of much means, he gave dinners at Assembly time and at Committee meetings, and his house was well-known as a place where one met Deans from Durham and other

dignitaries who were got to grace our Assembly gatherings.

These things require tact and *bonhommie* and good manners and a broad canvas to work on ; and Dr. and Mrs. Mitchell were splendid hosts. They had travelled much and seen foreign lands ; and the Moderatorial Chair that year was filled by one who could address Deputies from Asia and Africa and the West Indies as few can, and shake hands with them in that most urbane manner that so becomes a Moderator. In his closing address, members were told with much force and frankness what they may be and what they must be, and with a total avoidance of mere harmless make-believes.

Dr. Mitford Mitchell was followed in the Chair by Dr. Theodore Marshall. He had been for a time minister of Caputh, but had accepted the office of Home Missions and Endowment Deputy. That office he filled with such assiduity and capability that he was promoted to the Church's seat of honour in 1908. The handsome figure, manly voice and good accentuation made him popular in the Assembly. It became very much a Home Mission Assembly, but the cause of Foreign Missions did not suffer thereby. We now see there is for the Church but one Mission, and the heartiest workers for the Home base are always the warmest supporters of the work abroad.

Dr. Marshall's addresses and speeches in the Assembly were what we would call eloquent talks, with a flow of words, always to the point, no grand eloquence but the best of good sense ; and the *copia verborum* did not lead him into dangerous loquacity, much less verbosity. His closing address had a fine apostrophe to the Head of the Church, and an excellent interpellation on the benefits of a united Church and State.

After him came one of a different stamp. The

Church benefits greatly by her choice of men of many moulds and types. The personal equation has a large place in the making of a good Moderator, and is the elusive element which yields up its secret in the course of the ten days in the Chair which so test a man's capabilities and reveal his fitness or his want of them. Dr. James Robertson of Whittinghame was not long in giving proof of his wealth and his worth. We soon saw he had firm anchorage, and also great length of cable. There was force and freshness in his words, and a wide outlook on literature and on the world of men.

The Chair of the Assembly makes many demands on its occupant. One is that he keep his head and don't make rapid descents to common-place. Another is that he have the tones of a Bishop and speak with *ex cathedra* utterance. This was Dr. Robertson's note and he held his ground without any difficulty. To him it was native and to the manner born. He was made and meant for a Superintendent of the John Knox type, and the pity is that we have not such to-day. Dr. Robertson ought to have been Superintendent for life of the Synod of Lothian and Tweedale with a Clergy House in Edinburgh doing duty as a Bishop's Residence.

His speech was always with grace and seasoned with salt. As chairman at some large conferences he filled his part well, speaking out of wide horizons and with a firm hold of his subject. We felt we were sitting under a man of learning, of high attainments and good breeding, who could speak to Mr. A. J. Balfour and others in Whittinghame Church with edification, and yet the humblest cotter in the parish would never miss the meaning of a sentence—a very rare gift.

He was content to be a country minister though city churches sought him and offered large stipends. He found the quiet of the rural parish helped to deep

thinking ; and by his pen and his published works spoke to a very large circle of readers. In the pulpit he spoke to a few hundreds weekly ; by his pen he would speak to ten times as many thousands. Might not many ministers in quiet parishes do as much ? In these days the pen is mightier than the sword ; and a scholarly man there might remember what William Robertson could do in Gladsmuir, and Mair in Earlston, and Rankine in Muthil, and James Robertson in Whittinghame.

Dr. Macadam Muir next came to the Chair. Morningside knew him for long and liked him. But St. Mungo's claim was considered paramount, and he went to the Cathedral of the West. He filled the Chair with much readiness of speech and much quiet humour at addresses to Deputies. That bit of work was never better done; his knowledge of the Colonial Committee having made him acquainted with all our Dominions and their needs.

In Glasgow the minister and the edifice went well together. There was that about his personal appearance which harmonised with the architectural beauties, the chaste outlines and flamboyant features of that fine old structure—every inch of which he knew, and every part of which in cloister and crypt he loved. It was a great pleasure to follow Dr. Muir conducting a party of visitors and making them to be devotees for the time at the shrine of the saint. He would show them all the lovely tracery and flamboyant waving on the columns and their capitols, with their architraves and friezes and cornices, all enriching the entablature of each arch, and then would lead them up to the nave and enlarge on the lanceolar windows and the foliated ornamentation of the triforium and its arcade and clerestory windows. One remembers the lesson he could give on the poetry of architecture. Sir Gilbert Scott himself could not have done it better;

while he would have failed to tell us of the lovely and imposing life of St. Kentigern and his strange upbringing by his Princess mother from Traprain Law.

Principal Stewart of St. Andrews followed, who was preeminently a scholar, and won his first chair in Aberdeen by the famous " Contestation " that has always been a feature of the Northern University. It has certainly proved its worth; for its successful contestants now fill chairs in Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities after beginning in Aberdeen. Dr. Stewart soon went to the Principalship of St. Mary's and not long afterwards got the Chair of the Assembly.

He made an excellent Moderator. But fortune was against him and on the second day acute illness confined him to bed, and he spent eight of the Assembly days in the North British Hotel, where I saw him often and reported the doings of the Supreme Court. He was able to give his closing address, in which he vividly pictured the needs of the age and of the Church. She wanted men of insight with the vision of the prophet and with the aid of a keen imagination to forethink and foresee. Imagination was of enormous benefit to thinkers and had never got its rights. We can remember the cultured tone and impressive quietness of manner, shewing one thoroughly at ease with theological science and deeply aware of the wide extent of her horizons.

With Dr. Marcus Dill, who followed Principal Stewart, I had less intimate acquaintance. We met often at Small Livings Committees, in which useful work he was greatly interested and was known to have gained for that cause the willing support of his wealthy parishioner, Mrs. James Baird of Cambusdoon in Alloway Parish.

He was a very useful committee man, and 22 Queen Street placed him high therefore in its scale of values.

Next to him came one whom I never once met in a

committee and who won the Chair by sheer fitness for it and an all-round ability, Dr. Andrew Wallace Williamson. The favourite student of Professor Flint, he was scarcely licensed when he was called to the large and important charge of North Leith ; then after a brief space to St. Cuthbert's, and after another period, in which he deeply impressed St. Cuthbert's, to follow Dr. Cameron Lees in St. Giles.

In the Chair who can forget the face? the intellectual look, the well-cut features, the face full of placidity and brightened up with lustrous eyes that seemed beaming with genial kindness on every one, the well-cut lips which on preaching in St. Giles ever curved into new shape in order to give better enunciation to every syllable ; the voice so clear and resonant, without the least hoarseness at the highest pitch, floating through the Cathedral like a liquid melody; trumpet-tongued without any ear-splitting emphasis, and so persuasively winning that one could follow the well-developed argument with pleasure on to the end.

I once heard him preach at Balmoral. He quietly entered the pulpit when Dr. Stirton had finished the lessons, opened his small Bible and read his text, and without a note went through an elaborated and logical statement of his subject with such clarity of conception, such breadth of view and penetration of mind that the humblest gamekeeper could grasp it and King and Queen alike could benefit by it. One does not wonder that he was the favourite Chaplain and was much at Holyrood when their Majesties were in residence each summer.

His closing address was superb. The Assembly responded eagerly. It was long; but the members were wholly absorbed and only wished it had got further extension on correlative lines.

The moderatorial year was a very busy one. He was made Convener of the Business Committee and

had full charge of the Assembly and of the planning of its debates and order of daily business. So trusted was he that his correspondence more than doubled throughout the year.

His function became archiepiscopal. He was Canterbury and York combined, with no division of labours and no partition of responsibility—Archbishop with no Suffragon to help, dictator without a council to advise and Premier without a Cabinet to call together and consult. The College of Ex-Moderators are of no help here: They only meet to nominate the next.

And all the time the important congregation and parish of St. Giles, with his young assistants, was upon his shoulders, and a weekly sermon expected to its cultured congregation. Canterbury has a learned Dean, four excellent Canons as preachers, and five or six clergy for its one parish and Cathedral, and a revenue of over £15,000. St. Giles gives £1000 and two licentiates to help. Good! but where are the Dean and Canons which the Church of Scotland itself should provide? It is simply monstrous.

Need we wonder that the good man could not long stand the strain. The wonder to us all was that for twelve years he was able to meet it. In the end it mastered him, and the finely tissued brain gave way. At the end of the war many new problems emerged; Union also sprang into a front position and rent the air "over the way" with disturbances. At many of the joint meetings he had to preside; and trying to mediate between parties he often got the redding-stroke. Twice I saw this happen, and he went home hanging his head.

Breathing time there was none. The dead lift was tremendous. This long *labor limae* was enough to break a dozen backs. For years his arm was always at the labouring oar. He spoke and pleaded for the famous

Ten Articles being adopted—went over the country to Synods and Presbyteries asking for their help; hurried up to Westminster to advise with Premiers and Scottish Secretaries, and at last got the Act of 1921 passed, which declared the complete independence of the Church from all State control, and gives her the right to determine the membership of her Courts and to define the boundaries of her parishes.

Before his death he saw the Act of 1925 make over churches, manses and endowments to the Church Trustees to be held as her absolute property. But by that time the pulse was beating slow: it soon stopped. The brave spirit succumbed, tired to the death, forespent and exhausted, overtasked and overworn, and went to a better world where work is without weariness, and labour is full of rest. Some day I hope his Life will be written.

I fear that the present chairman of our Assembly's Business Committee is undergoing much the same strain. He carries enormous burdens, attends endless Union Committee meetings in Edinburgh, and behind all is the big task of the pastorate of the Barony with its membership three times that of St. Giles. If it were not that I have prohibited myself in this volume from speaking of the living, I should plead with the Church to give Dr. White the salary of an archbishop and set him free for that high and responsible office. In the Church of the Union it must be done. He could be made Principal of our United Divinity Halls with the £1,500 that Principals get elsewhere and with easier seats. What the Church can do, she ought to do.

The turn of the North came and in 1914 Dr. Wallace Williamson was followed by Professor Nicol of Aberdeen. We chummed together at College from the age of eighteen, and the friendships of youth are by far the strongest and most lasting. We went

together to Divinity, to Aberdeen first, then Edinburgh, then Tübingen ; stood beside at each other's marriages; published our first volumes together, and got D.Ds. nearly at the same time, but he first. He attended my dear wife's funeral, and shortly afterwards I attended his in the old Tolbooth.

He was a splendid classic and took his degree with Honours in Classics and in Philosophy. Had he gone to Oxford, as Professor Geddes wished, he could easily have got a Double First. But from boyhood the Church had drawn him ; and to one with this prior choice an Oxford course does not tempt. *Tout an contraire.* Perhaps however the best prophylactic was the earnest counsel of his old parish minister, Dr. Buchan of Fordoun, who had pushed other Auchinblae boys to College, and in his day saw five sons of Fordoun go to the ministry. Old Domsie also greatly helped in the parish school ; every " lad o' pairts " got his kindest assistance in Latinty and Mathematics, and his purse was not withheld. Mr. Malcolm recalled Ian Maclaren's " Domsie " of Drumtochty. Doctors, ministers, lawyers, editors, and Inspectors of Schools owed to him their start in life, and got every encouragement to aim high and go far.

First Kells called Dr. Nicol, and the quiet rural parish gave him time to assist Professor Charteris in his classwork. Then he went to the Tolbooth and soon became editor of the " Missionary Record." At the end of last century he was promoted to the Chair he was most fitted for, that of Biblical Exegesis, in Aberdeen ; and in 1914 he was called to the Moderatorship.

He filled the Chair with disctinction and quiet dignity ; published an excellent closing address, full of wise counsel and in a style terse, perspicuous and Ciceronian, such as Latin scholars cultivate.

His Moderatorial year saw the outbreak of the Great

War in August, and from the moment of that awful crisis his duties were more than doubled. A Commission of Assembly was summoned and the question leaped to the front ; should ministers go ? The Archbishops had forbidden English clergymen to act as combatants; though they might go as chaplains. Many resigned their curacies and went. Every French priest had gone to give his life if need be for his native land and the Pope dare not prohibit.

The question raised an intensely heated discussion in the Commission—some were against, but more for it ; and the spirit of Wallace and of Bruce prevailed for all were Scots at heart.

Dr. Wallace Williamson moved that ministers be permitted to go ; he was sending his own son, a student, and " would send more if he had them." The present writer seconded. The joke of course went round the house that " Wallace and Bruce were again in the field of battle." My son, then in Cadzow, and my nephew, Bruce MacEwan of Old Machar Cathedral, went as combatants and were wounded; Dr. Nicol's son, Bruce (a nameson) acted all through as a chaplain and came out with honours. The wounded men, being laid aside, got no honours. The Fates are not always favourable. Pandora's box has many surprises in it.

The war brought the Moderator much anxiety. After next Assembly he went down to Skelmorlie to take charge of Bruce's parish, and got overheated in a thunderstorm while at golf, took pneumonia and passed away ; mourned by all ; for his professional work was at its prime, and he was beloved by all his students.

He was followed in the Chair by Dr. David Paul, Clerk of Assembly, who is to our great delight still among us, and of whom therefore we do not speak. And in 1916 by Dr. John Brown of Bellahouston, a brother-in-law of Dr. Scott of St. George's, and both

were sons-in-law of the Moderator of 1883, Dr. Rankine of Sorn.

Glasgow claims the honour of the Chair turn about with Edinburgh ; and among the Moderatorial periodicities the blue riband very frequently goes to the great city of the West.

Dr. Brown had been for some time the leader of his Presbytery, and had slowly graduated in public esteem; was of repute as a man of business ; a pillar of the Church ; he was pastor of a very large and wealthy congregation on the South Side of the city and adjoining that of the Ex-Moderator Dr. Niven.

In the Chair he looked all over a Moderator. Of big stature, broad chested, with open ingenuous countenance, and good voice, he wore his decorations well. Lace and ruffles suited the fine face and good head of hair, and he carried his epaullets with consummate ease.

> "We know the rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

But there was a strong manliness in the manner, and the high rank of the office lost nothing in the high toned address of the Chair. One likes to see such hard workers in the ministry and such faithful pastors get to the top of the Ecclesiastical ladder. Classical learning and scientific culture have their place ; so also have the primates among pastors and the notables among faithful parish ministers.

In 1917 the war still raged and Professor Cooper of Glasgow bravely undertook the duties of the Chair. He and I had been at College and Divinity together ; and while he sat for Glasgow we all felt he also represented the North, which has not been represented since his time. Elgin claimed him ; Aberdeen trained him. He ministered to its East Church, and it was there that his love of a liturgical service

and a worship more solemn and devout and elaborate than had hitherto prevailed, brought him into collision with elders and Presbytery and Synod.

It did the Church much good by calling attention to the lifelessness and lack of devotional spirit and form that was too common. The defect has now been largely remedied, but he bore the brunt of the first fight. Soon came the Professorship in Glasgow and he became a man of the West.

The College of Moderators, mostly of the old school, gave him short shrift when his claims were first laid before them ; and a daring thing was done by his friend, Mr. Warr of Roseneath, who moved in the Assembly of 1916 that this institution called a College of Moderators, said to be non-existent, but well-known to exist and designate future Moderators, should be looked into by a Committee which he was prepared to name. It was supported by some good men, but not carried. Yet the end of the motion was attained by the discussion, and we all knew what it meant.

Next day the non-existents met and Dr. Cooper was designated, and as usual the secret oozed out before November. The whole Church was delighted, and his nomination by Dr. Brown was carried with acclamation.

His occupancy of the Chair had some remarkable features. So anxious was he to conduct the service of prayer in the most reverent way that for each Assembly forenoon he composed prayers entirely in the language of the Psalms. No one should say that he went to Anglican or Catholic Liturgies for petitions.

In the Chair one could not fail to mark the pale studious face, the keen eyes, and the priest-like features. You feel, here is a man of God, whose one desire is to keep the Assembly reverent, to banish all light profanity from it. In all his speech there is an indefinable odour of sanctity. This is not religionism, nor Anglicanism ; it is pure downright reality with

nothing put on or assumed. The robes are all there, with strictest attention to Canonicals and etiquette, just because the King's Palace demands the best manners, and Heaven's Court must be entered in the spirit of the highest reverence and devotion.

His closing address covered with much learning many subjects. It was the work of a student of history, but at the same time it treated religion as a formative factor in every line of life and best expressed in terms of high Christian virtues. When printed it proved to be a most competent apologia for Christian Thought and Life.

In 1918 Dr. James N. Ogilvie was Moderator. At this war period the honour went four times in succession to Glasgow and Edinburgh. Dr. Ogilvie was the son of the distinguished Principal of Gordon's College, Aberdeen, one of four brothers all eminent as head-masters of schools. He had large experience of Indian life while a chaplain on the Government staff out there. This, joined to his business faculty and felicity of speech, soon put him at the head of the Foreign Mission Committee, of which he made a most excellent Convener. His speeches when giving in the Annual Report were a feature of the Assembly Debates. They were ample in their breadth of view, statesman-like in their proposals, and very fervent in their appeals for missionary work. The Call of India, China and Africa was voiced in most eloquent and moving language.

In the Chair, Dr. Ogilvie's beaming face, happy manner, and knowledge of business, helped through with the sittings, and every contretemps was avoided. The war came to an end within the year, and he had the honour and pleasure of presiding at a great Thanksgiving Service for the victory gained at such enormous cost.

Soon, thereafter, on Dr. Wallace Williamson's

resignation, he became chairman of the Assembly Business Committee, and leader of the House. This position however he gave up for the Deputy Clerkship. His death during the Assembly meetings, which took place as he entered a motor car at his own door, was announced by the Moderator, and proved one of the most tragic incidents ever witnessed in a General Assembly. A most able and energetic minister of the Church had suddenly been called to Higher Service.

I pass over two distinguished Moderators who are still with us, Professor W. P. Paterson and Dr. Martin of Peebles. The Chair of 1921 was filled by Dr. McClymont, who was a fellow-student with me in Germany. For many years he had been Convener of the Committee on Army and Navy Chaplains, and had done very excellent and laborious work throughout the whole war time.

He had for a large part of his life been minister of Holburn Church, Aberdeen, but latterly resided in Edinburgh and was Depute Clerk of the Assembly, becoming Clerk after Dr. Paul's resignation. There never was a more faithful pastor in Holburn. He excelled in New Testament Exegesis, and was said—a no small accomplishment—to have lectured through every Gospel and Epistle of the New Testament. He was the useful editor of the cheap Handbooks written for the Guilds and Bible classes that have had such wide circulation and one of the many developments issuing from the organising and fertile brain of Dr. Charteris.

His mind was naturally critical, and his writings have all this motif. It made him a very painstaking clerk of the General Assembly, both while Deputy Clerk and latterly Clerk. His minutes were very seldom called in question for their omissions or commissions. Correctness characterised his every action,

and the slightest incorrectness caused him acutest pain.

In the Chair he was a careful Moderator, maintaining exact order, and with a preponderating influence. If there was not magnetism, there was capability and readiness for emergency, and he could always pull the right string. The face was intellectual, the voice thick but strong, and the build muscular and manly.

All his life he had been a military chaplain, and no one better knew Tommy Atkins (with probably the exception of Rudyard Kipling) in both his normal and abnormal types. To the very end of his days he chose to be a chaplain.

Dr. Cathels of Hawick, Moderator in 1924, I met only once and do not attempt therefore a pen portrait.

The last Moderator of all the thirty-two whom I have tried to picture was my life-long friend, Dr. John Smith of Partick. Singularly, I have had three John Smiths among my friends, one a College classfellow in Aberdeen and then a doctor in Oldham, one Dr. John Smith of the U.P. Church, a most eloquent preacher in Edinburgh previous to Union ; and the Moderator of 1922.

Dr. Smith preached in Partick to a highly cultured congregation, which though embracing many shipcaptains also included many University students, and not a few of the Professors from Garnethill. He was equal to the occasion, and preached with clarity of thought and powerful application of religion to life and conduct.

A man of no particular party in the Church, he presented Christianity in its best historical aspect. Christ is a power and experience of to-day no less than of Apostolic times—a principle this which carries men much farther than many have realised.

In the Church of Scotland many types of mind are represented. Dr. Smith came as near as any to the orthodox type which holds by the reality of the

historical Messiah of the Gospels, and believes that all spiritual progress must be intrinsic and not the product of Church machinery. Rightly understood, that is the reconciling principle between Christian Socialism and Individualism, the two ideals which are complementary of each other.

He was a staunch believer in the benefit to Scotland of her schools. Trained in the old parish school days, he yet saw the good to be got from the 1872 Act, and he keenly entered into Educational work, and became one of the highest authorities in Scotland and chairman of the National Association. This led him to enter the University Court, where he exercised great influence. He was for many years chairman of our Educational Committee ; and this ultimately lifted him into the Chair.

This Assembly was a quiet one, and he filled the position with ability and distinction. A fluent and accurate speaker, with excellent elocution, his addresses to Deputies and others were models of wisdom and tact. The right thing was said in the right way and with the right tone and temper. Everything passed off well, and the closing address was delivered with such good voice and eloquence that it deeply impressed the whole Assembly. It added to his lustre and reputation. And his Moderatorial year's work confirmed our idea of him as a man of distinction. *Sans peur et sans reproche.*

These Reminiscences must now close. They cover many years during which unnumbered mercies have flowed into the cup and made it run over. This volume is a record of many changes, but through them all the Guiding Hand of God has upheld and led.

Little or nothing has purposely been said of the inner life. No man can wisely or correctly write his own biography. But he may well tell of the friends who have cheered him, of acquaintances who have

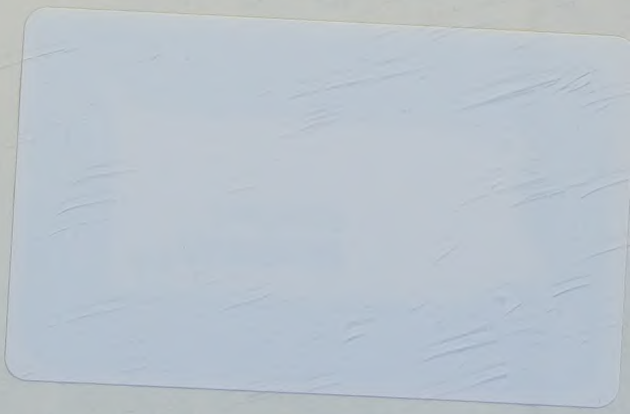
made the way brighter to him and have also been of worth and of weight in the life of the nation.

A long life of eighty-two years has given the benefit of a wide survey and a rich experience. I have seen some lives begin hopefully and end in disaster ; others begin in difficulties and end in great prosperity. Always I have noticed that honesty succeeds, truth tells best, modesty lies at the making of manhood, and love and kindness make friends who abide.

It is with very deep thankfulness that I am not aware in all these years of having lost a friend. With those made in youth, at School and College, and who survive, I have constant correspondence. But they are few who get through the seventies and reach the eighth decade in health. Five of us do so who were friends either in Arts or Divinity classes, viz. :— Rev. Dr. Gillan, Edinburgh, Rev. Dr. Dunn of Dalmeny, Professor W. L. Davidson of Aberdeen, Sir James Thomson, R.S.I., of St. Albans and myself. We are all above eighty ; are all in fairly good health and in possession of mental powers.

The poetry of religion belongs to youth. Then a time succeeds when, as Coleridge says ,the " spirit of delight no longer visits and religious experience stiffens and loses its bright colours." Plato himself, before reaching eighty, began to shiver at the world of his " Ideas " and could find in them no stable foundation for age.

That has not been our experience. We no longer dream the poet's dream, nor indulge in the prophet's predictions. But we know in Whom we have believed, and are confident He will keep that which we have committed unto Him until the Day of Disclosures.



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